

GOLDEN SONGS OF GLORY

BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN,
GEO. W. BACON, A. E. HELTON,
FLAVIL HALL and L. C. TAYLOR.

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GOLDEN SONGS OF GLORY.

FOR

REVIVALS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SINGING SCHOOLS, CONVENTIONS, AND GENERAL USE IN CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP.

BY

JAMES D. VAUGHAN, GEO. W. BACON,
FLAVIL HALL, A. E. HELTON,
L. C. TAYLOR.

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PREFACE

"Sing forth the honor of His name; make His praise glorious."—Bible.

THE time has come for a new song book, and we send forth GOLDEN SONGS OF GLORY, feeling that it is a book of rare merit. It has been prepared with great care, and represents the very highest attainment in song-book making. The words are of high order, full of gospel truth, earnestness, and pathos. The music is sweet, singable, and well suited to the sentiment of the words.

The new songs and exchanges cannot be surpassed. They include easy songs for the children, many beautiful songs for classes and choruses, special revival songs, bass solos, male quartets, etc., making a book of splendid variety.

The old hymns are a strong feature of the book. The best old songs and choicest hymns of the Church have been used. These have been selected with special reference to Church services and revival work, and are given as nearly as possible in their original form. A few good, old, minor tunes have been added.

May God's blessings attend this book, and wherever these beautiful and spiritual songs are sung may they wield an influence for good and win many souls for our blessed Master. And when life's labors are over may "all redeemed singers" be gathered together in the "sweet land of song."

THE AUTHORS.

April, 1906.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

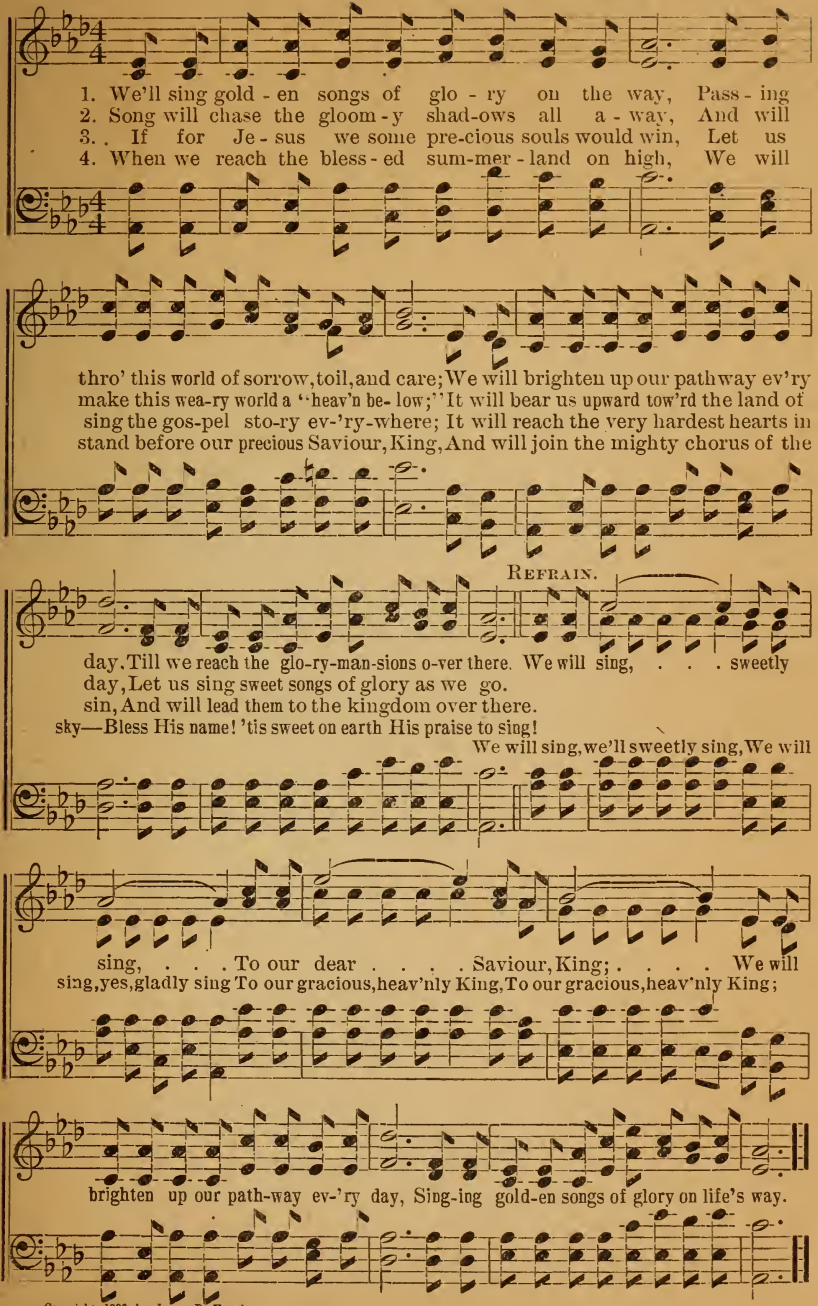
I desire to express publicly the sincere gratitude of my heart to my earnest, faithful co-workers and the ministers of the gospel, singing school teachers, Sunday school superintendents, and other friends who are standing by me so nobly in this good work. May God bless you all!

Your friend in song,

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

No. 1. Golden Songs of Glory.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. We'll sing gold - en songs of glo - ry on the way, Pass - ing
2. Song will chase the gloom - y shad-ows all a - way, And will
3. If for Je - sus we some pre-cious souls would win, Let us
4. When we reach the bless - ed sum-mer - land on high, We will
thro' this world of sorrow, toil, and care; We will brighten up our pathway ev'ry
make this wea-ry world a "heav'n be- low;" It will bear us upward tow'rd the land of
sing the gos-pel sto-ry ev-'ry-where; It will reach the very hardest hearts in
stand before our precious Saviour, King, And will join the mighty chorus of the
REFRAIN.
day. Till we reach the glo-ry-man-sions o-ver there. We will sing, . . . sweetly
day, Let us sing sweet songs of glory as we go.
sin, And will lead them to the kingdom over there.
sky—Bless His name! 'tis sweet on earth His praise to sing!
We will sing, we'll sweetly sing, We will
sing, . . . To our dear . . . . Saviour, King; . . . . We will
sing, yes, gladly sing To our gracious, heav'nly King, To our gracious, heav'nly King;
brighten up our path-way ev-'ry day, Sing-ing gold-en songs of glory on life's way.
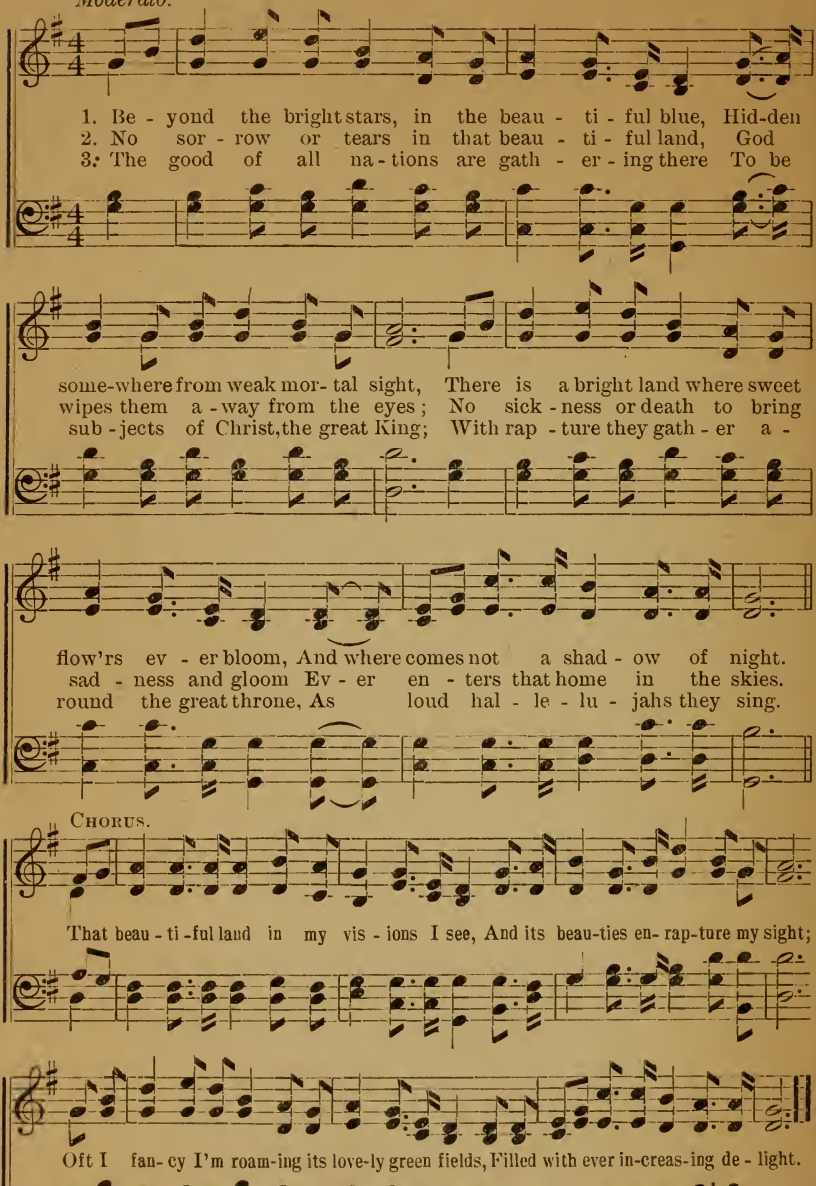
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No. 2. The Far Away Land.

Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off.—Isa. 33: 16.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

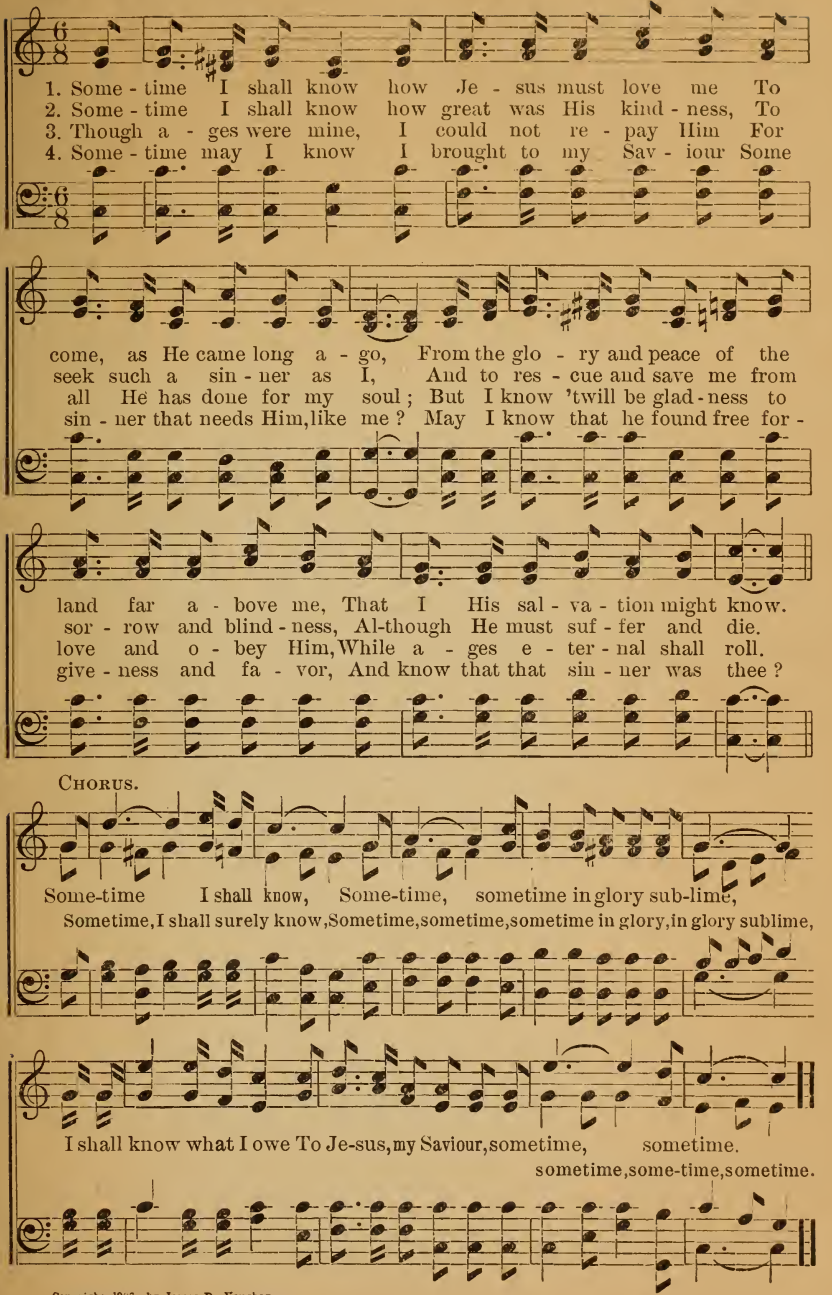
Moderato.


1. Be - yond the bright stars, in the beau - ti - ful blue, Hid-den
2. No sor - row or tears in that beau - ti - ful land, God
3. The good of all na - tions are gath - er - ing there To be
some-where from weak mor- tal sight, There is a bright land where sweet
wipes them a - way from the eyes; No sick - ness or death to bring
sub - jects of Christ, the great King; With rap - ture they gath - er a -
flow'rs ev - er bloom, And where comes not a shad - ow of night.
sad - ness and gloom Ev - er en - ters that home in the skies.
round the great throne, As loud hal - le - lu - jahs they sing.
CHORUS.
That beau - ti - ful land in my vis - ions I see, And its beau-ties en- rap-ture my sight;
Oft I fan- cy I'm roam-ing its love-ly green fields, Filled with ever in-creas-ing de - light.

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No. 3. Sometime I Shall Know.

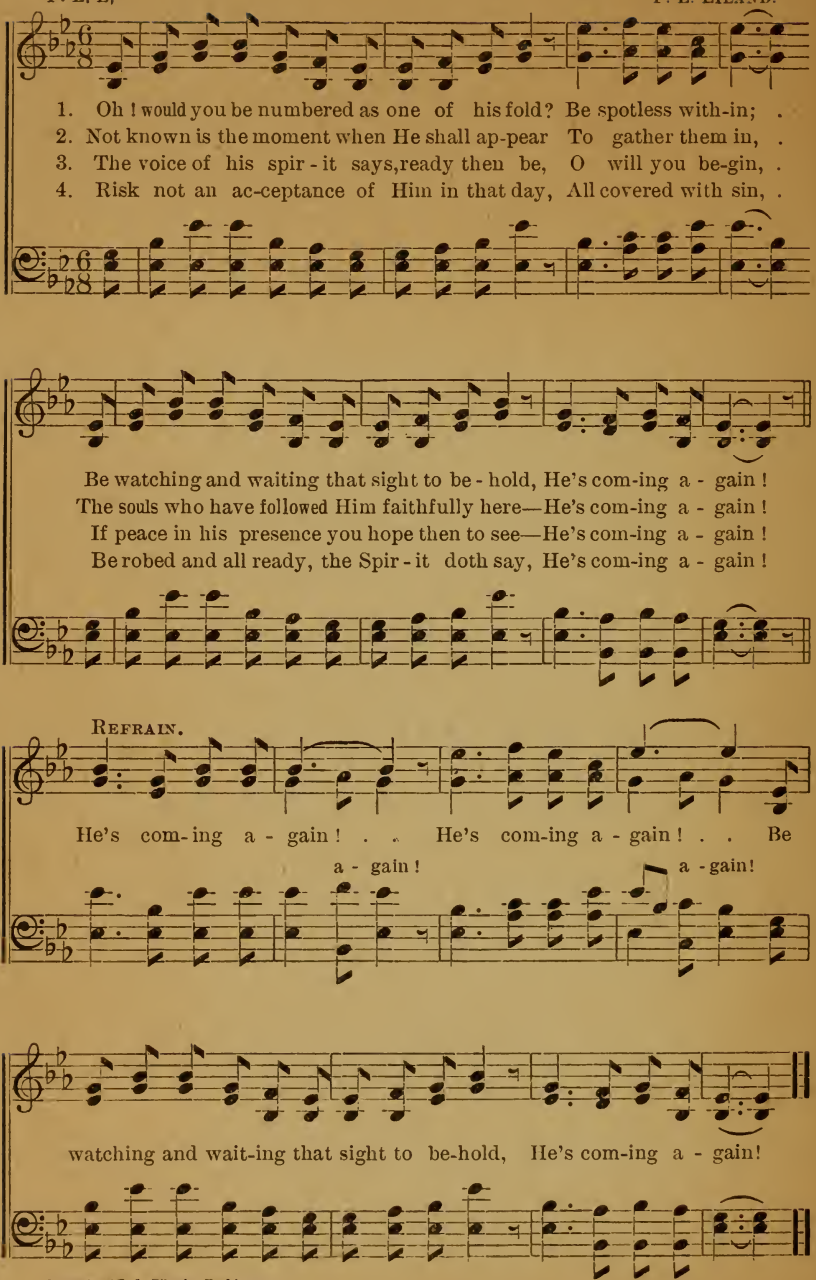
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. R. D. BURLESON.


1. Some - time I shall know how Je - sus must love me To
2. Some - time I shall know how great was His kind - ness, To
3. Though a - ges were mine, I could not re - pay Him For
4. Some - time may I know I brought to my Sav - iour Some
come, as He came long a - go, From the glo - ry and peace of the
seek such a sin - ner as I, And to res - cue and save me from
all He has done for my soul; But I know 'twill be glad - ness to
sin - ner that needs Him, like me? May I know that he found free for -
land far a - bove me, That I His sal - va - tion might know.
sor - row and blind - ness, Al-though He must suf - fer and die.
love and o - bey Him, While a - ges e - ter - nal shall roll.
give - ness and fa - vor, And know that that sin - ner was thee?
CHORUS.
Some-time I shall know, Some-time, sometime in glory sub-lime,
Sometime, I shall surely know, Sometime, sometime, sometime in glory, in glory sublime,
I shall know what I owe To Je-sus, my Saviour, sometime, sometime.
sometime, some-time, sometime.

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No. 4. He's Coming Again.

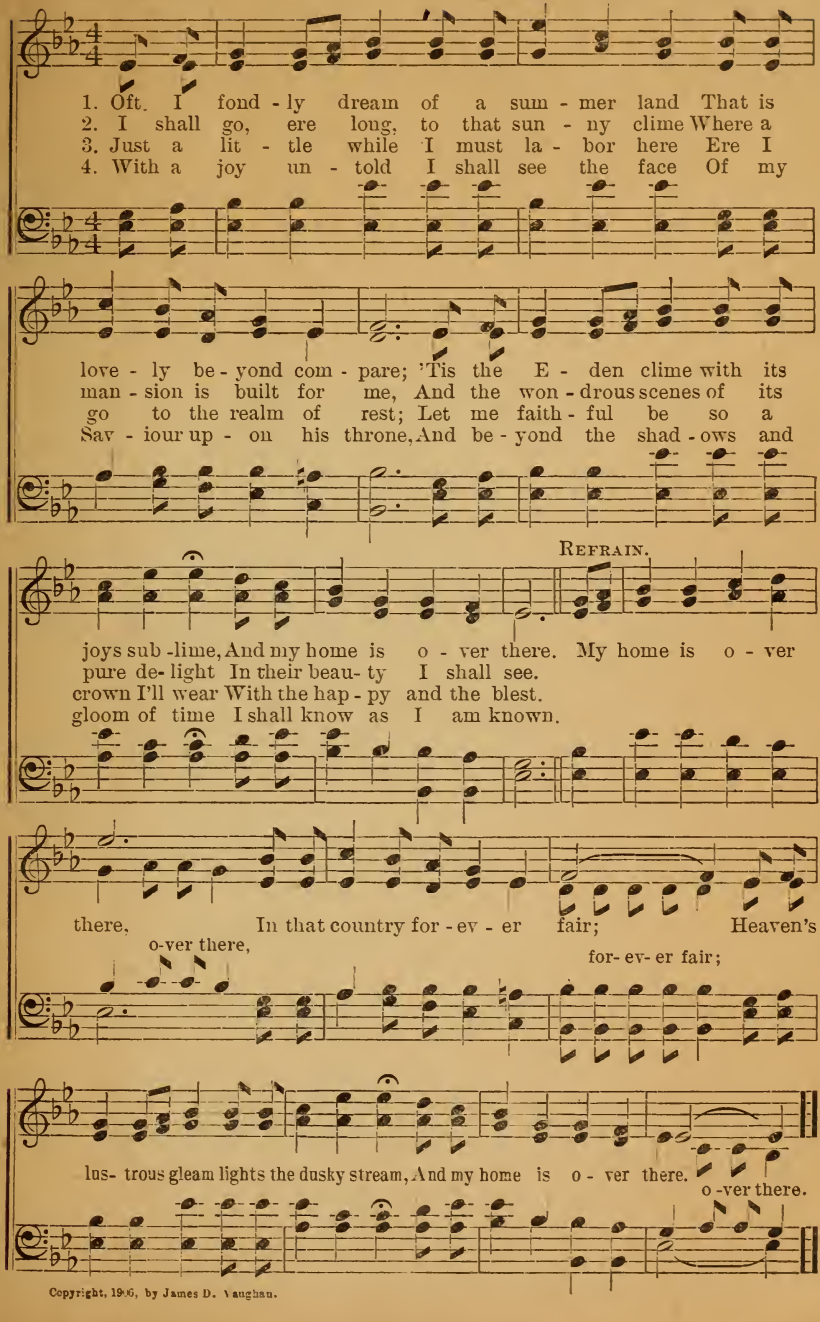
F. L. E, F. L. Eiland.


1. Oh ! would you be numbered as one of his fold? Be spotless with-in;
2. Not known is the moment when He shall ap-pear To gather them in,
3. The voice of his spir - it says,ready then be, O will you be-gin,
4. Risk not an ac-ceptance of Him in that day, All covered with sin,
Be watching and waiting that sight to be - hold, He's com-ing a - gain !
The souls who have followed Him faithfully here—He's com-ing a - gain !
If peace in his presence you hope then to see—He's com-ing a - gain !
Be robed and all ready, the Spir - it doth say, He's com-ing a - gain !
Refrain.
He's com-ing a - gain ! . . He's com-ing a - gain ! . . Be
a - gain ! a - gain!
watching and wait-ing that sight to be-hold, He's com-ing a - gain!

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No. 5. My Home Is Over There.

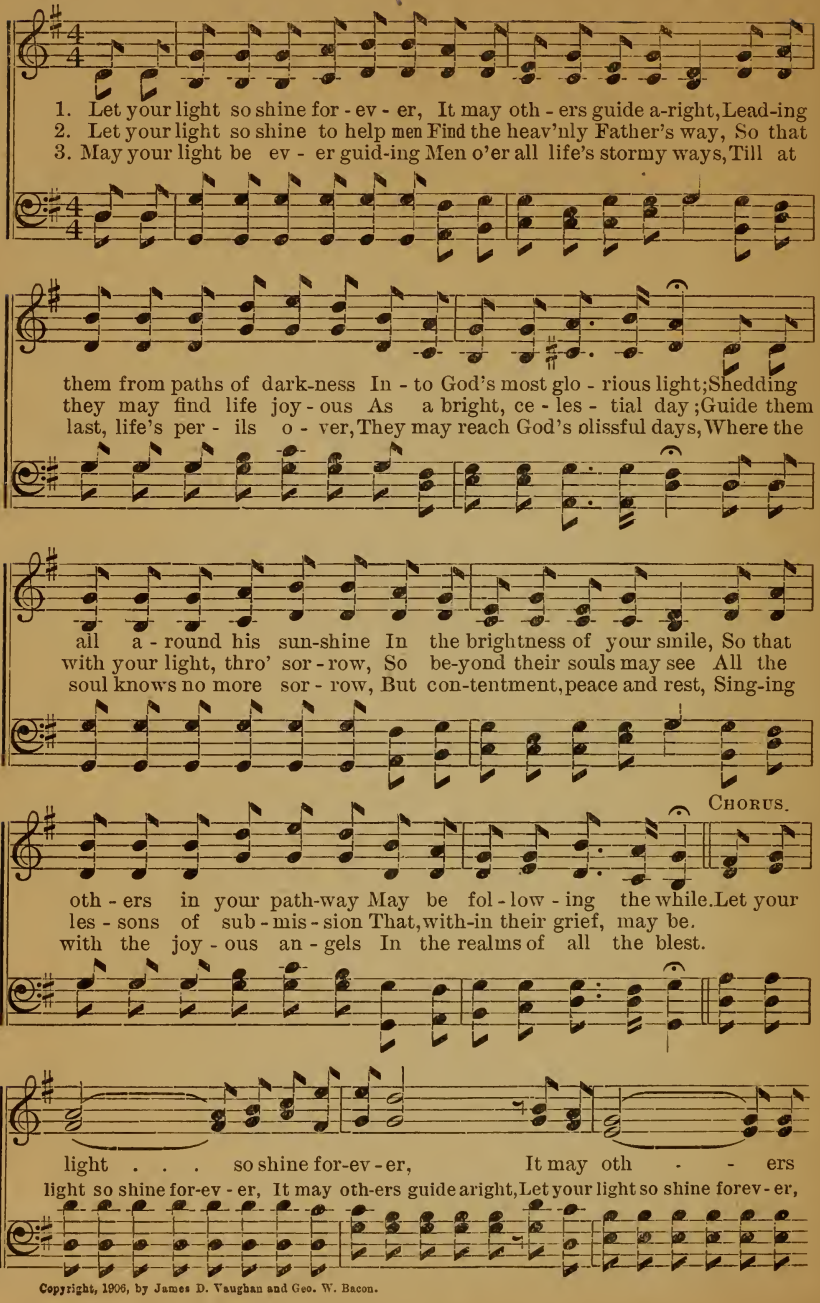
JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Oft I fond - ly dream of a sum - mer land That is
2. I shall go, ere long, to that sun - ny clime Where a
3. Just a lit - tle while I must la - bor here Ere I
4. With a joy un - told I shall see the face Of my
love - ly be - yond com - pare; 'Tis the E - den clime with its
man - sion is built for me, And the won - drous scenes of its
go to the realm of rest; Let me faith - ful be so a
Sav - iour up - on his throne, And be - yond the shad - ows and
REFRAIN.
joys sub - lime, And my home is o - ver there. My home is o - ver
pure de- light In their beau- ty I shall see.
crown I'll wear With the hap - py and the blest.
gloom of time I shall know as I am known.
there, In that country for - ev - er fair; Heaven's
o-ver there,
for- ev- er fair;
lus- trous gleam lights the dusky stream, And my home is o - ver there.
o-ver there.

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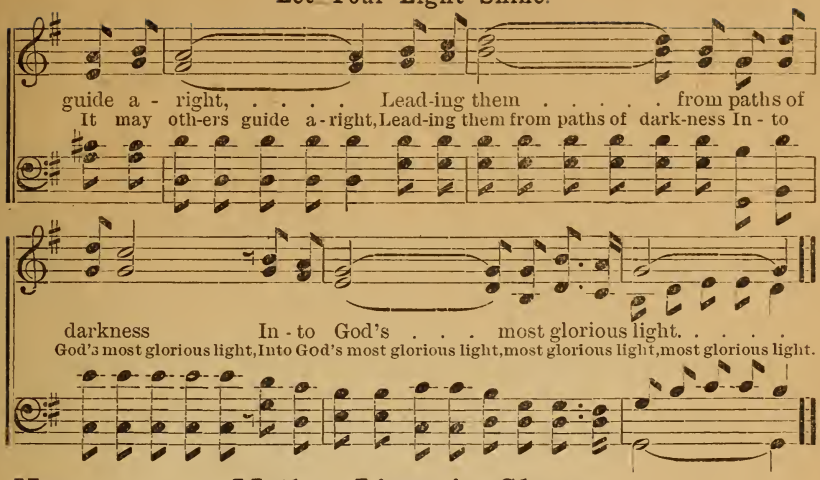
No. 6. Let Your Light Shine.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Let your light so shine for - ev - er, It may oth - ers guide a-right, Lead-ing
2. Let your light so shine to help men Find the heav'nly Father's way, So that
3. May your light be ev - er guid-ing Men o'er all life's stormy ways, Till at
them from paths of dark-ness In - to God's most glo - rious light; Shedding
they may find life joy - ous As a bright, ce - les - tial day; Guide them
last, life's per - ils o - ver, They may reach God's blissful days, Where the
all a - round his sun-shine In the brightness of your smile, So that
with your light, thro' sor - row, So be-yond their souls may see All the
soul knows no more sor - row, But con-tentment, peace and rest, Sing-ing
CHORUS.
oth - ers in your path-way May be fol - low - ing the while. Let your
les - sons of sub - mis - sion That, with-in their grief, may be.
with the joy - ous an - gels In the realms of all the blest.
light . . . so shine for-ev - er, It may oth - - ers
light so shine for-ev - er, It may oth-ers guide aright, Let your light so shine forev - er,

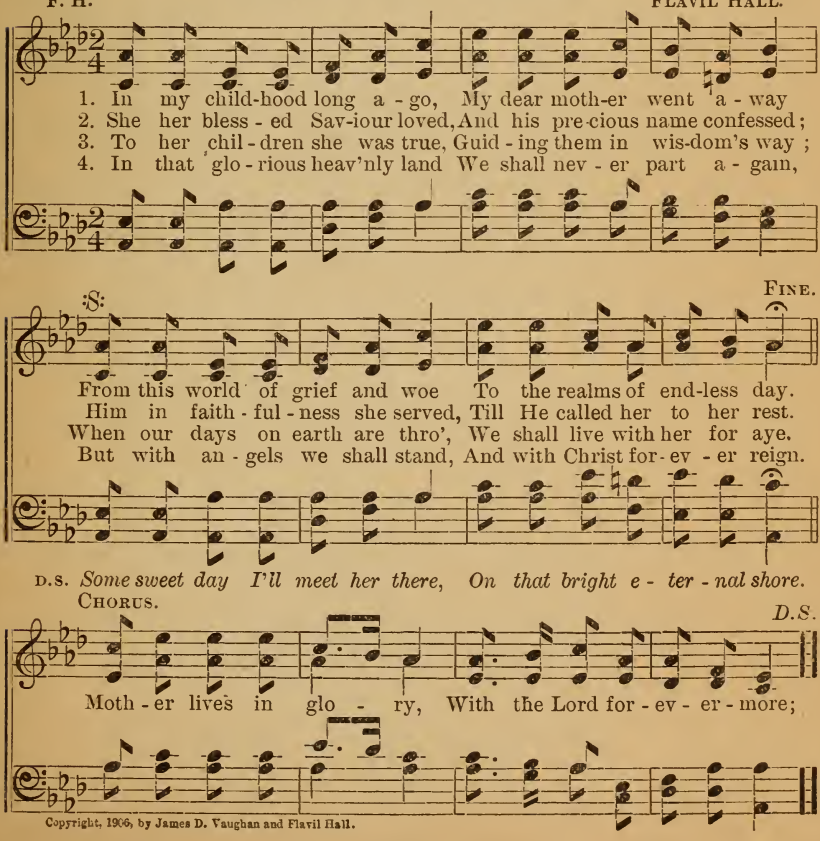
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Let Your Light Shine.


guide a - right, ... Lead-ing them . . . . . from paths of
It may oth-ers guide a-right, Lead-ing them from paths of dark-ness In - to
darkness In - to God's . . . most glorious light. . . . .
God's most glorious light, Into God's most glorious light, most glorious light, most glorious light.

No. 7. Mother Lives in Glory.

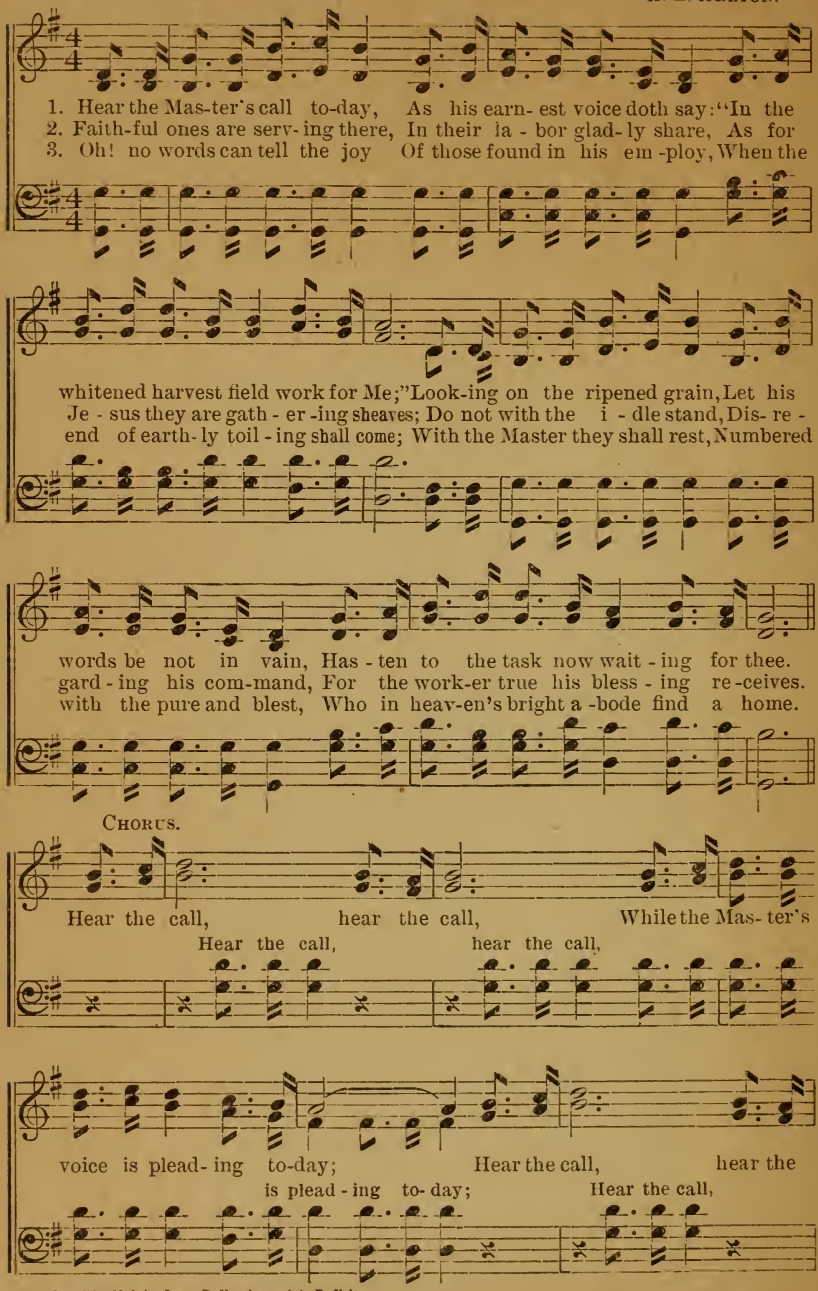
F. H. FLAVIL HALL.


1. In my child-hood long a - go, My dear moth-er went a - way
2. She her bless - ed Sav-iour loved, And his pre-cious name confessed;
3. To her chil - dren she was true, Guid - ing them in wis-dom's way;
4. In that glo - rious heav'nly land We shall nev - er part a - gain,
:S:
FINE.
From this world of grief and woe To the realms of end-less day.
Him in faith - ful - ness she served, Till He called her to her rest.
When our days on earth are thro', We shall live with her for aye.
But with an - gels we shall stand, And with Christ for-ev - er reign.
D.S. *Some sweet day I'll meet her there, On that bright e - ter - nal shore.*
CHORUS.
D.S.
Moth - er lives in glo - ry, With the Lord for - ev - er - more;

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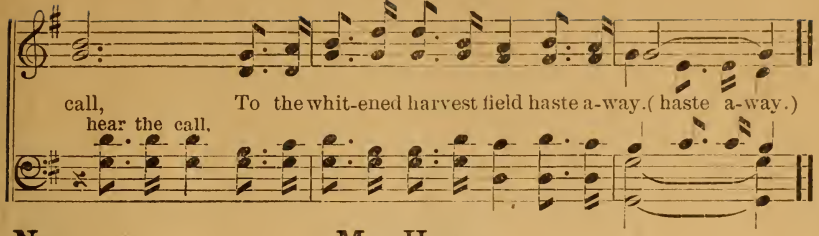
No. 8. Hear the Call.

JENNIE WILSON. A. E. HELTON.


1. Hear the Mas-ter's call to-day, As his earn- est voice doth say: "In the
2. Faith-ful ones are serv- ing there, In their la - bor glad- ly share, As for
3. Oh! no words can tell the joy Of those found in his em -ploy, When the
whitened harvest field work for Me;" Look-ing on the ripened grain, Let his
Je - sus they are gath - er -ing sheaves; Do not with the i - dle stand, Dis- re -
end of earth- ly toil - ing shall come; With the Master they shall rest, Numbered
words be not in vain, Has - ten to the task now wait - ing for thee.
gard - ing his com-mand, For the work-er true his bless - ing re -ceives.
with the pure and blest, Who in heav-en's bright a -bode find a home.
CHORUS.
Hear the call, hear the call, While the Mas- ter's
Hear the call, hear the call,
voice is plead- ing to-day; Hear the call, hear the
is plead - ing to- day; Hear the call,

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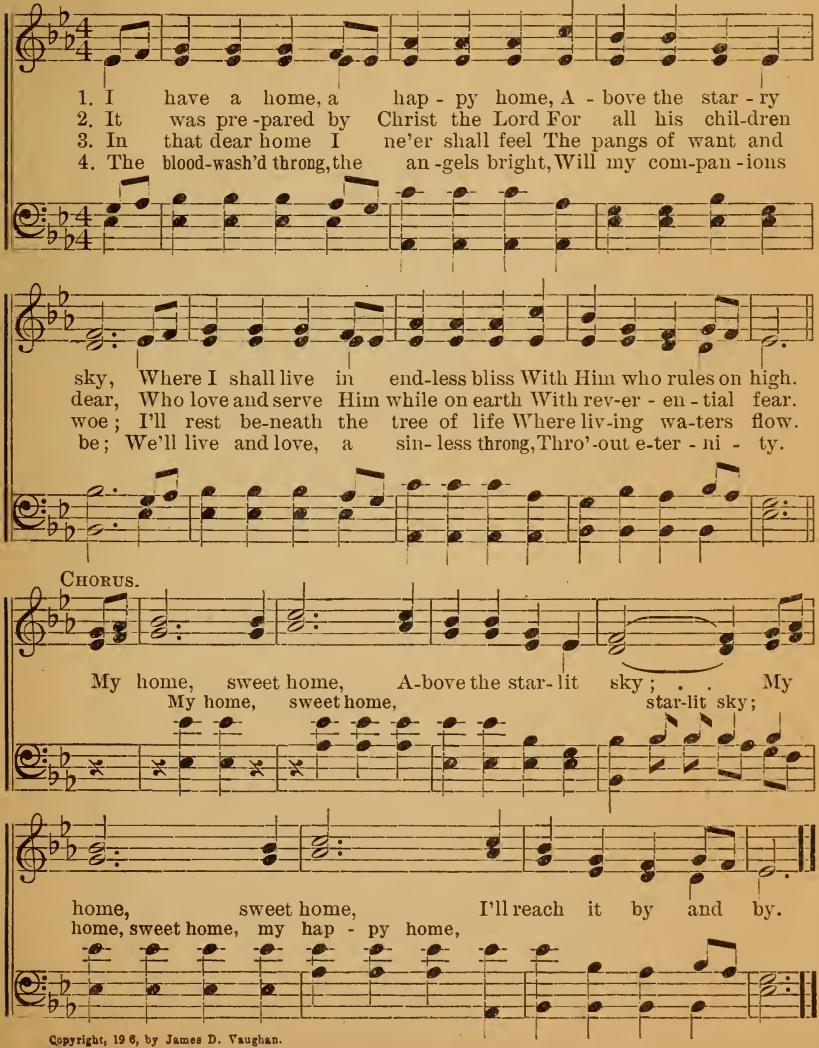
Hear the Call.



No. 9. My Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—Jno. 14: 2.
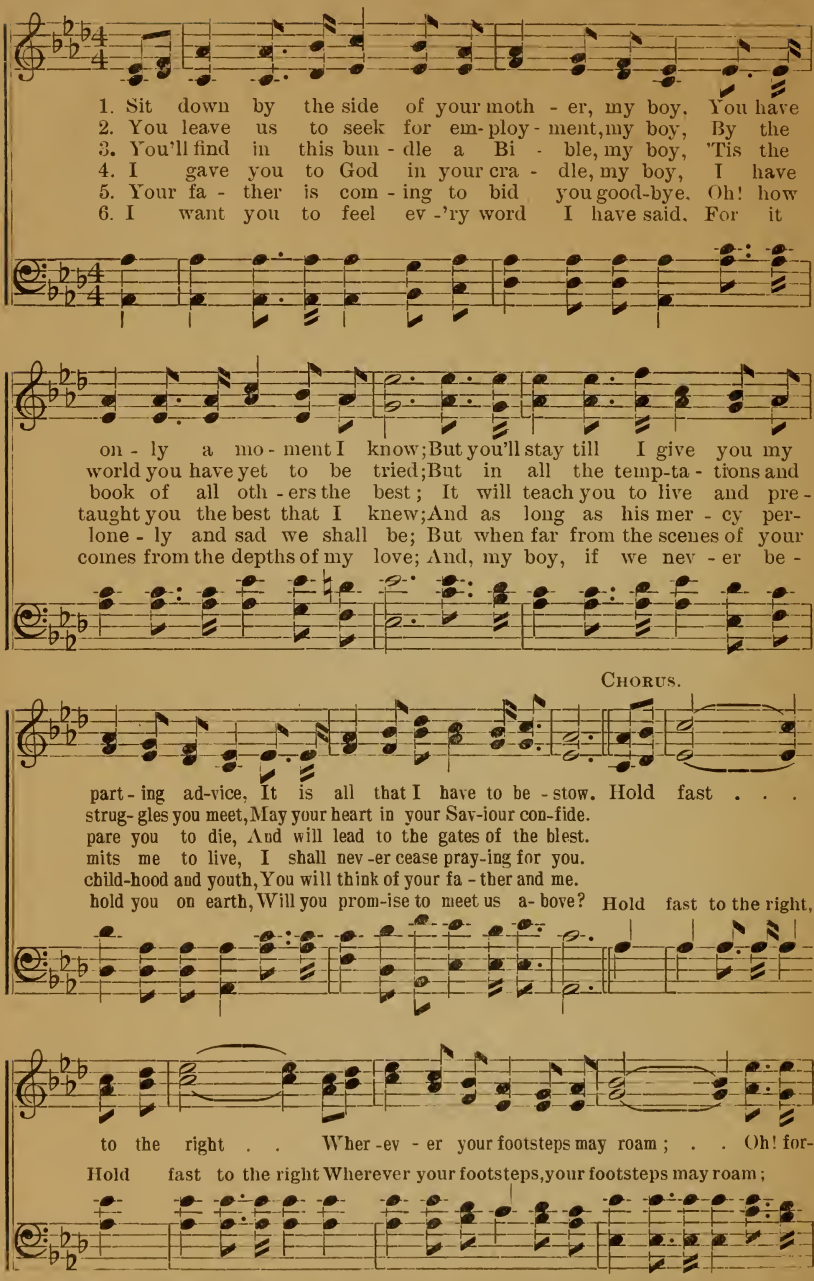
C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. I have a home, a hap - py home, A - bove the star - ry
2. It was pre-pared by Christ the Lord For all his chil-dren
3. In that dear home I ne'er shall feel The pangs of want and
4. The blood-wash'd throng, the an-gels bright, Will my com-pan-ions
sky, Where I shall live in end-less bliss With Him who rules on high.
dear, Who love and serve Him while on earth With rev-er - en - tial fear.
woe; I'll rest be-neath the tree of life Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.
be; We'll live and love, a sin-less throng, Thro'-out e-ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
My home, sweet home, A-bove the star-lit sky; . . My
My home, sweet home, star-lit sky;
home, sweet home, I'll reach it by and by.
home, sweet home, my hap - py home,

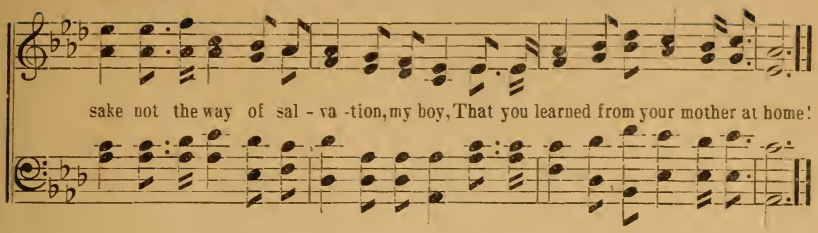
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No. 10. The Mother's Good-bye.

Anon. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

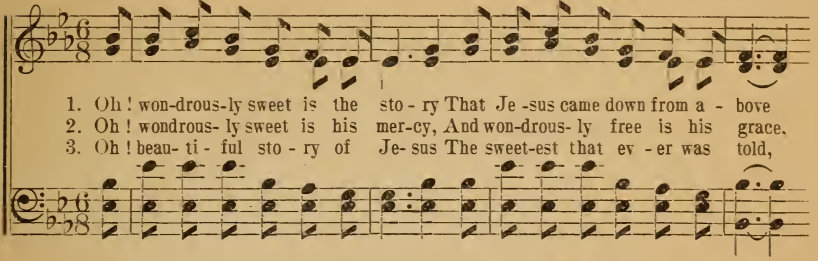

1. Sit down by the side of your moth - er, my boy, You have
2. You leave us to seek for em-ploy - ment, my boy, By the
3. You'll find in this bun - dle a Bi - ble, my boy, 'Tis the
4. I gave you to God in your cra - dle, my boy, I have
5. Your fa - ther is com - ing to bid you good-bye. Oh! how
6. I want you to feel ev -'ry word I have said. For it
on - ly a mo - ment I know; But you'll stay till I give you my
world you have yet to be tried; But in all the temp-ta - tions and
book of all oth - ers the best; It will teach you to live and pre -
taught you the best that I knew; And as long as his mer - cy per -
lone - ly and sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your
comes from the depths of my love; And, my boy, if we nev - er be -
CHORUS.
part - ing ad-vice, It is all that I have to be - stow. Hold fast . . .
strug - gles you meet, May your heart in your Sav-iour con-fide.
pare you to die, And will lead to the gates of the blest.
mits me to live, I shall nev -er cease pray-ing for you.
child-hood and youth, You will think of your fa - ther and me.
hold you on earth, Will you prom-ise to meet us a- bove? Hold fast to the right,
to the right . . Wher -ev - er your footsteps may roam; . . Oh! for-
Hold fast to the right Wherever your footsteps, your footsteps may roam;

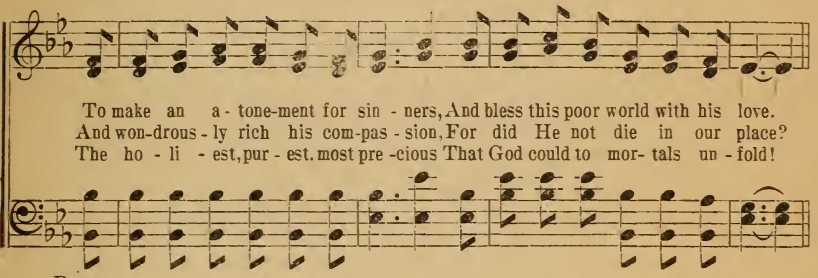
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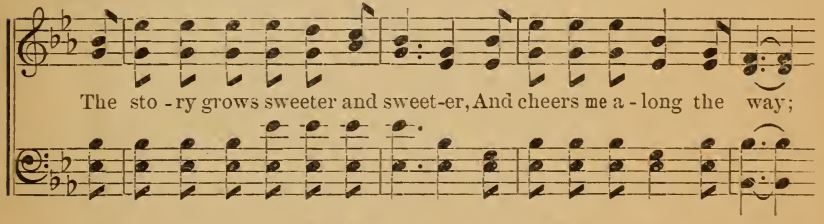
No. 11. Sweet Is the Story.

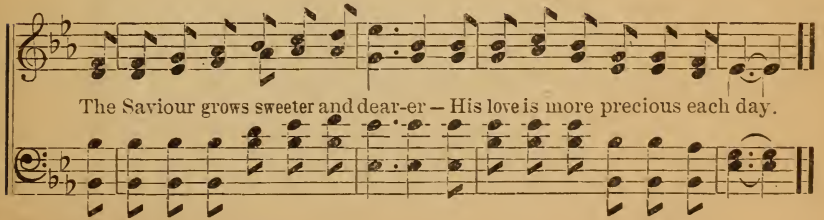
E. A. HOFFMAN. W. T. GIFFE.


1. Oh! won-drous-ly sweet is the sto - ry That Je -sus came down from a - bove
2. Oh! wondrous- ly sweet is his mer-cy, And won-drous- ly free is his grace.
3. Oh! beau- ti - ful sto - ry of Je- sus The sweet-est that ev - er was told,


To make an a - tone-ment for sin - ners, And bless this poor world with his love.
And won-drous - ly rich his com-pas - sion, For did He not die in our place?
The ho - li - est, pur - est, most pre -cious That God could to mor- tals un - fold!

REFRAIN.

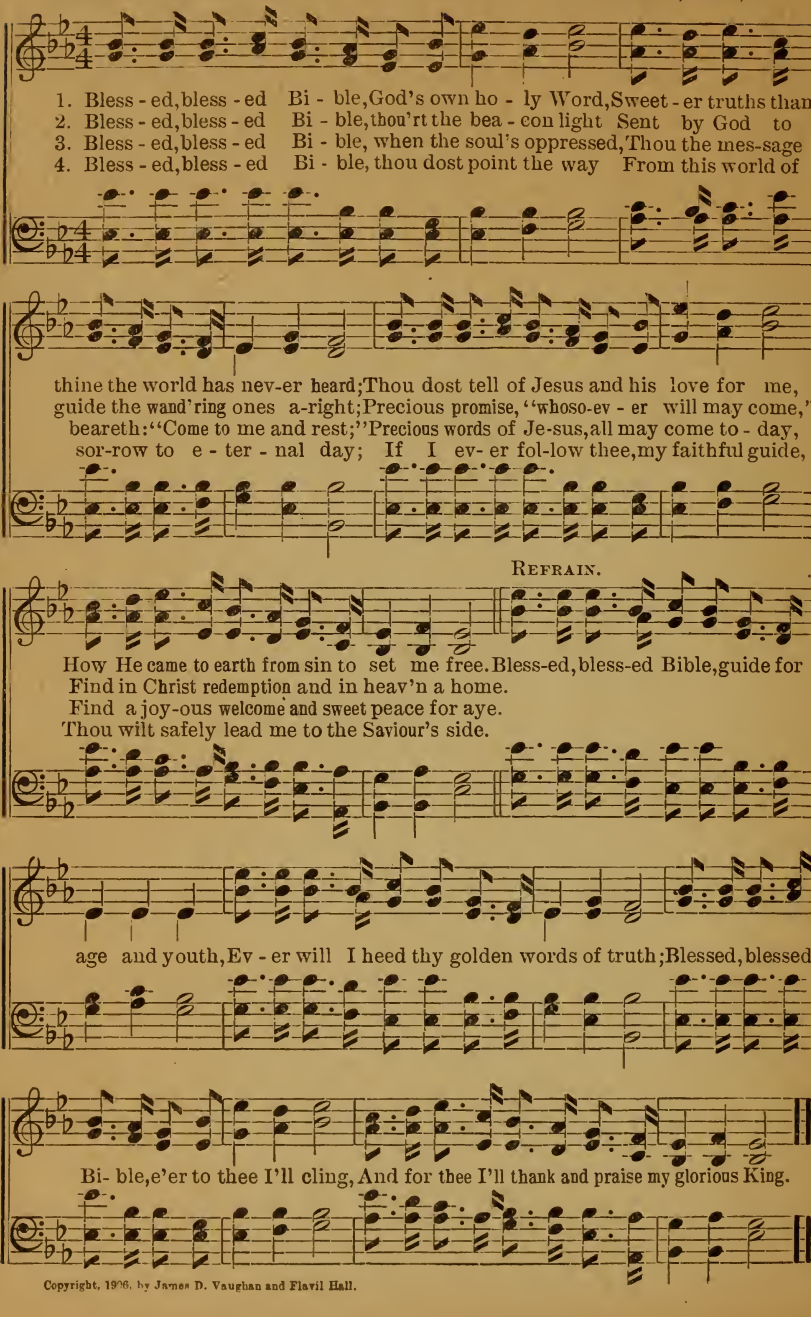




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No. 12. Blessed Bible.

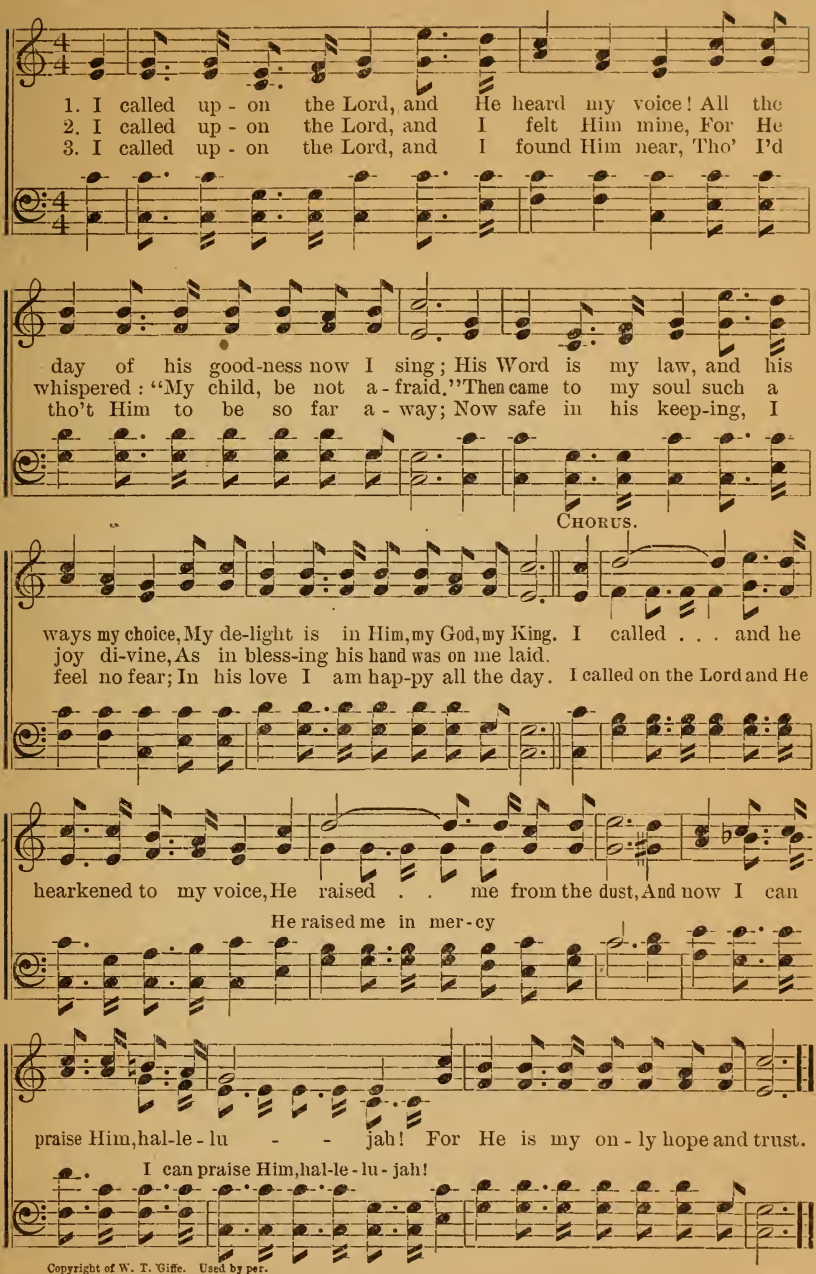
KATHARYN BACON, White Pine, Tenn. FLAVIL HALL, Trion, Ga.


1. Bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble, God's own ho - ly Word, Sweet - er truths than
2. Bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble, thou'rt the bea - con light Sent by God to
3. Bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble, when the soul's oppressed, Thou the mes-sage
4. Bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble, thou dost point the way From this world of
thine the world has nev-er heard; Thou dost tell of Jesus and his love for me,
guide the wand'ring ones a-right; Precious promise, "whoso-ev - er will may come,"
beareth: "Come to me and rest;" Precious words of Je-sus, all may come to - day,
sor-row to e - ter - nal day; If I ev- er fol-low thee, my faithful guide,
REFRAIN.
How He came to earth from sin to set me free. Bless-ed, bless-ed Bible, guide for
Find in Christ redemption and in heav'n a home.
Find a joy-ous welcome and sweet peace for aye.
Thou wilt safely lead me to the Saviour's side.
age and youth, Ev - er will I heed thy golden words of truth; Blessed, blessed
Bi- ble, e'er to thee I'll cling, And for thee I'll thank and praise my glorious King.

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No. 13. I Called Upon the Lord.

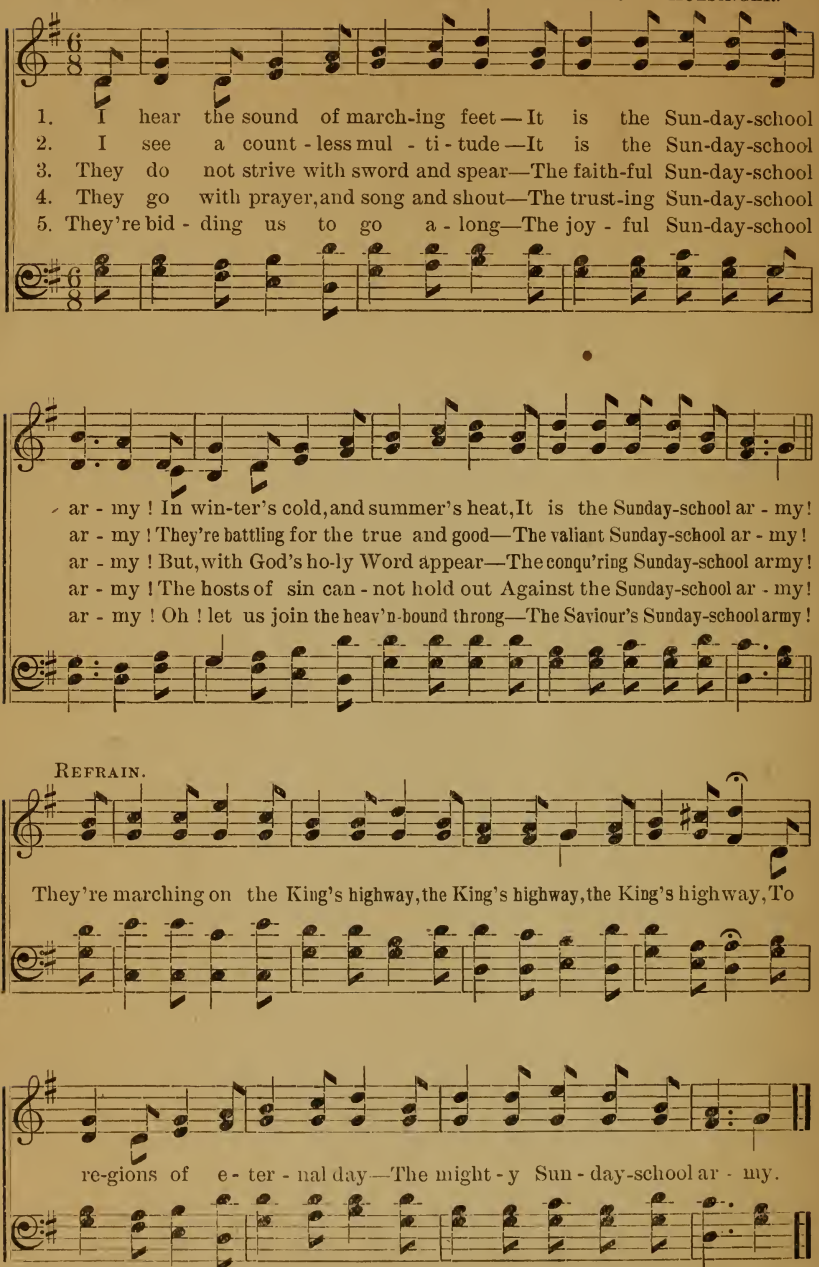
CHARLOTTE G. HOUSER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I called up - on the Lord, and He heard my voice! All the
2. I called up - on the Lord, and I felt Him mine, For He
3. I called up - on the Lord, and I found Him near, Tho' I'd
day of his good-ness now I sing; His Word is my law, and his
whispered: "My child, be not a - fraid." Then came to my soul such a
tho't Him to be so far a - way; Now safe in his keep-ing, I
CHORUS.
ways my choice, My de-light is in Him, my God, my King. I called . . . and he
joy di-vine, As in bless-ing his hand was on me laid.
feel no fear; In his love I am hap-py all the day.
I called on the Lord and He
hearkened to my voice, He raised . . me from the dust, And now I can
He raised me in mer - cy
praise Him, hal-le - lu - - - jah! For He is my on - ly hope and trust.
I can praise Him, hal-le - lu - jah!

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No. 14. The Sunday-School Army.

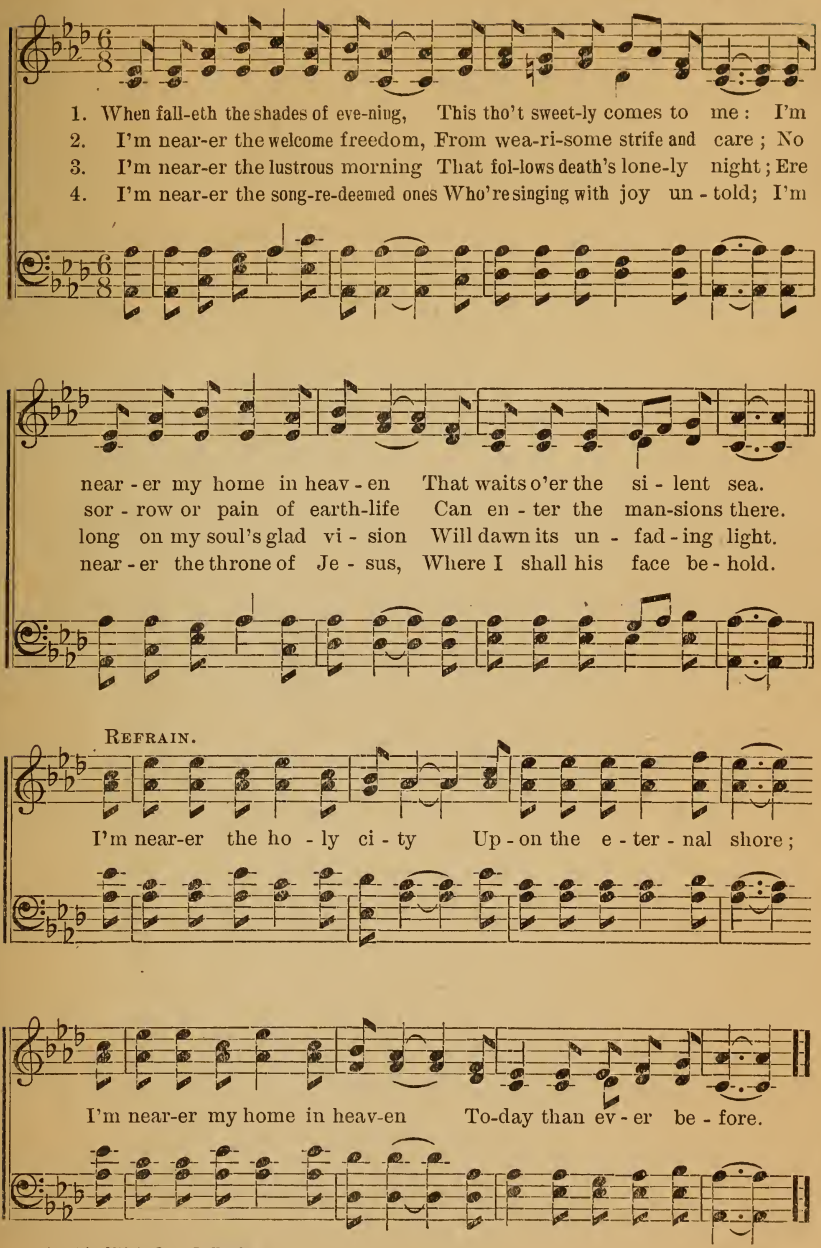
E. R. Latta. Geo. B. Holsinger.


1. I hear the sound of march-ing feet — It is the Sun-day-school
2. I see a count - less mul - ti - tude — It is the Sun-day-school
3. They do not strive with sword and spear — The faith-ful Sun-day-school
4. They go with prayer, and song and shout — The trust-ing Sun-day-school
5. They're bid - ding us to go a - long — The joy - ful Sun-day-school
ar - my ! In win-ter's cold, and summer's heat, It is the Sunday-school ar - my !
ar - my ! They're battling for the true and good — The valiant Sunday-school ar - my !
ar - my ! But, with God's ho-ly Word appear — The conqu'ring Sunday-school army !
ar - my ! The hosts of sin can - not hold out Against the Sunday-school ar - my !
ar - my ! Oh ! let us join the heav'n-bound throng — The Saviour's Sunday-school army !
Refrain.
They're marching on the King's highway, the King's highway, the King's highway, To
re-gions of e - ter - nal day — The might - y Sun - day-school ar - my.

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No. 15. Nearer My Home in Heaven.

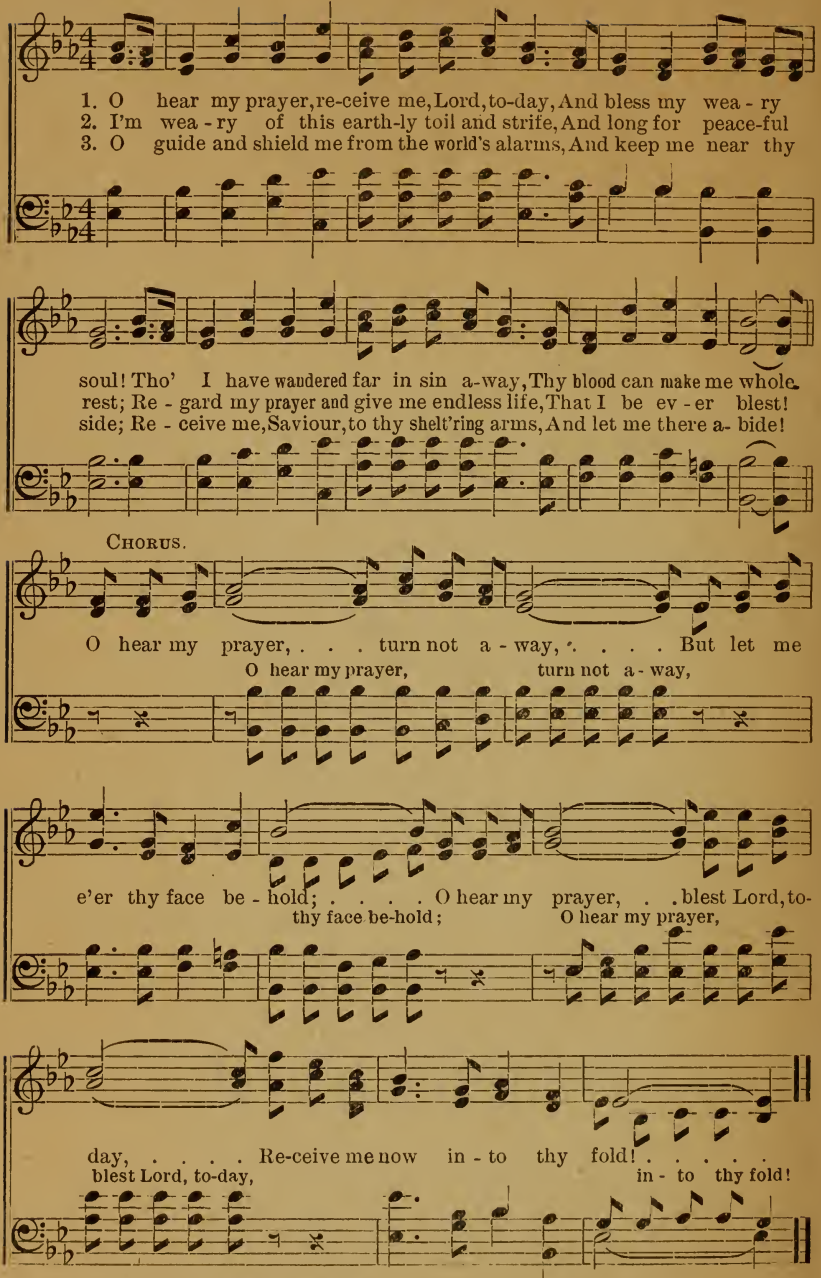
JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. When fall-eth the shades of eve-ning, This tho't sweet-ly comes to me: I'm
2. I'm near-er the welcome freedom, From wea-ri-some strife and care; No
3. I'm near-er the lustrous morning That fol-lows death's lone-ly night; Ere
4. I'm near-er the song-re-deemed ones Who're singing with joy un-told; I'm
near-er my home in heav-en That waits o'er the si-lent sea.
sor-row or pain of earth-life Can en-ter the man-sions there.
long on my soul's glad vi-sion Will dawn its un-fad-ing light.
near-er the throne of Je-sus, Where I shall his face be-hold.
REFRAIN.
I'm near-er the ho-ly ci-ty Up-on the e-ter-nal shore;
I'm near-er my home in heav-en To-day than ev-er be-fore.

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No. 16. Hear My Prayer.
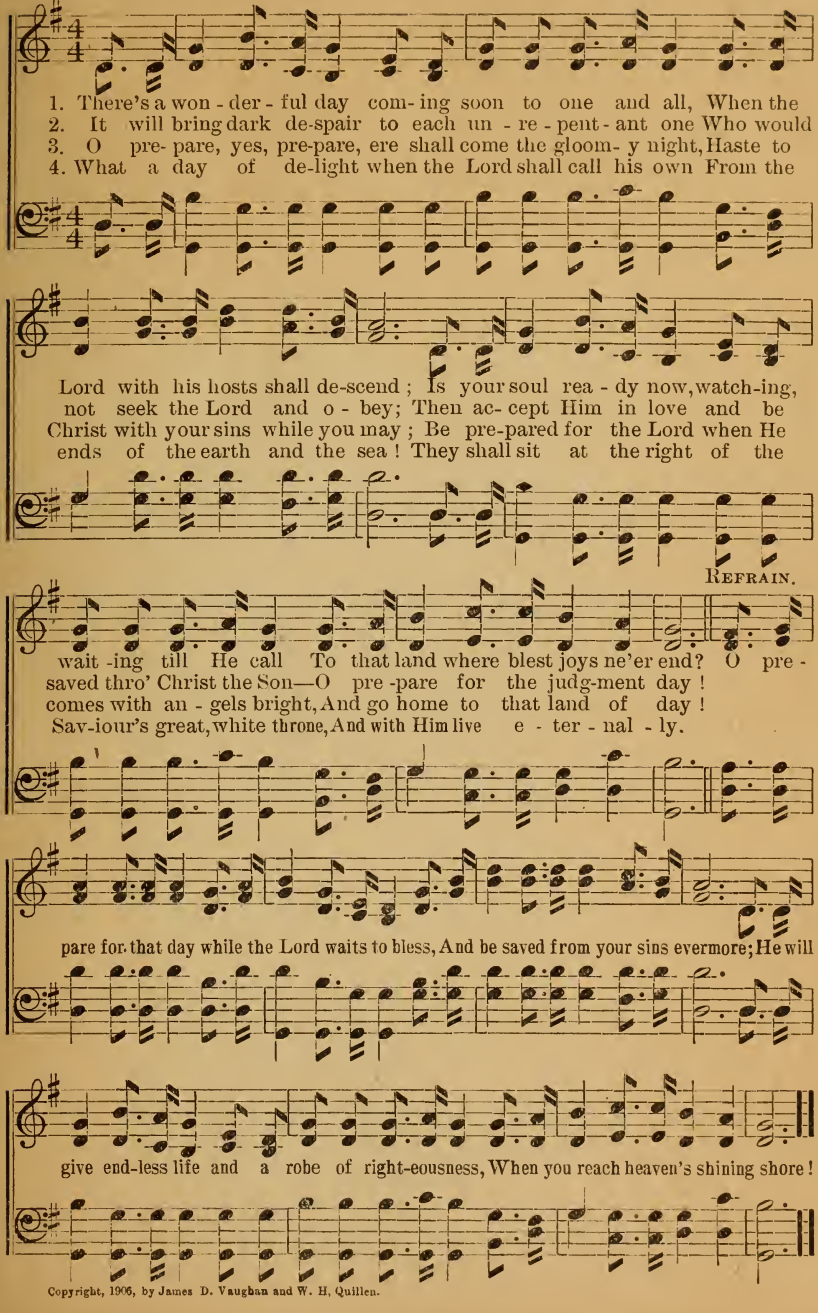
KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. O hear my prayer, re-ceive me, Lord, to-day, And bless my wea - ry
2. I'm wea - ry of this earth-ly toil and strife, And long for peace-ful
3. O guide and shield me from the world's alarms, And keep me near thy
soul! Tho' I have wandered far in sin a-way, Thy blood can make me whole.
rest; Re - gard my prayer and give me endless life, That I be ev - er blest!
side; Re - ceive me, Saviour, to thy shelt'ring arms, And let me there a- bide!
CHORUS.
O hear my prayer, . . . turn not a - way, ... But let me
O hear my prayer, turn not a - way,
e'er thy face be - hold; . . . . O hear my prayer, . . blest Lord, to-
thy face be-hold; O hear my prayer,
day, ... Re-ceive me now in - to thy fold! . . . . .
blest Lord, to-day, in - to thy fold!

Copyright, 1906, by James D. Vaughan and Geo. W. Bacon.

No. 17. Prepare for the Judgment.

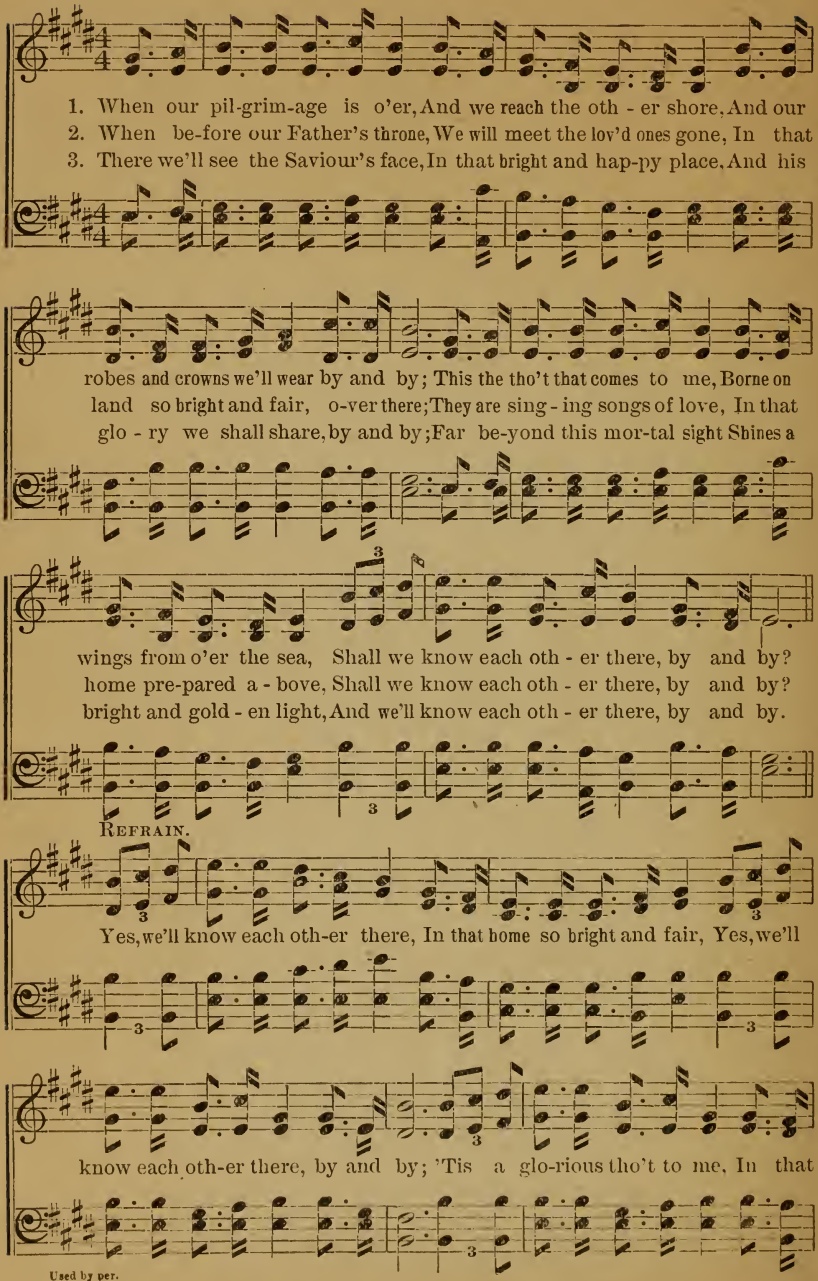
KATHARYN BACON. W. H. QUILLEN


1. There's a won - der - ful day com- ing soon to one and all, When the
2. It will bring dark de-spair to each un - re - pent - ant one Who would
3. O pre- pare, yes, pre-pare, ere shall come the gloom- y night, Haste to
4. What a day of de-light when the Lord shall call his own From the
Lord with his hosts shall de-scend; Is your soul rea - dy now, watch-ing,
not seek the Lord and o - bey; Then ac- cept Him in love and be
Christ with your sins while you may; Be pre-pared for the Lord when He
ends of the earth and the sea! They shall sit at the right of the
REFRAIN.
wait -ing till He call To that land where blest joys ne'er end? O pre -
saved thro' Christ the Son—O pre -pare for the judg-ment day!
comes with an - gels bright, And go home to that land of day!
Sav-iour's great, white throne, And with Him live e - ter - nal - ly.
pare for that day while the Lord waits to bless, And be saved from your sins evermore; He will
give end-less life and a robe of right-eousness, When you reach heaven's shining shore!

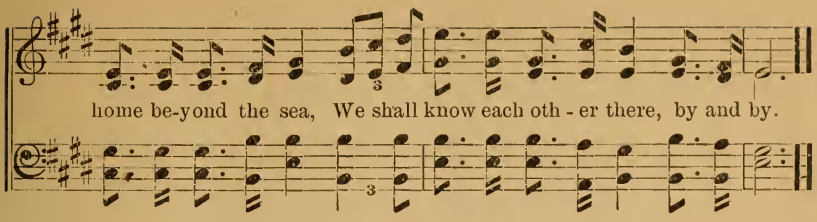
Copyright, 1906, by James D. Vaughan and W. H. Quillen.

No. 18. We Shall Know Each Other There.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

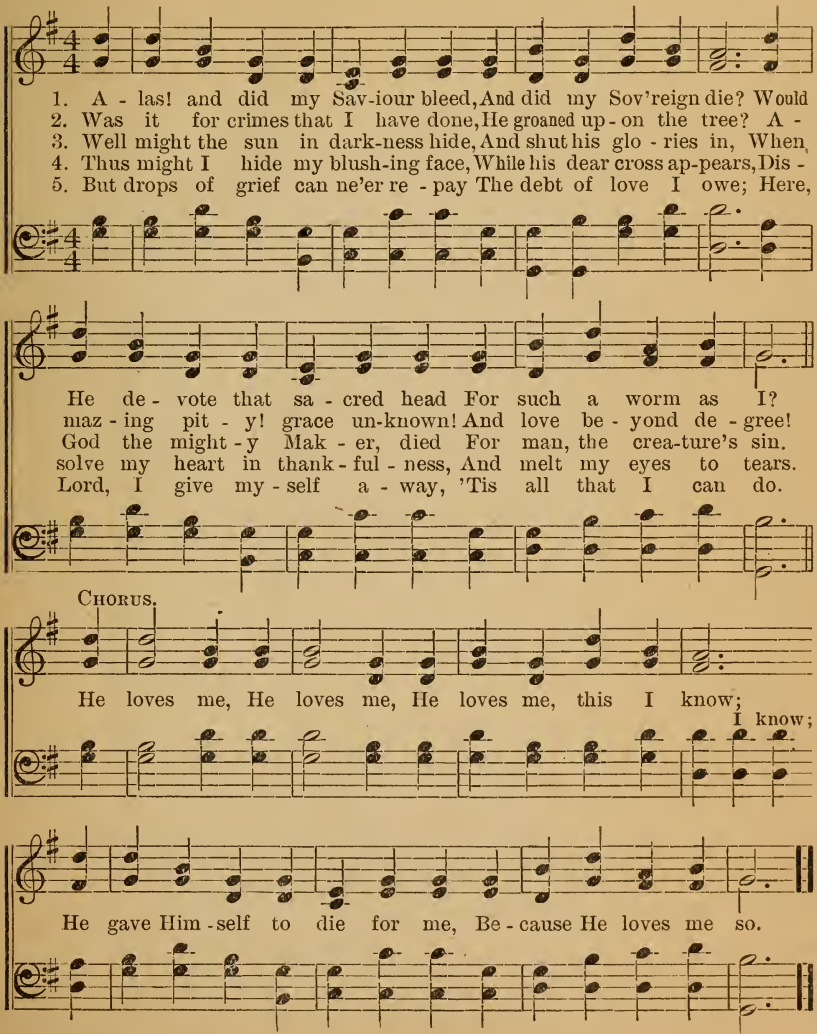

1. When our pil-grim-age is o'er, And we reach the oth - er shore, And our
2. When be-fore our Father's throne, We will meet the lov'd ones gone, In that
3. There we'll see the Saviour's face, In that bright and hap-py place, And his
robes and crowns we'll wear by and by; This the tho't that comes to me, Borne on
land so bright and fair, o-ver there; They are sing - ing songs of love, In that
glo - ry we shall share, by and by; Far be-yond this mor-tal sight Shines a
wings from o'er the sea, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
home pre-pared a - bove, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
bright and gold - en light, And we'll know each oth - er there, by and by.
REFRAIN.
Yes, we'll know each oth-er there, In that home so bright and fair, Yes, we'll
know each oth-er there, by and by; 'Tis a glo-rious tho't to me, In that

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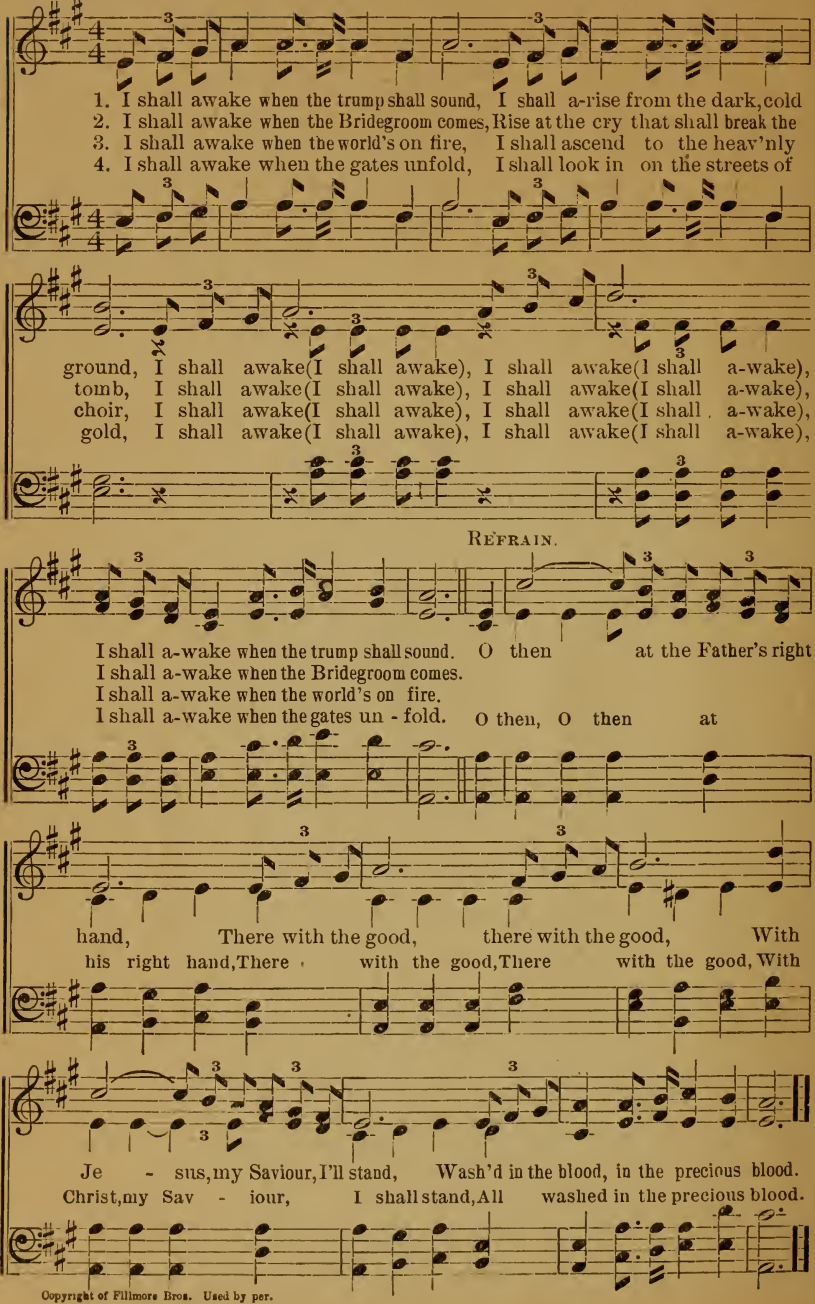


No. 19. He Loves Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Anon.


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A -
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While his dear cross ap-pears, Dis -
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
God the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
I know;
He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so.

No. 20. I Shall Awake.

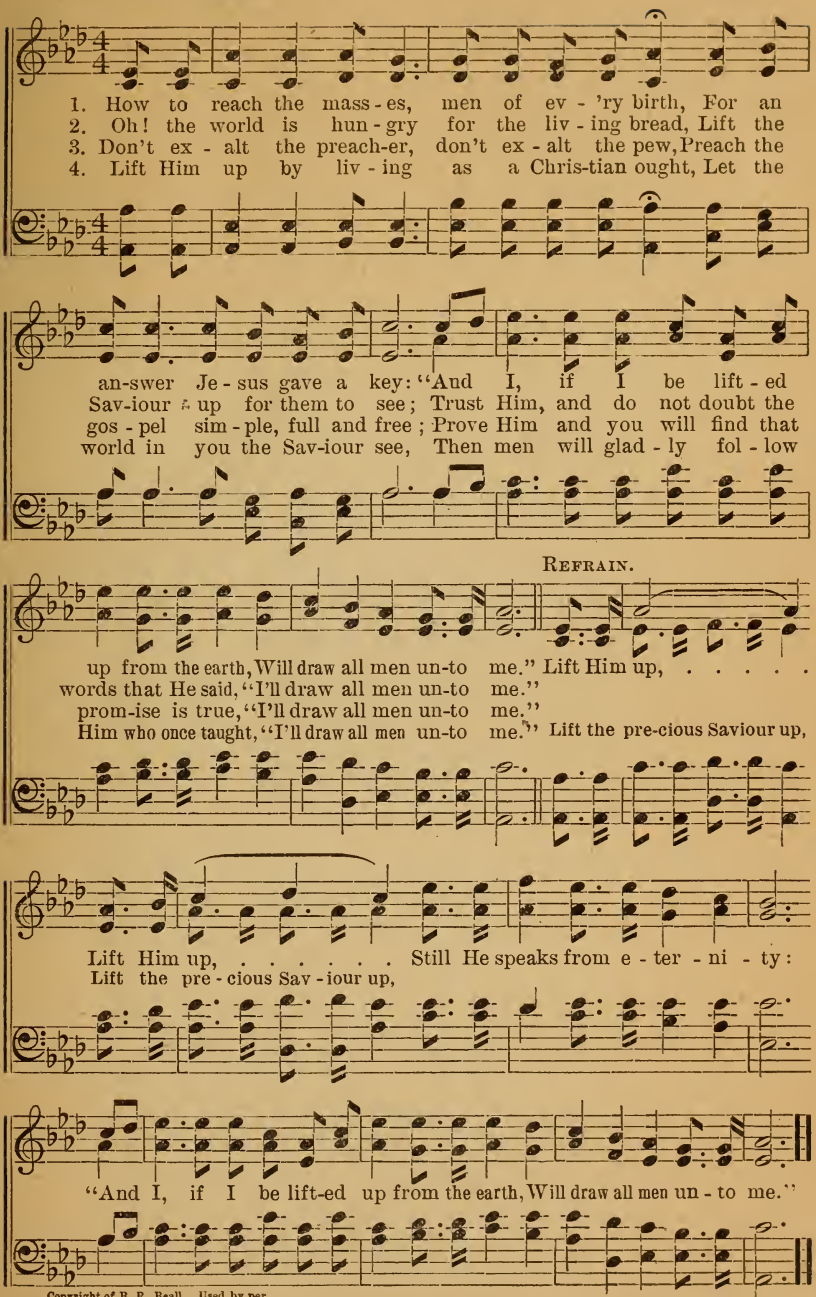
P. HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. I shall awake when the trump shall sound, I shall a-rise from the dark, cold
2. I shall awake when the Bridegroom comes, Rise at the cry that shall break the
3. I shall awake when the world's on fire, I shall ascend to the heav'nly
4. I shall awake when the gates unfold, I shall look in on the streets of
ground, I shall awake(I shall awake), I shall awake(I shall a-wake),
tomb, I shall awake(I shall awake), I shall awake(I shall a-wake),
choir, I shall awake(I shall awake), I shall awake(I shall a-wake),
gold, I shall awake(I shall awake), I shall awake(I shall a-wake),
REFRAIN.
I shall a-wake when the trump shall sound. O then at the Father's right
I shall a-wake when the Bridegroom comes.
I shall a-wake when the world's on fire.
I shall a-wake when the gates un - fold. O then, O then at
hand, There with the good, there with the good, With
his right hand, There with the good, There with the good, With
Je - sus, my Saviour, I'll stand, Wash'd in the blood, in the precious blood.
Christ, my Sav - iour, I shall stand, All washed in the precious blood.

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No. 21. Lift Him Up.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. B. B. BEALL.
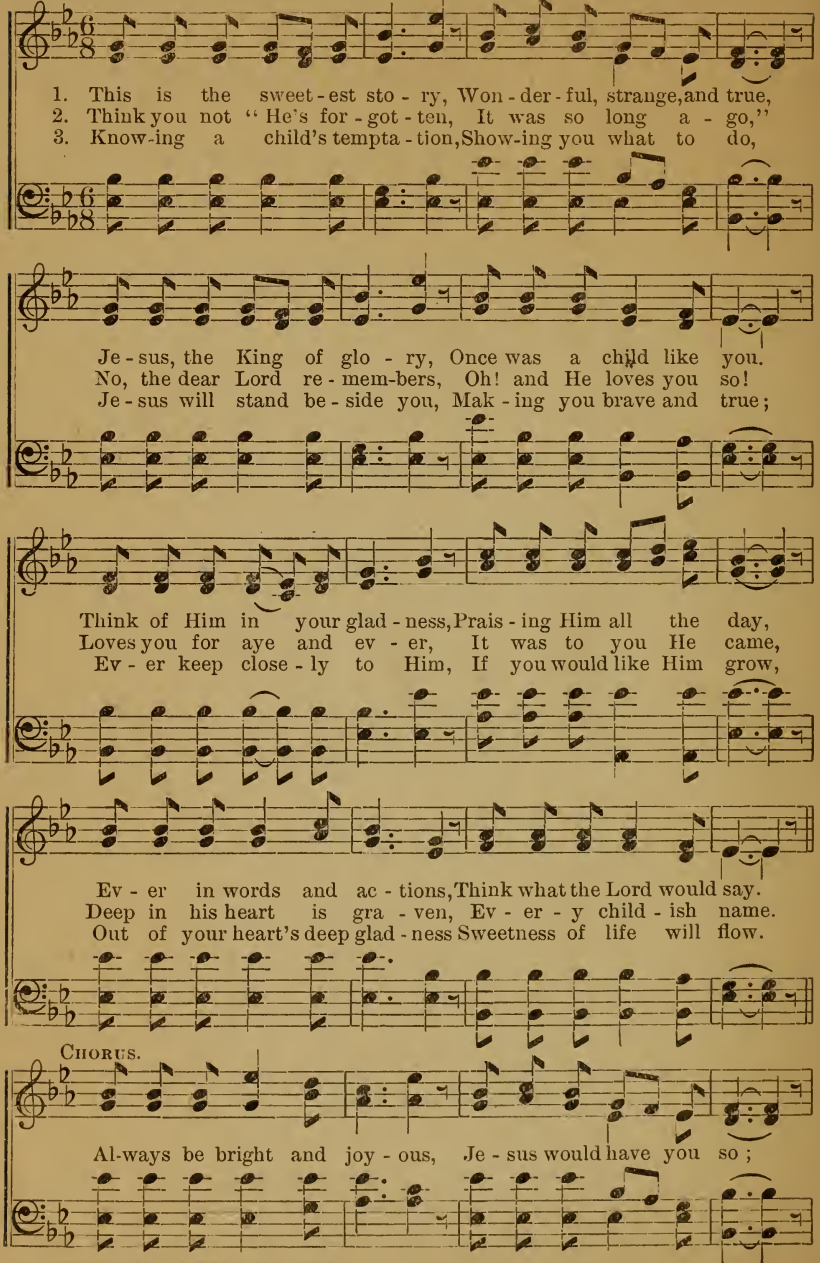

1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth, For an
2. Oh! the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the
3. Don't ex-alt the preach-er, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the
an-swer Je-sus gave a key: "And I, if I be lift-ed
Sav-iour up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the
gos-pel sim-ple, full and free; Prove Him and you will find that
world in you the Sav-iour see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low
REFRAIN.
up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, ...
words that He said, "I'll draw all men un-to me."
prom-ise is true, "I'll draw all men un-to me."
Him who once taught, "I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the pre-cious Saviour up,
Lift Him up, ... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty:
Lift the pre-cious Sav-iour up,
"And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to me."

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No. 22. This Is the Sweetest Story.

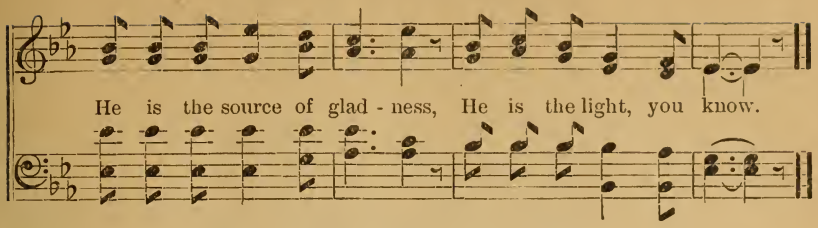
"He shall save his people from their sins."— Matt. 1: 21.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. This is the sweet-est sto-ry, Won-der-ful, strange, and true,
2. Think you not "He's for-got-ten, It was so long a-go,"
3. Know-ing a child's tempta-tion, Show-ing you what to do,
Je-sus, the King of glo-ry, Once was a child like you.
No, the dear Lord re-mem-bers, Oh! and He loves you so!
Je-sus will stand be-side you, Mak-ing you brave and true;
Think of Him in your glad-ness, Prais-ing Him all the day,
Loves you for aye and ev-er, It was to you He came,
Ev-er keep close-ly to Him, If you would like Him grow,
Ev-er in words and ac-tions, Think what the Lord would say.
Deep in his heart is gra-ven, Ev-er-y child-ish name.
Out of your heart's deep glad-ness Sweetness of life will flow.
CHORUS.
Al-ways be bright and joy-ous, Je-sus would have you so;

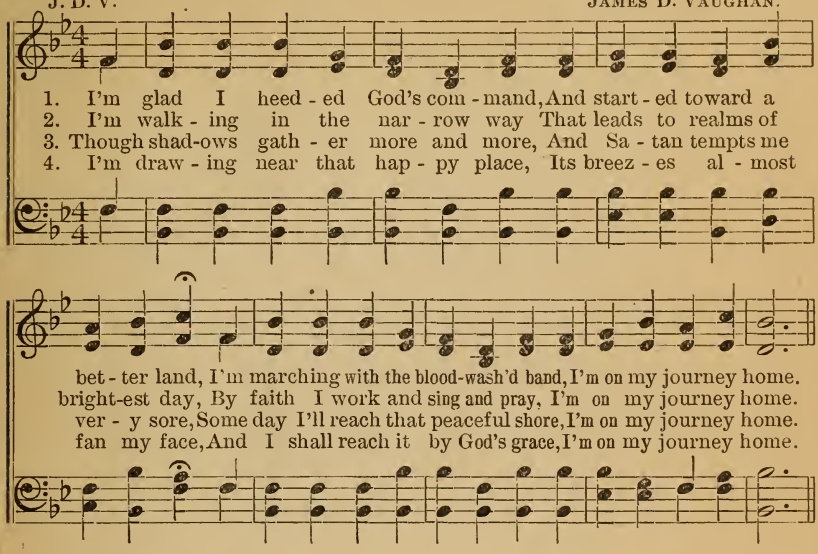
Used by per. of John C. F. Eyger, owner of copyright.

This Is the Sweetest Story.

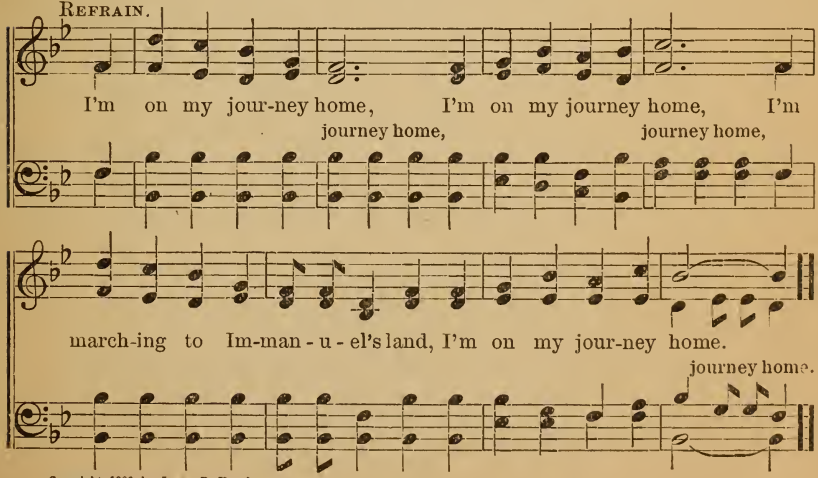


No. 23. I'm On My Journey Home.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. I'm glad I heed - ed God's com - mand, And start - ed toward a
2. I'm walk - ing in the nar - row way That leads to realms of
3. Though shad-ows gath - er more and more, And Sa - tan tempts me
4. I'm draw - ing near that hap - py place, Its breez - es al - most
bet - ter land, I'm marching with the blood-wash'd band, I'm on my journey home.
bright-est day, By faith I work and sing and pray, I'm on my journey home.
ver - y sore, Some day I'll reach that peaceful shore, I'm on my journey home.
fan my face, And I shall reach it by God's grace, I'm on my journey home.

REFRAIN.

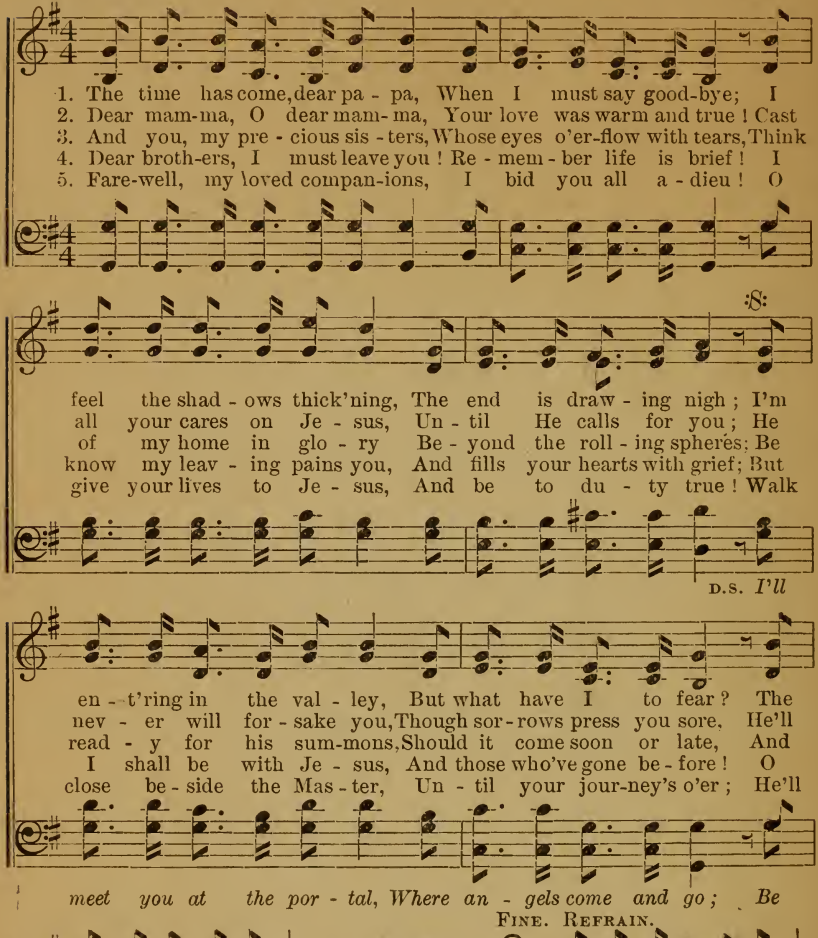

I'm on my jour-ney home, I'm on my journey home, I'm
journey home, journey home,
march-ing to Im-man - u - el's land, I'm on my jour-ney home.
journey home.

Copyright, 1906, by James D. Vaughan.

No. 24. The Dying Girl's Farewell.

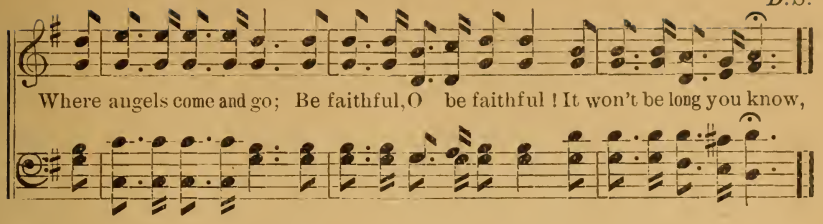
The following words were in substance the farewell words of Miss Anna Taylor, who died Sept. 10, 1897.

G. W. ARCHER. J. D. PATTON.


1. The time has come, dear pa - pa, When I must say good-bye; I
2. Dear mam-ma, O dear mam - ma, Your love was warm and true! Cast
3. And you, my pre - cious sis - ters, Whose eyes o'er-flow with tears, Think
4. Dear broth-ers, I must leave you! Re - mem - ber life is brief! I
5. Fare-well, my loved compan-ions, I bid you all a - dieu! O
feel the shad - ows thick'ning, The end is draw - ing nigh; I'm
all your cares on Je - sus, Un - til He calls for you; He
of my home in glo - ry Be - yond the roll - ing spheres: Be
know my leav - ing pains you, And fills your hearts with grief; But
give your lives to Je - sus, And be to du - ty true! Walk
D.S. I'll
en - t'ring in the val - ley, But what have I to fear? The
nev - er will for - sake you, Though sor - rows press you sore. He'll
read - y for his sum-mons, Should it come soon or late, And
I shall be with Je - sus, And those who've gone be - fore! O
close be - side the Mas - ter, Un - til your jour-ney's o'er; He'll
meet you at the por - tal, Where an - gels come and go; Be
FINE. REFRAIN.
an-gels are in waiting, And Je-sus too is near. I'll meet you at the portal,
bring you to that cit - y Where we shall part no more.
I will hail you welcome, Hard by the golden gate.
brothers, will you meet me On that celestial shore!
guide you thro' the valley, And we shall meet once more.
faith-ful, O be faithful! It won't be long you know.

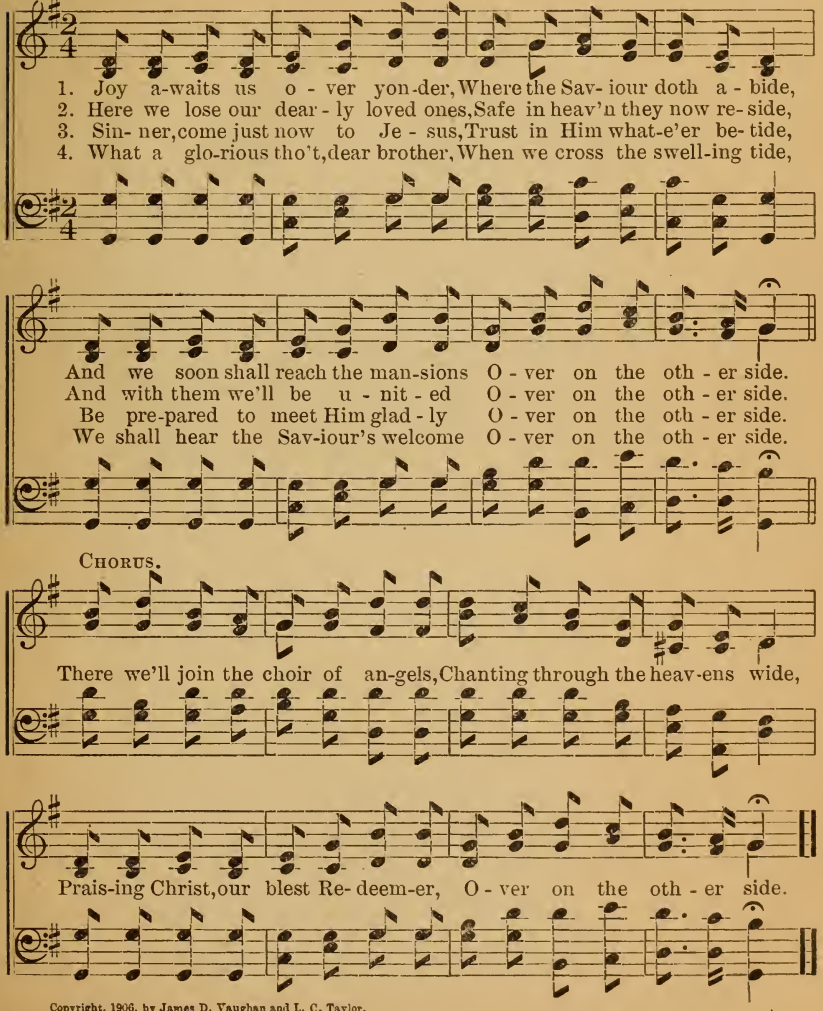
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D.S.



No. 25. Over on the Other Side.

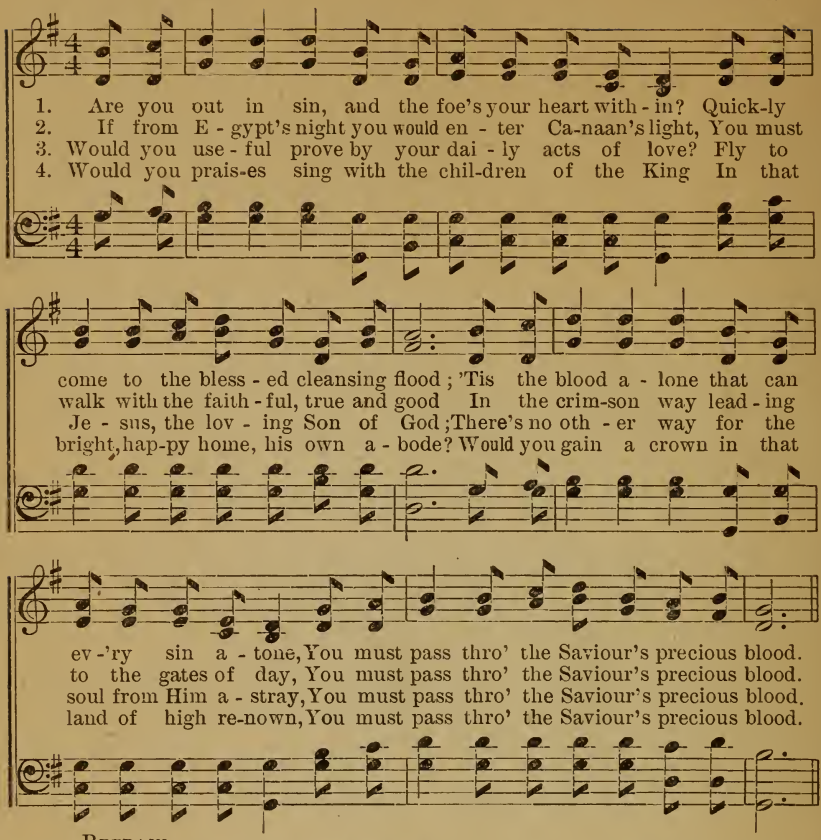
E. W. TAYLOR. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. Joy a-waits us o - ver yon-der, Where the Sav- iour doth a - bide,
2. Here we lose our dear - ly loved ones, Safe in heav'n they now re- side,
3. Sin- ner, come just now to Je - sus, Trust in Him what-e'er be- tide,
4. What a glo-rious tho't, dear brother, When we cross the swell-ing tide,
And we soon shall reach the man-sions O - ver on the oth - er side.
And with them we'll be u - nit - ed O - ver on the oth - er side.
Be pre-pared to meet Him glad - ly O - ver on the oth - er side.
We shall hear the Sav-iour's welcome O - ver on the oth - er side.
CHORUS.
There we'll join the choir of an-gels, Chanting through the heav-ens wide,
Prais-ing Christ, our blest Re- deem-er, O - ver on the oth - er side.

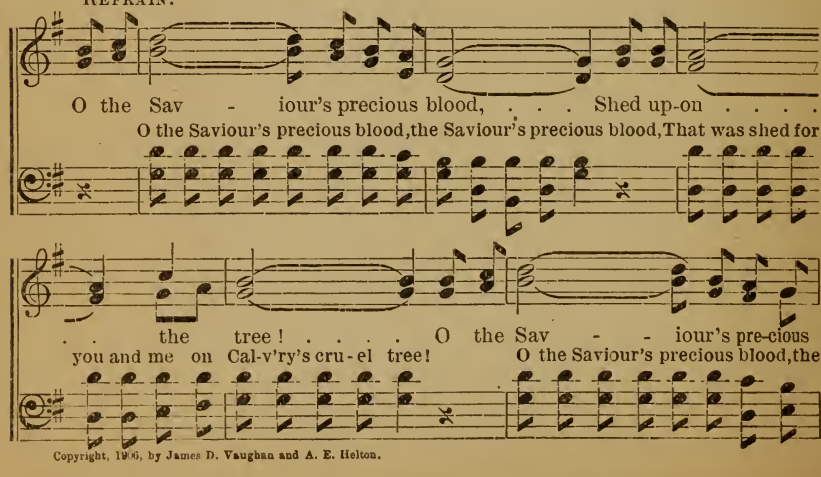
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No. 26. The Precious Blood.

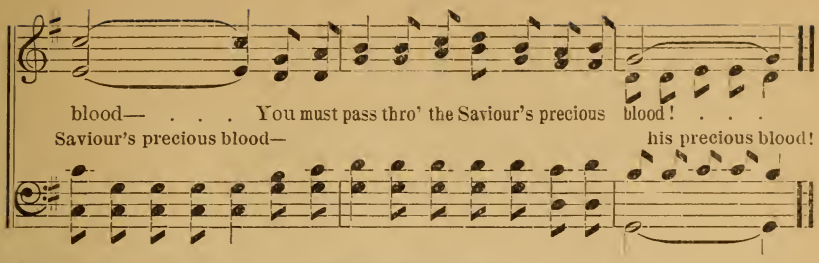
HARRIET E. JONES. A. E. HELTON.


1. Are you out in sin, and the foe's your heart with - in? Quick-ly
2. If from E - gypt's night you would en - ter Ca-naan's light, You must
3. Would you use - ful prove by your dai - ly acts of love? Fly to
4. Would you prais-es sing with the chil-dren of the King In that
come to the bless - ed cleansing flood; 'Tis the blood a - lone that can
walk with the faith - ful, true and good In the crim-son way lead - ing
Je - sus, the lov - ing Son of God; There's no oth - er way for the
bright, hap-py home, his own a - bode? Would you gain a crown in that
ev - 'ry sin a - tone, You must pass thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
to the gates of day, You must pass thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
soul from Him a - stray, You must pass thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
land of high re-nown, You must pass thro' the Saviour's precious blood.

REFRAIN.

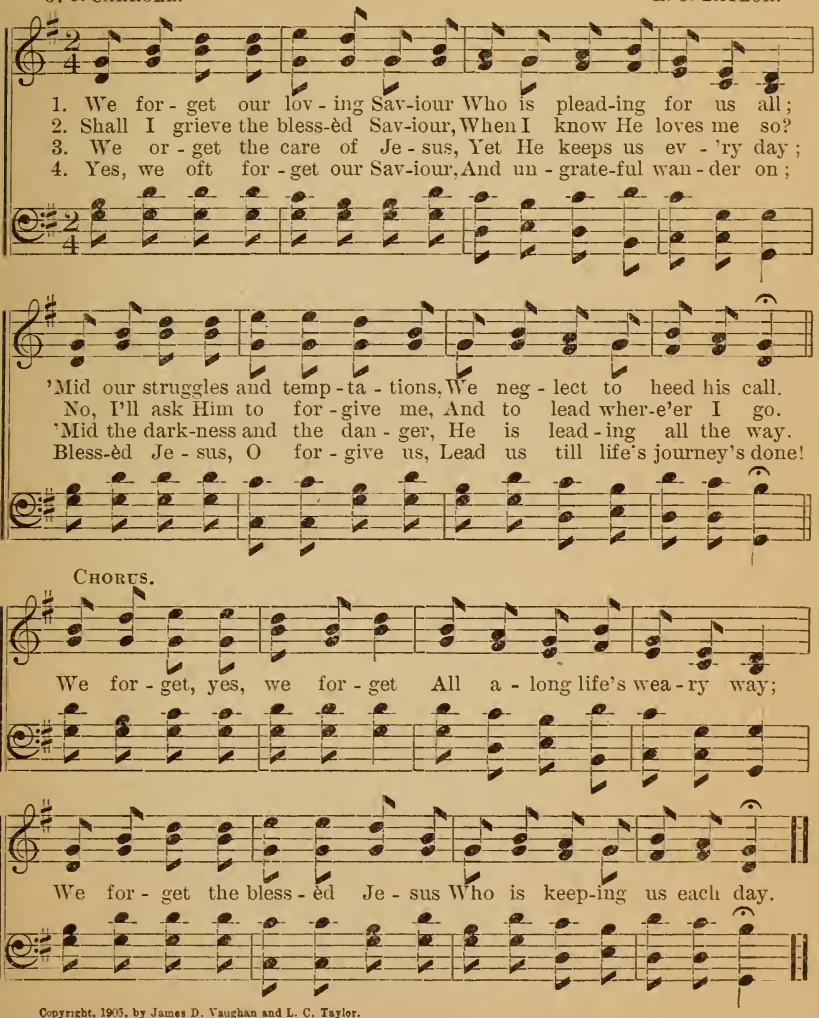

O the Sav - iour's precious blood, . . . Shed up-on . . . .
O the Saviour's precious blood, the Saviour's precious blood, That was shed for
. . the tree! . . . . O the Sav - - iour's pre-cious
you and me on Cal-v'ry's cru - el tree! O the Saviour's precious blood, the

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No. 27. We Forget.
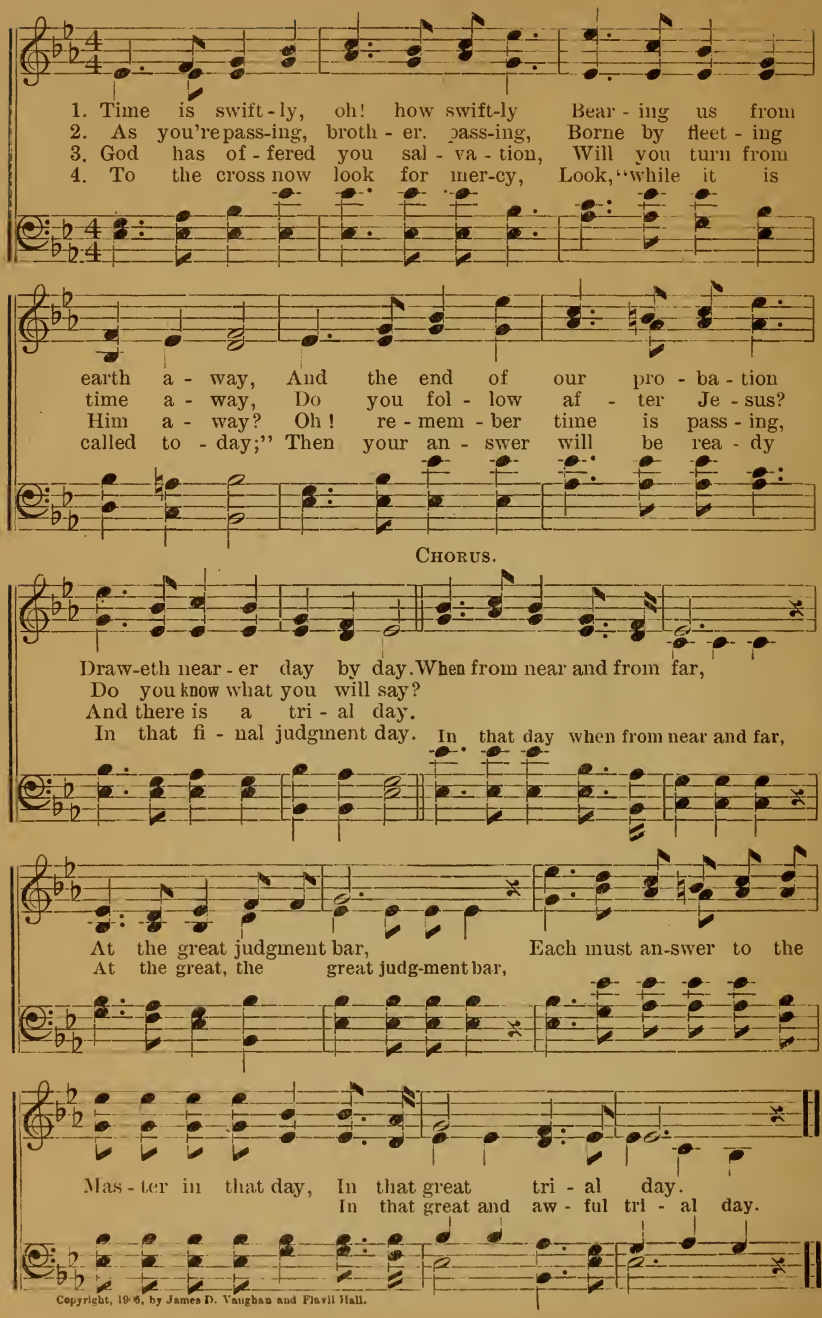
J. C. CARROLL. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. We for - get our lov - ing Sav-iour Who is plead-ing for us all;
2. Shall I grieve the bless-èd Sav-iour, When I know He loves me so?
3. We or - get the care of Je - sus, Yet He keeps us ev - 'ry day;
4. Yes, we oft for - get our Sav-iour, And un - grate-ful wan - der on;
'Mid our struggles and temp - ta - tions, We neg - lect to heed his call.
No, I'll ask Him to for - give me, And to lead wher-e'er I go.
'Mid the dark-ness and the dan - ger, He is lead - ing all the way.
Bless-èd Je - sus, O for - give us, Lead us till life's journey's done!
CHORUS.
We for - get, yes, we for - get All a - long life's wea - ry way;
We for - get the bless - èd Je - sus Who is keep-ing us each day.

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No. 28. Passing Away.

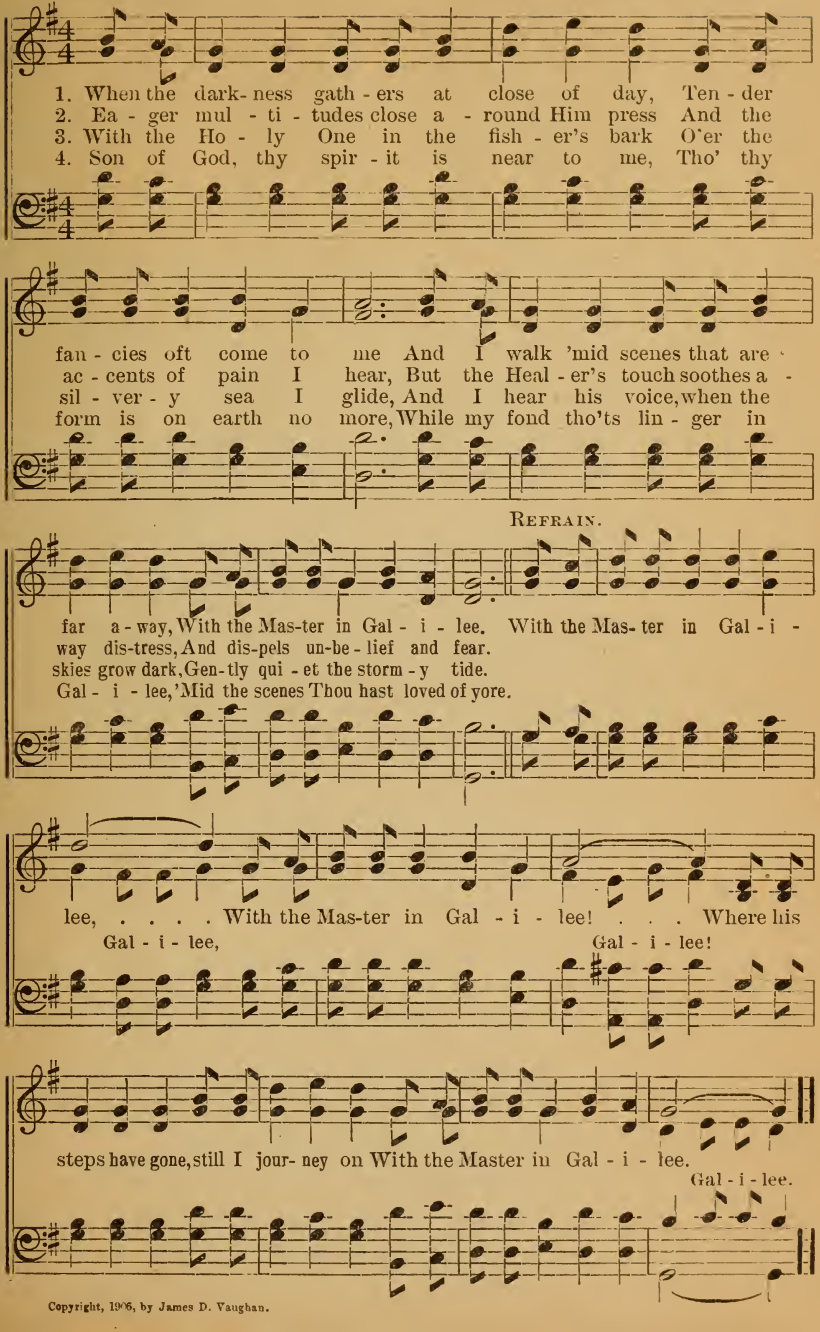
Dr. J. E. Clark. Flavil Hall.


1. Time is swift-ly, oh! how swift-ly Bear-ing us from
2. As you're pass-ing, broth-er, pass-ing, Borne by fleet-ing
3. God has of-fered you sal-va-tion, Will you turn from
4. To the cross now look for mer-cy, Look, "while it is
earth a-way, And the end of our pro-ba-tion
time a-way, Do you fol-low af-ter Je-sus?
Him a-way? Oh! re-mem-ber time is pass-ing,
called to-day;" Then your an-swer will be rea-dy
Chorus.
Draw-eth near-er day by day. When from near and from far,
Do you know what you will say?
And there is a tri-al day.
In that fi-nal judgment day. In that day when from near and far,
At the great judgment bar, Each must an-swer to the
At the great, the great judg-ment bar,
Mas-ter in that day, In that great tri-al day.
In that great and aw-ful tri-al day.

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No. 29. With the Master in Galilee.

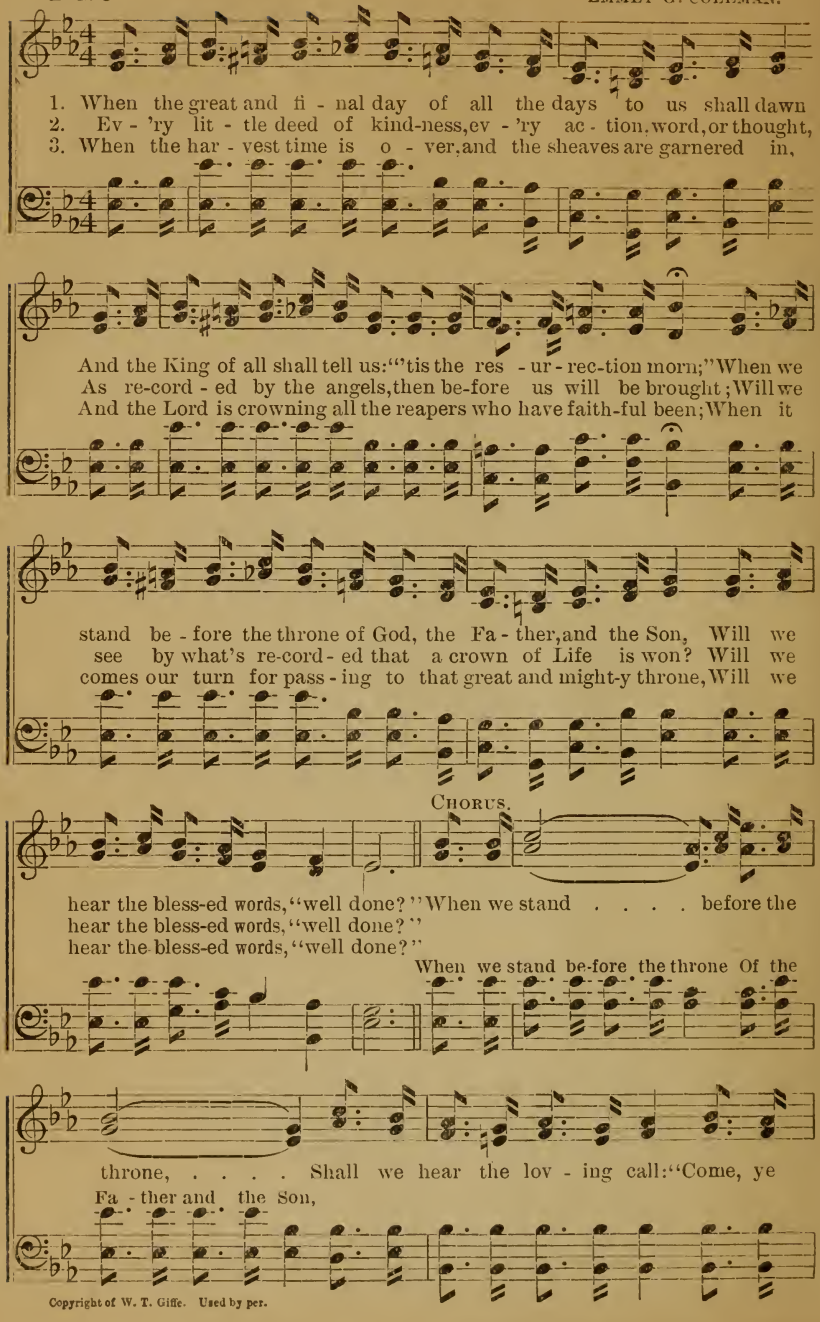
JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. When the dark- ness gath - ers at close of day, Ten - der
2. Ea - ger mul - ti - tudes close a - round Him press And the
3. With the Ho - ly One in the fish - er's bark O'er the
4. Son of God, thy spir - it is near to me, Tho' thy
fan - cies oft come to me And I walk 'mid scenes that are
ac - cents of pain I hear, But the Heal - er's touch soothes a -
sil - ver - y sea I glide, And I hear his voice, when the
form is on earth no more, While my fond tho'ts lin - ger in
REFRAIN.
far a - way, With the Mas-ter in Gal - i - lee. With the Mas- ter in Gal - i -
way dis-tress, And dis-pels un-be - lief and fear.
skies grow dark, Gen-tly qui - et the storm - y tide.
Gal - i - lee, 'Mid the scenes Thou hast loved of yore.
lee, ... With the Mas-ter in Gal - i - lee! . . . Where his
Gal - i - lee,
Gal - i - lee!
steps have gone, still I jour- ney on With the Master in Gal - i - lee.
Gal - i - lee.

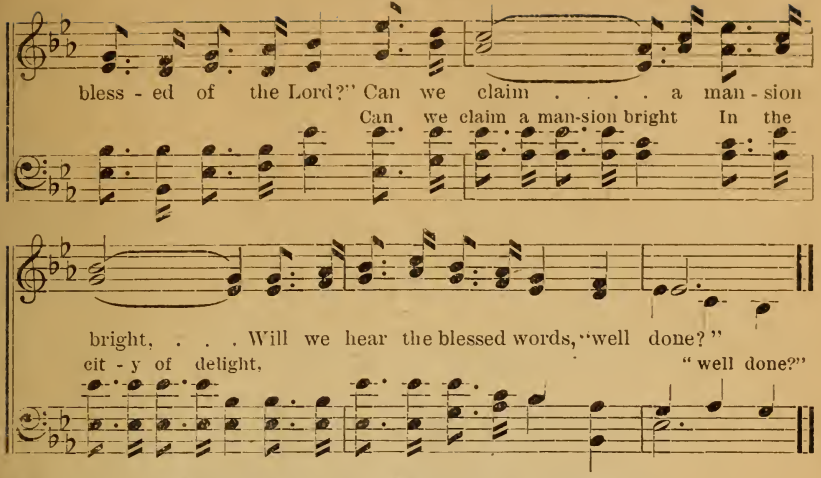
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No. 30. Well Done.

E. G. C. EMMET G. COLEMAN.

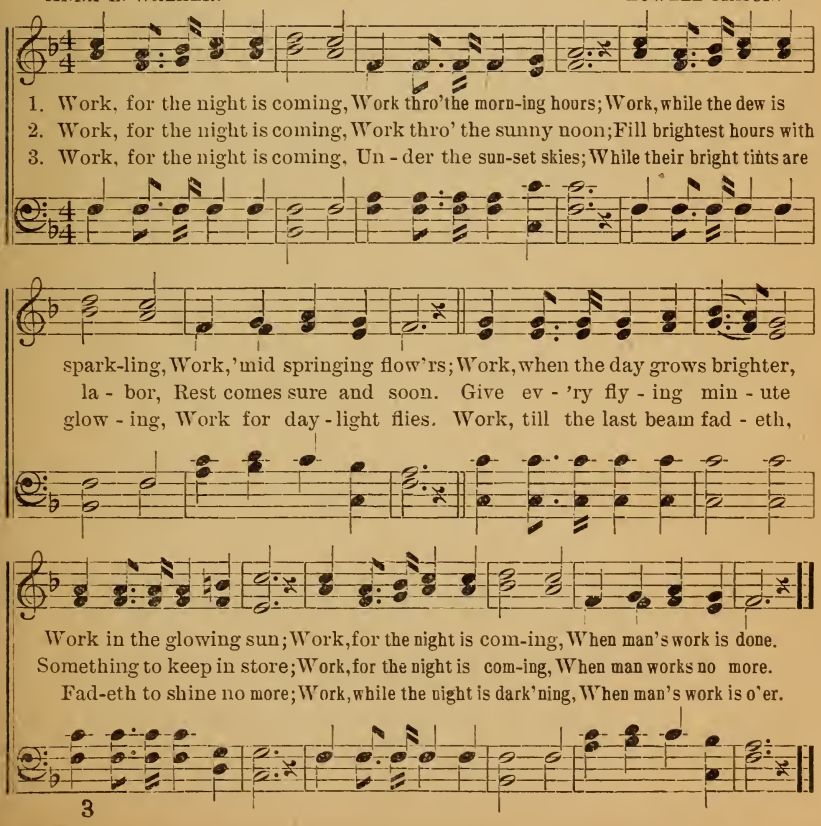

1. When the great and fi - nal day of all the days to us shall dawn
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle deed of kind-ness, ev - 'ry ac - tion, word, or thought,
3. When the har - vest time is o - ver, and the sheaves are garnered in,
And the King of all shall tell us: "'tis the res - ur - rec-tion morn;" When we
As re-cord - ed by the angels, then be-fore us will be brought; Will we
And the Lord is crowning all the reapers who have faith-ful been; When it
stand be - fore the throne of God, the Fa - ther, and the Son, Will we
see by what's re-cord - ed that a crown of Life is won? Will we
comes our turn for pass - ing to that great and might-y throne, Will we
Chorus.
hear the bless-ed words, "well done?" When we stand . . . . before the
hear the bless-ed words, "well done?"
hear the bless-ed words, "well done?"
When we stand be-fore the throne Of the
throne, ... Shall we hear the lov - ing call: "Come, ye
Fa - ther and the Son,

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bless - ed of the Lord?" Can we claim . . . . a man - sion
Can we claim a man-sion bright In the
bright, . . . Will we hear the blessed words, "well done?"
cit - y of delight, "well done?"
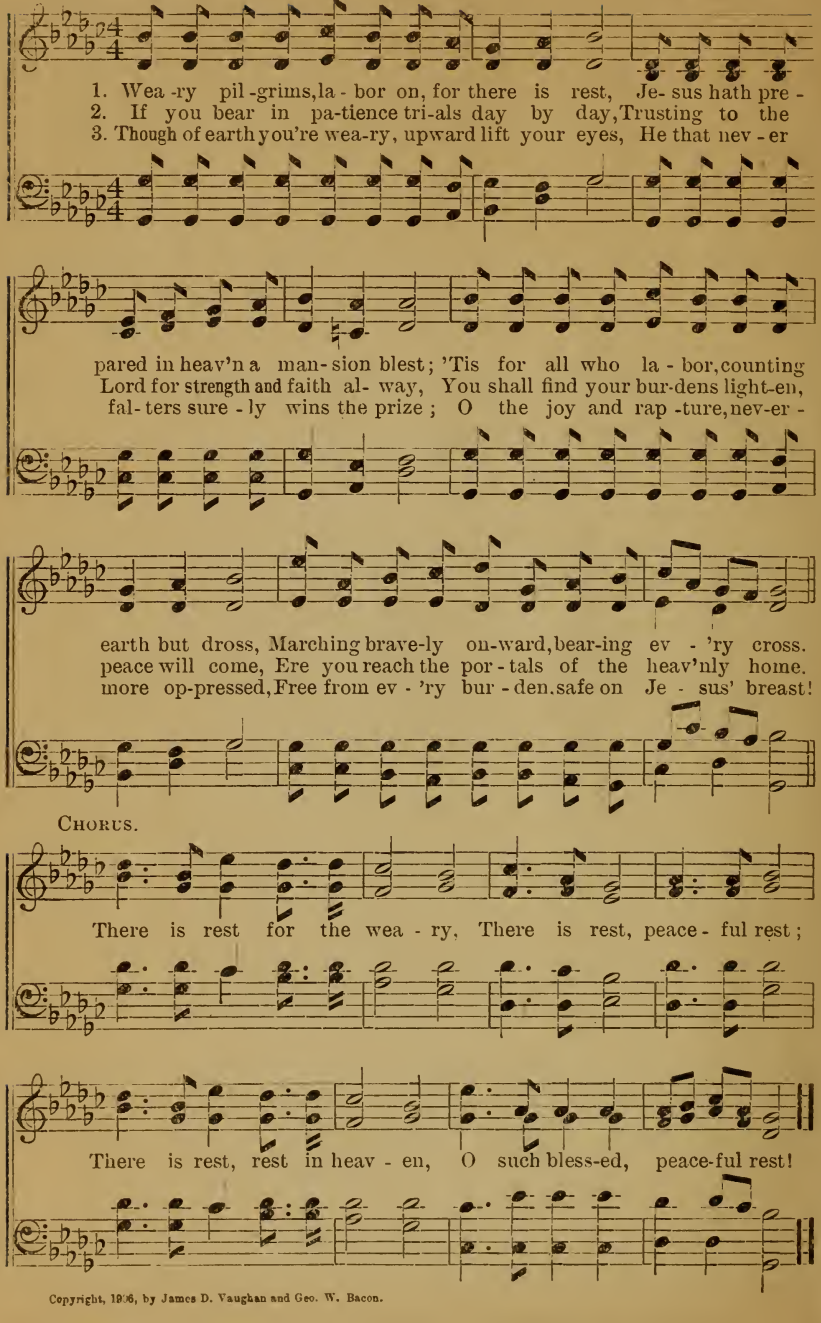
No. 31. Work, for the Night Is Coming.

ANNA L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work, while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are
spark-ling, Work, 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute
glow - ing, Work for day - light flies. Work, till the last beam fad - eth,
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

No. 32. There Is Rest.

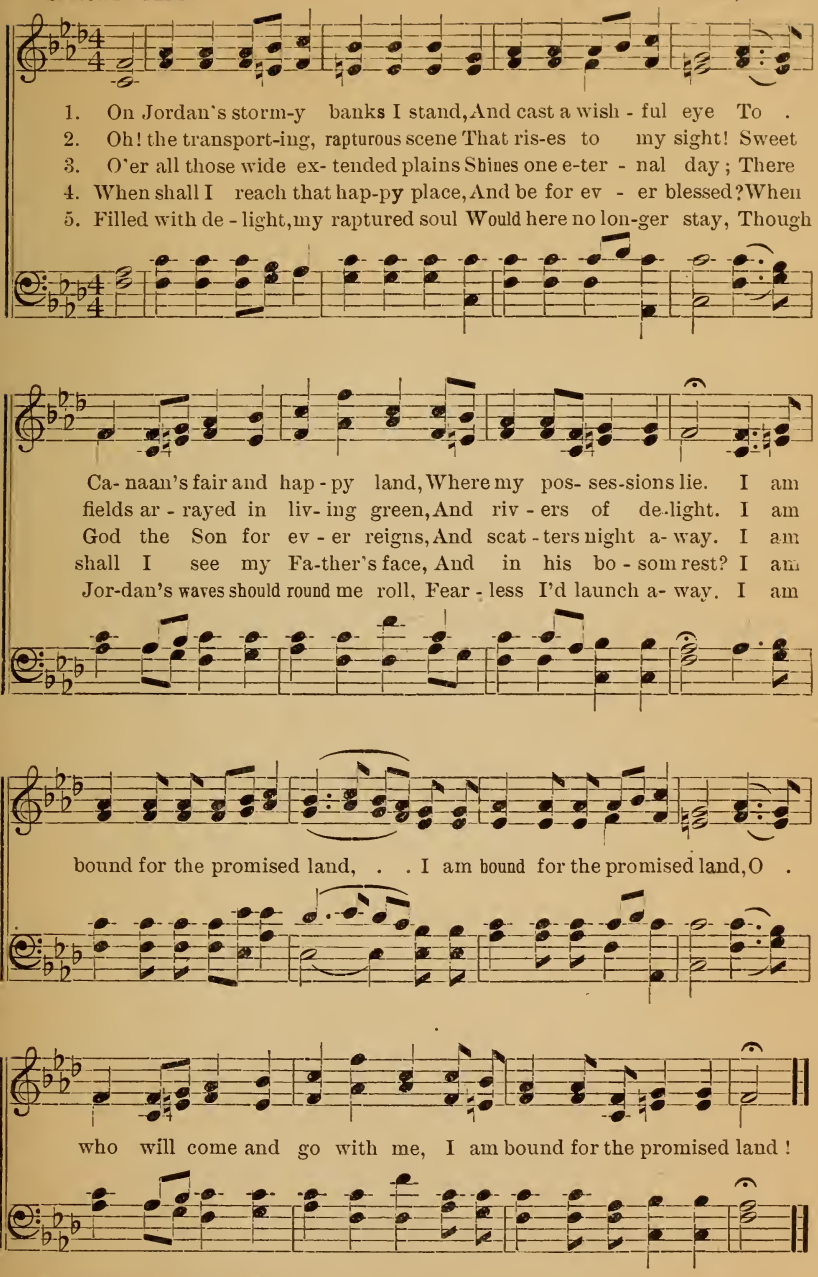
KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Wea-ry pil-grims, la-bor on, for there is rest, Je-sus hath pre-
2. If you bear in pa-tience tri-als day by day, Trusting to the
3. Though of earth you're wea-ry, upward lift your eyes, He that nev-er
pared in heav'n a man-sion blest; 'Tis for all who la-bor, counting
Lord for strength and faith al-way, You shall find your bur-dens light-en,
fal-ters sure-ly wins the prize; O the joy and rap-ture, nev-er-
earth but dross, Marching brave-ly on-ward, bear-ing ev-'ry cross.
peace will come, Ere you reach the por-tals of the heav'nly home.
more op-pressed, Free from ev-'ry bur-den, safe on Je-sus' breast!
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest, peace-ful rest;
There is rest, rest in heav-en, O such bless-ed, peace-ful rest!

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No. 33. The Promised Land.
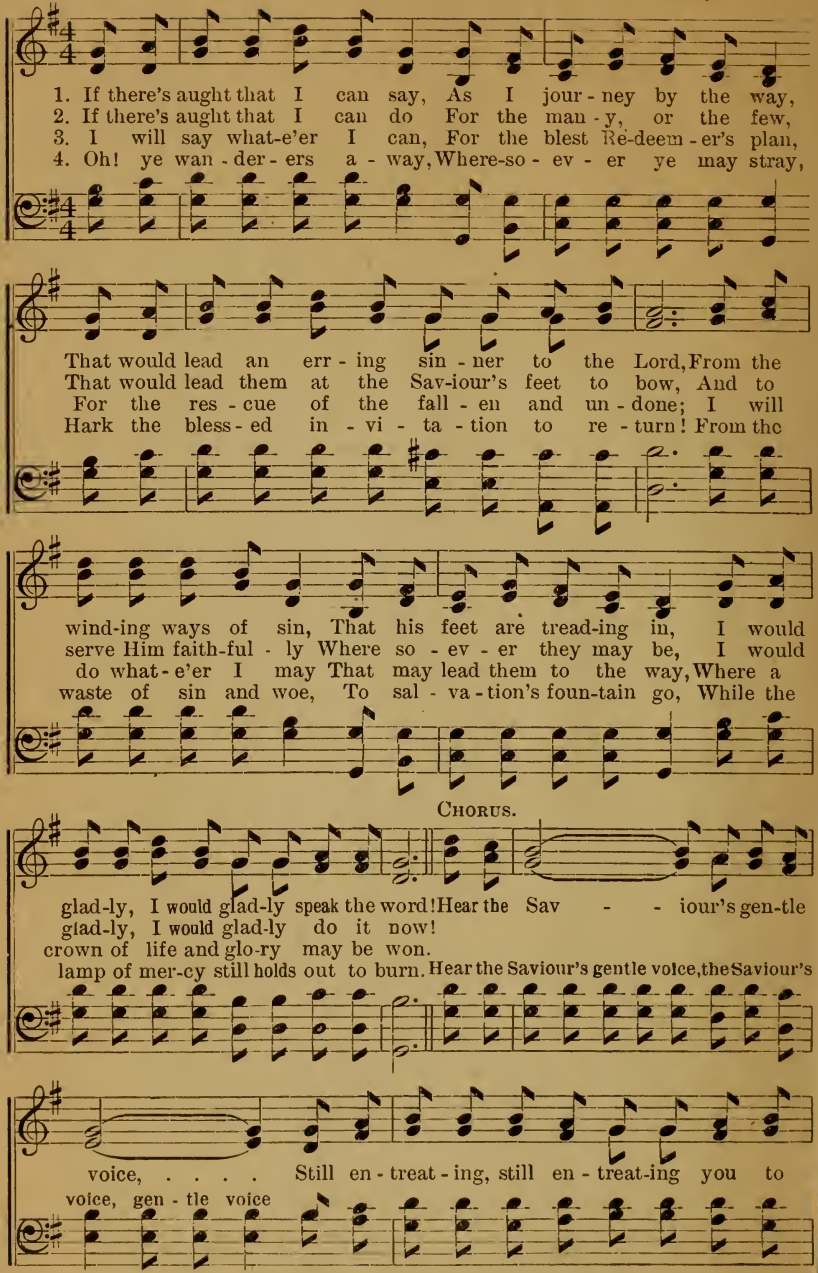
SAMUEL STENNETT. MISS M. DURHAM, Arr.


1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To .
2. Oh! the transport-ing, rapturous scene That ris-es to my sight! Sweet
3. O'er all those wide ex- tended plains Shines one e-ter - nal day; There
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for ev - er blessed? When
5. Filled with de - light, my raptured soul Would here no lon-ger stay, Though
Ca- naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos- ses-sions lie. I am
fields ar - rayed in liv- ing green, And riv - ers of de-light. I am
God the Son for ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a- way. I am
shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo - som rest? I am
Jor-dan's waves should round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a- way. I am
bound for the promised land, . . I am bound for the promised land, O .
who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land!

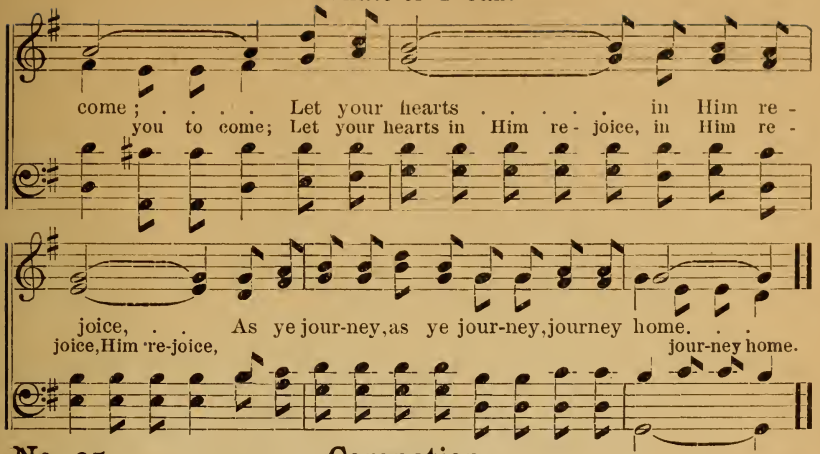
This Arrangement owned by James D. Vaughan.

No. 34. Whate'er I Can.

E. R. LATTA. A. E. HELTON.
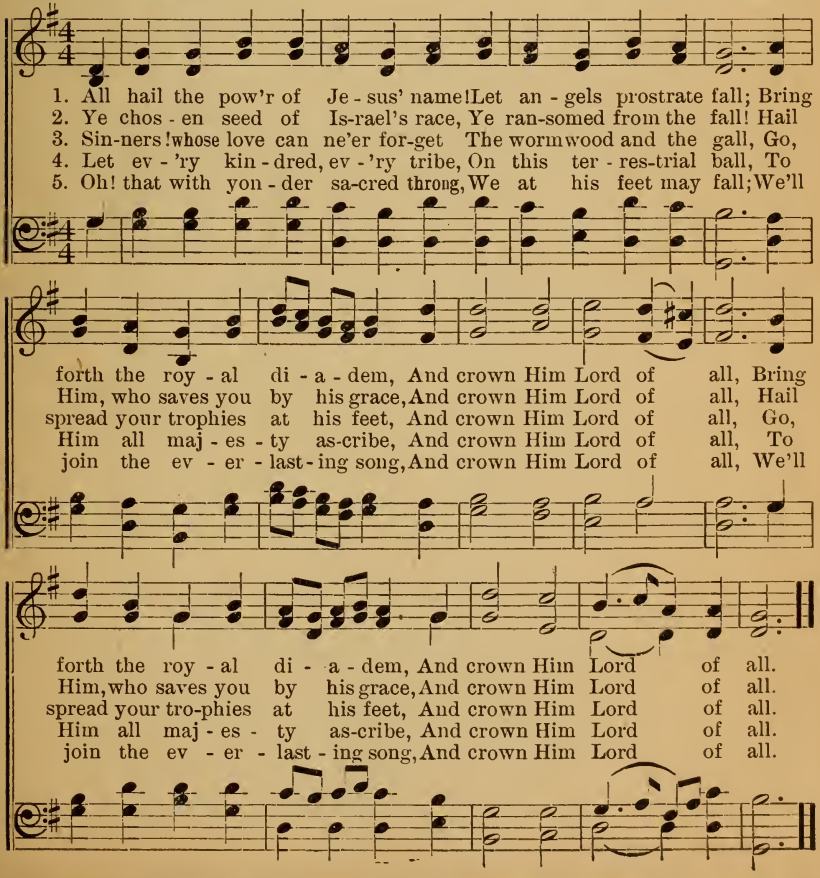

1. If there's aught that I can say, As I jour - ney by the way,
2. If there's aught that I can do For the man - y, or the few,
3. I will say what-e'er I can, For the blest Re-deem - er's plan,
4. Oh! ye wan - der - ers a - way, Where-so - ev - er ye may stray,
That would lead an err - ing sin - ner to the Lord, From the
That would lead them at the Sav-iour's feet to bow, And to
For the res - cue of the fall - en and un - done; I will
Hark the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion to re - turn! From the
wind-ing ways of sin, That his feet are tread-ing in, I would
serve Him faith-ful - ly Where so - ev - er they may be, I would
do what - e'er I may That may lead them to the way, Where a
waste of sin and woe, To sal - va - tion's foun-tain go, While the
CHORUS.
glad-ly, I would glad-ly speak the word! Hear the Sav - - iour's gen-tle
glad-ly, I would glad-ly do it now!
crown of life and glo-ry may be won.
lamp of mer-cy still holds out to burn. Hear the Saviour's gentle voice, the Saviour's
voice, ... Still en - treat - ing, still en - treat-ing you to
voice, gen - tle voice

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come; . . . . Let your hearts . . . . . in Him re -
you to come; Let your hearts in Him re - joice, in Him re -
joice, . . As ye jour-ney, as ye jour-ney, journey home. . .
joice, Him re-joice, jour-ney home.

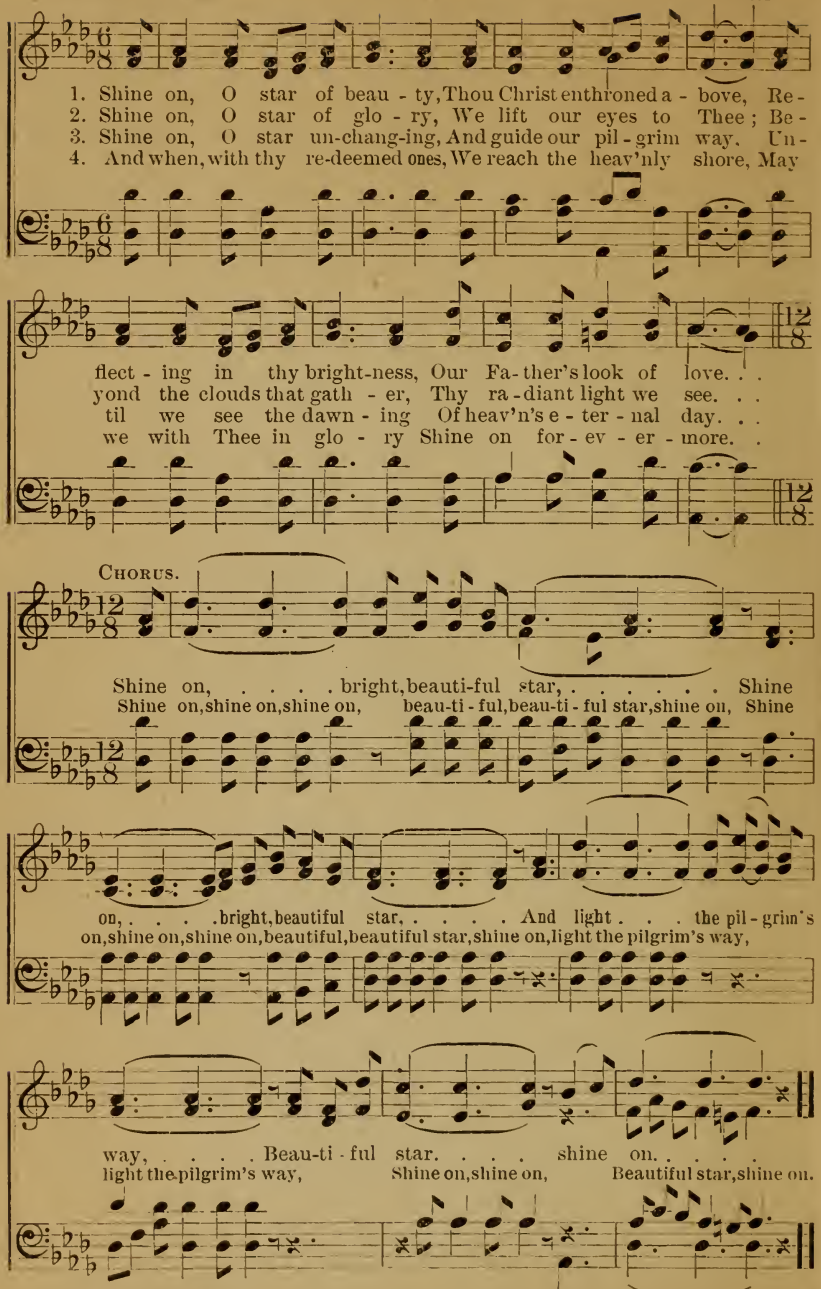
No. 35. Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall! Hail
3. Sin-ners! whose love can ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To
5. Oh! that with yon - der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring
Him, who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all, Hail
spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go,
Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all, To
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him, who saves you by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 36. Shine on, Beautiful Star.

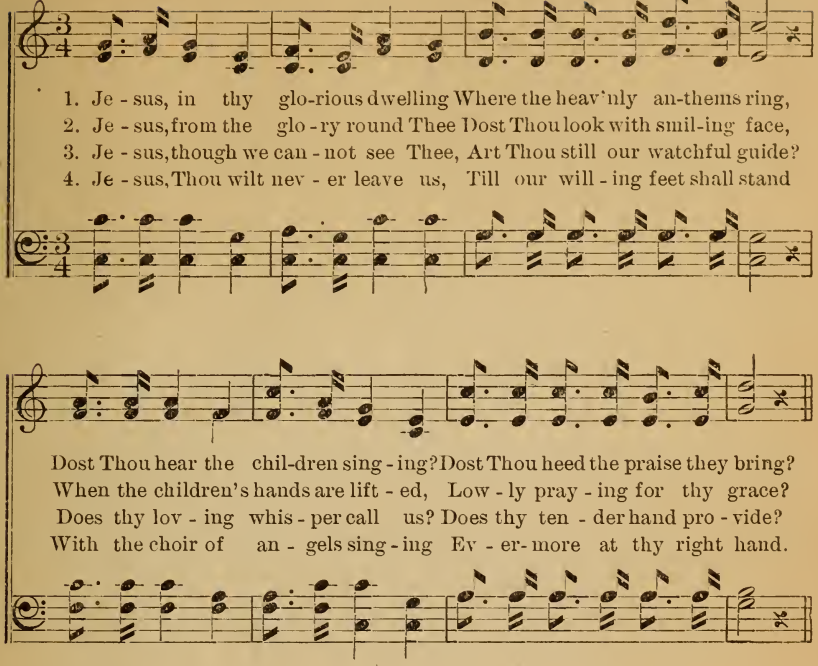
VICTORIA STUART. C. J. GILBERT.


1. Shine on, O star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove, Re-
2. Shine on, O star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee; Be-
3. Shine on, O star un-chang-ing, And guide our pil - grim way, Un-
4. And when, with thy re-deemed ones, We reach the heav'nly shore, May
flect - ing in thy bright-ness, Our Fa-ther's look of love. . .
yond the clouds that gath - er, Thy ra-diant light we see. . .
til we see the dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day. . .
we with Thee in glo - ry Shine on for - ev - er - more. .
CHORUS.
Shine on, ... bright, beauti-ful star, ... Shine
Shine on, shine on, shine on, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful star, shine on, Shine
on, ... bright, beautiful star, ... And light . . . the pil - grim's
on, shine on, shine on, beautiful, beautiful star, shine on, light the pilgrim's way,
way, ... Beau-ti - ful star. . . . shine on. . . . .
light the pilgrim's way, Shine on, shine on, Beautiful star, shine on.

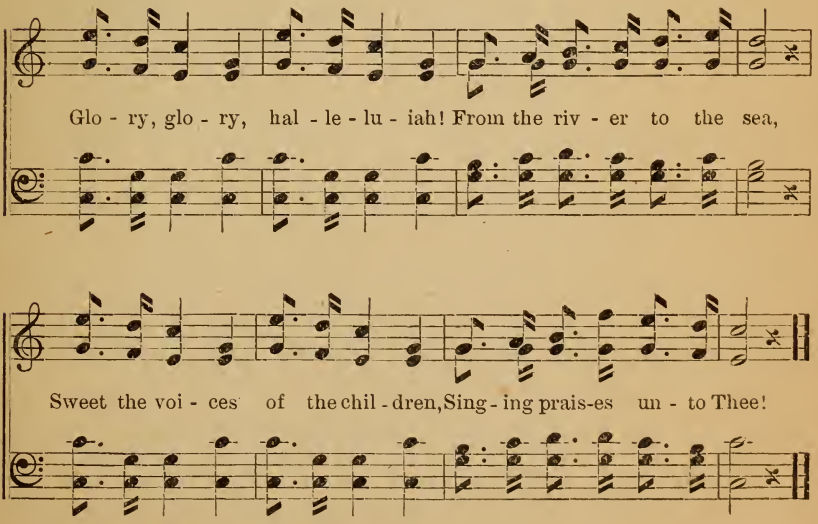
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No. 37. Singing Praises.

Anon FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Je - sus, in thy glo-rious dwelling Where the heav'nly an-thems ring,
2. Je - sus, from the glo - ry round Thee Dost Thou look with smil-ing face,
3. Je - sus, though we can - not see Thee, Art Thou still our watchful guide?
4. Je - sus, Thou wilt nev - er leave us, Till our will - ing feet shall stand
Dost Thou hear the chil-dren sing - ing? Dost Thou heed the praise they bring?
When the children's hands are lift - ed, Low - ly pray - ing for thy grace?
Does thy lov - ing whis - per call us? Does thy ten - der hand pro - vide?
With the choir of an - gels sing - ing Ev - er-more at thy right hand.

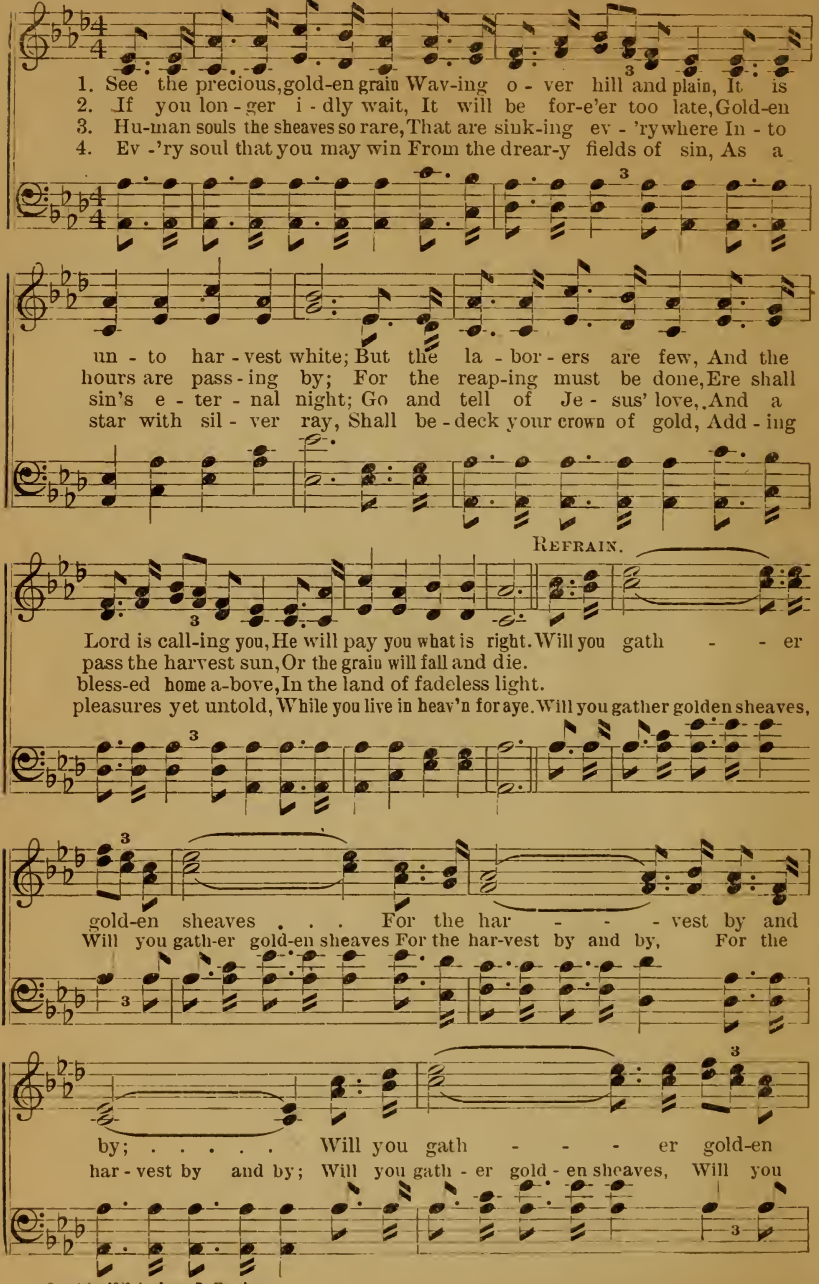
CHORUS.



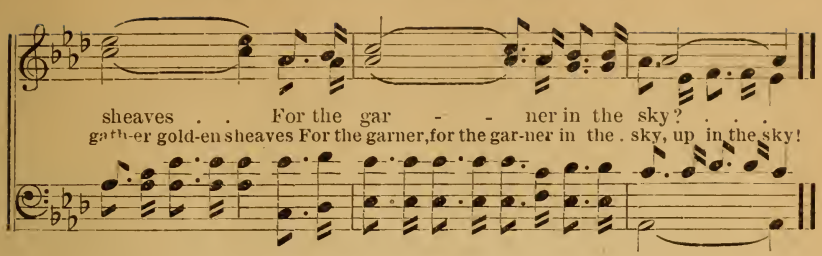
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No. 38. Will You Gather Golden Sheaves?

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

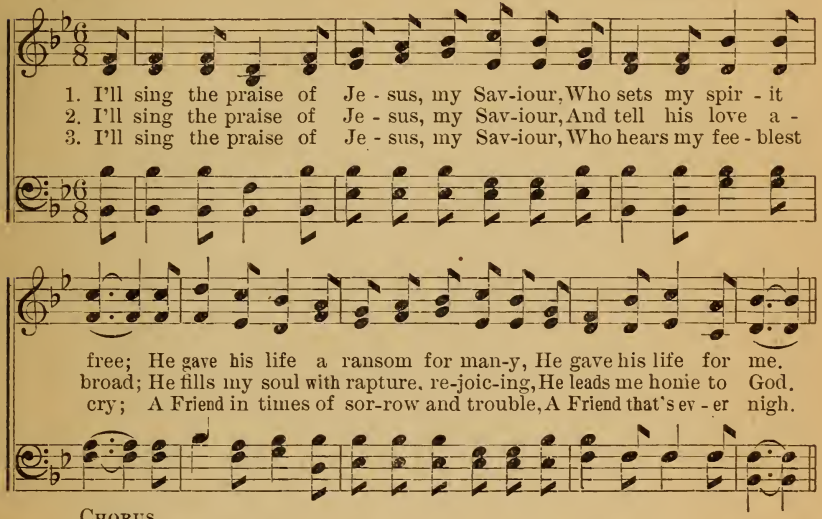

1. See the precious, gold-en grain Wav-ing o - ver hill and plain, It is
2. If you lon - ger i - dly wait, It will be for-e'er too late, Gold-en
3. Hu-man souls the sheaves so rare, That are sink-ing ev - 'ry where In - to
4. Ev -'ry soul that you may win From the drear-y fields of sin, As a
un - to har - vest white; But the la - bor - ers are few, And the
hours are pass - ing by; For the reap-ing must be done, Ere shall
sin's e - ter - nal night; Go and tell of Je - sus' love, And a
star with sil - ver ray, Shall be - deck your crown of gold, Add - ing
REFRAIN.
Lord is call-ing you, He will pay you what is right. Will you gath - - - er
pass the harvest sun, Or the grain will fall and die.
bless-ed home a-bove, In the land of fadeless light.
pleasures yet untold, While you live in heav'n for aye. Will you gather golden sheaves,
gold-en sheaves . . . For the har - - - - vest by and
Will you gath-er gold-en sheaves For the har-vest by and by, For the
by; . . . . . Will you gath - - - - er gold-en
har - vest by and by; Will you gath - er gold - en sheaves, Will you

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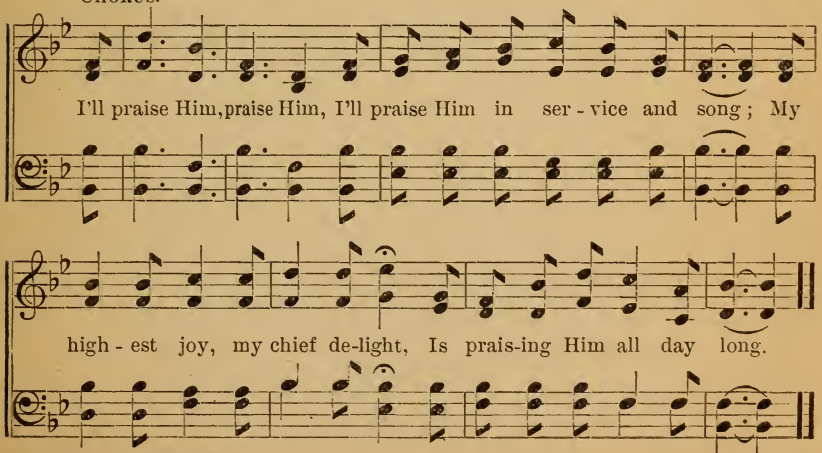


No. 39. I'll Sing the Praise of Jesus.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. I'll sing the praise of Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Who sets my spir - it
2. I'll sing the praise of Je - sus, my Sav-iour, And tell his love a -
3. I'll sing the praise of Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Who hears my fee - blest
free; He gave his life a ransom for man-y, He gave his life for me.
broad; He fills my soul with rapture, re-joic-ing, He leads me home to God.
cry; A Friend in times of sor-row and trouble, A Friend that's ev - er nigh.

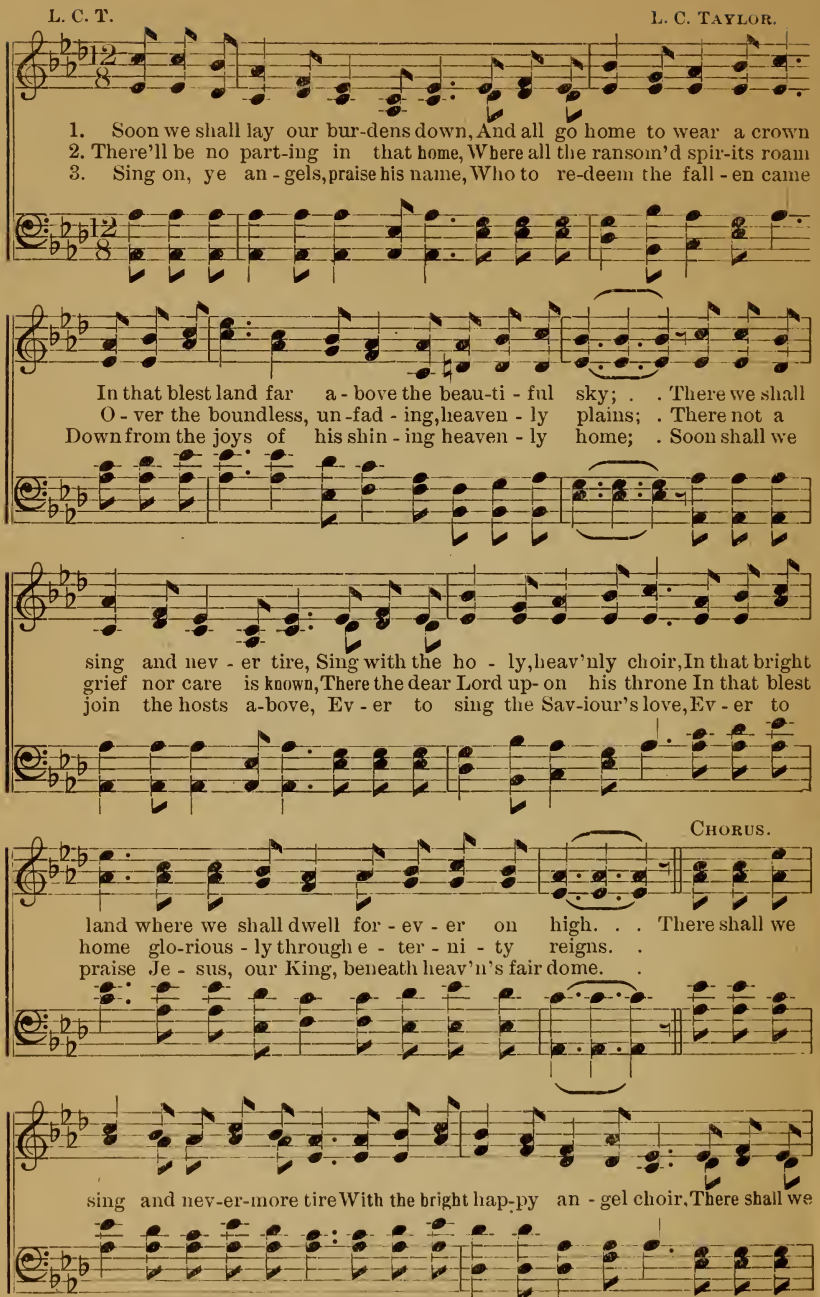
CHORUS.



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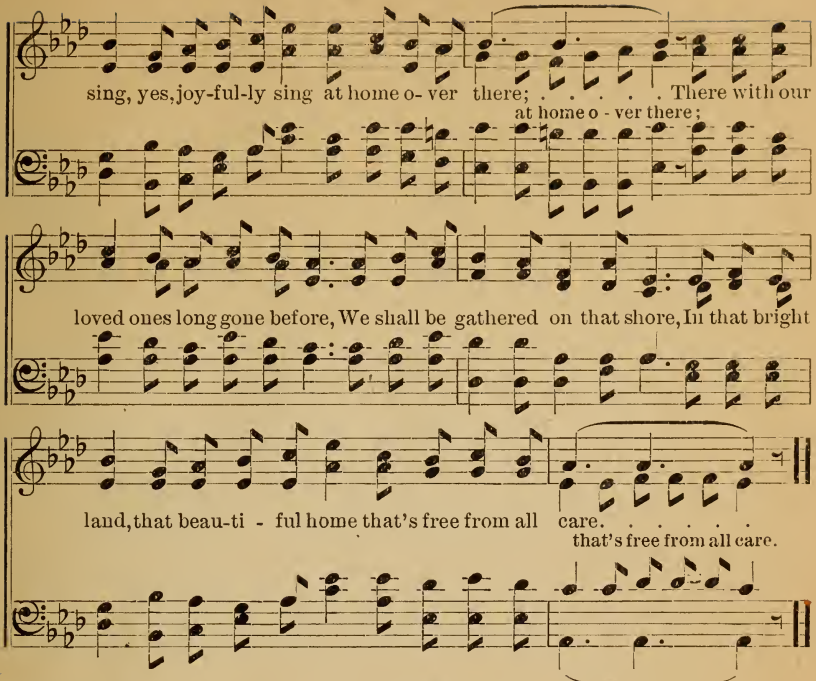
No. 40. We'll Sing and Never Tire.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. Soon we shall lay our bur-dens down, And all go home to wear a crown
2. There'll be no part-ing in that home, Where all the ransom'd spir-its roam
3. Sing on, ye an - gels, praise his name, Who to re-deem the fall - en came
In that blest land far a - bove the beau-ti - ful sky; . . There we shall
O - ver the boundless, un-fad - ing, heaven - ly plains; . There not a
Down from the joys of his shin - ing heaven - ly home; . Soon shall we
sing and nev - er tire, Sing with the ho - ly, heav'nly choir, In that bright
grief nor care is known, There the dear Lord up- on his throne In that blest
join the hosts a-bove, Ev - er to sing the Sav-iour's love, Ev - er to
CHORUS.
land where we shall dwell for - ev - er on high. . . There shall we
home glo-rious - ly through e - ter - ni - ty reigns. .
praise Je - sus, our King, beneath heav'n's fair dome. .
sing and nev-er-more tire With the bright hap-py an - gel choir, There shall we

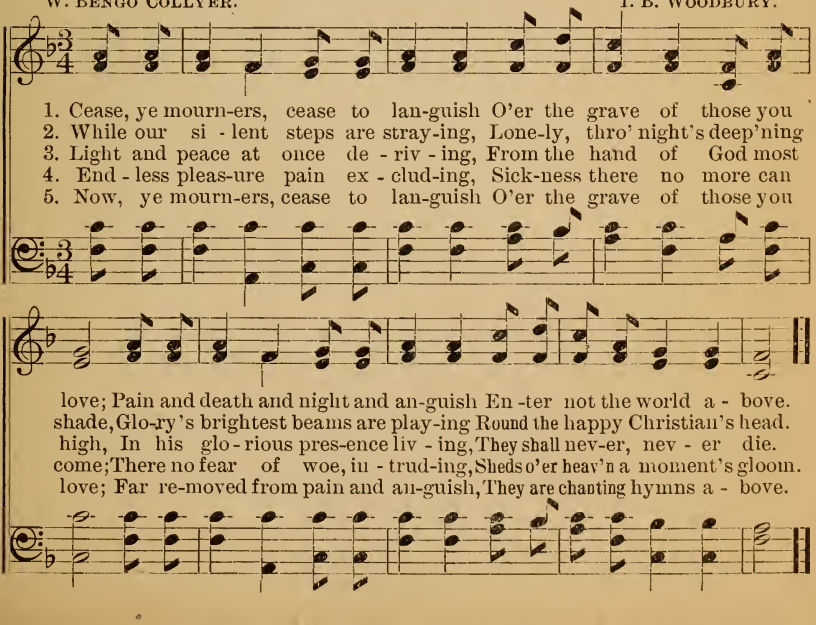
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We'll Sing and Never Tire.


sing, yes, joy-ful-ly sing at home o- ver there; . . . . . There with our
at home o - ver there;
loved ones long gone before, We shall be gathered on that shore, In that bright
land, that beau-ti - ful home that's free from all care. . . . . .
that's free from all care.
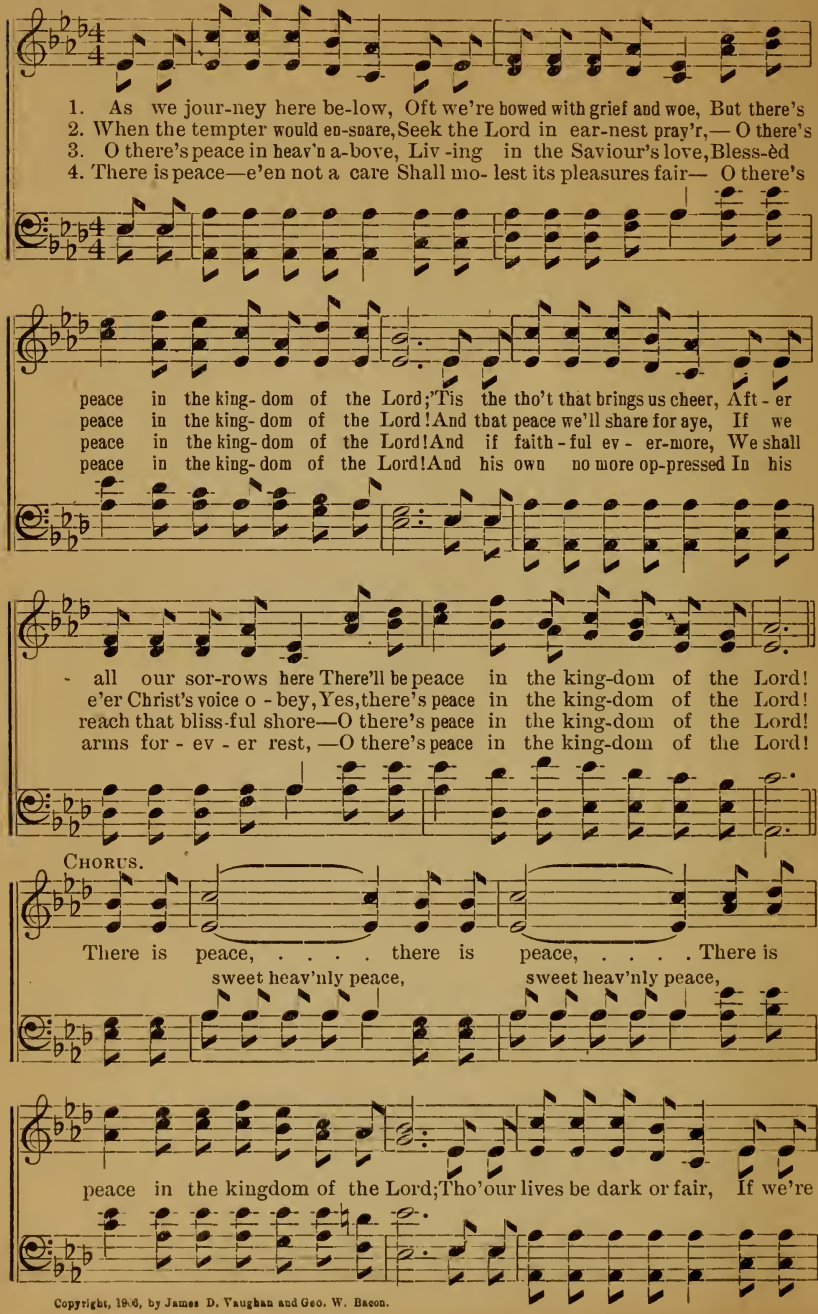
No. 41. Dorrance.

W. Bengo Collyer. J. B. Woodbury.

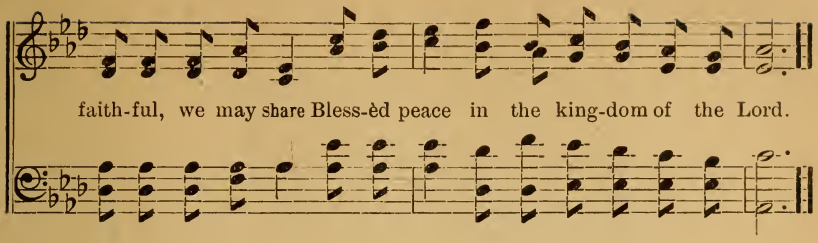

1. Cease, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you
2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing, Lone-ly, thro' night's deep'ning
3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing, From the hand of God most
4. End - less pleas-ure pain ex - clud-ing, Sick-ness there no more can
5. Now, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you
love; Pain and death and night and an-guish En - ter not the world a - bove.
shade, Glo-ry's brightest beams are play-ing Round the happy Christian's head.
high, In his glo - rious pres-ence liv - ing, They shall nev-er, nev - er die.
come; There no fear of woe, in - trud-ing, Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.
love; Far re-moved from pain and an-guish, They are chanting hymns a - bove.

No. 42. There's Peace in the Kingdom.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

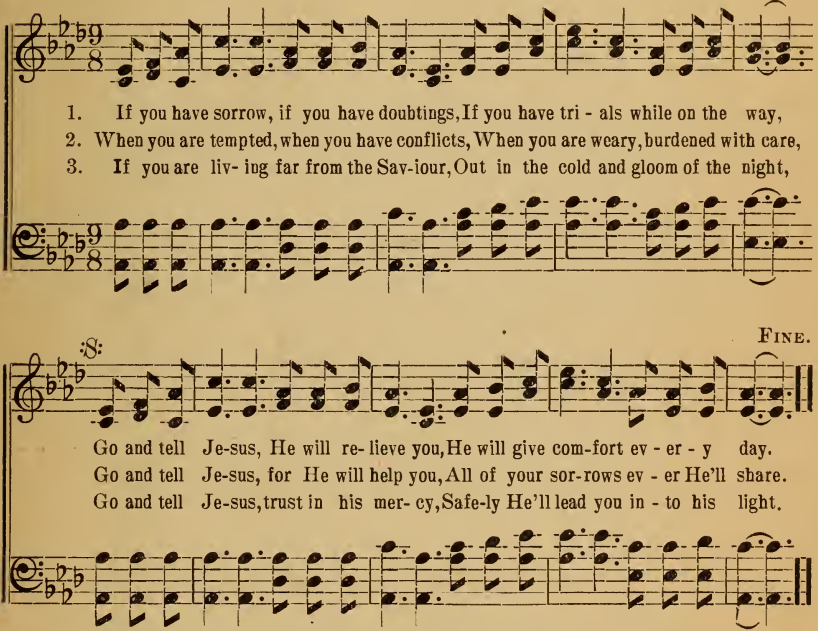

1. As we jour-ney here be-low, Oft we're bowed with grief and woe, But there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord;'Tis the tho't that brings us cheer, Aft-er all our sor-rows here There'll be peace in the king-dom of the Lord!
2. When the tempter would en-snare, Seek the Lord in ear-nest pray'r,— O there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord! And that peace we'll share for aye, If we e'er Christ's voice o-bey, Yes, there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord!
3. O there's peace in heav'n a-bove, Liv-ing in the Saviour's love, Bless-èd peace in the king-dom of the Lord! And if faith-ful ev-er-more, We shall reach that bliss-ful shore—O there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord!
4. There is peace—e'en not a care Shall mo-lest its pleasures fair— O there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord! And his own no more op-pressed In his arms for-ev-er rest,—O there's peace in the king-dom of the Lord!
CHORUS.
There is peace, ... there is peace, ... There is sweet heav'nly peace, sweet heav'nly peace, peace in the kingdom of the Lord; Tho' our lives be dark or fair, If we're

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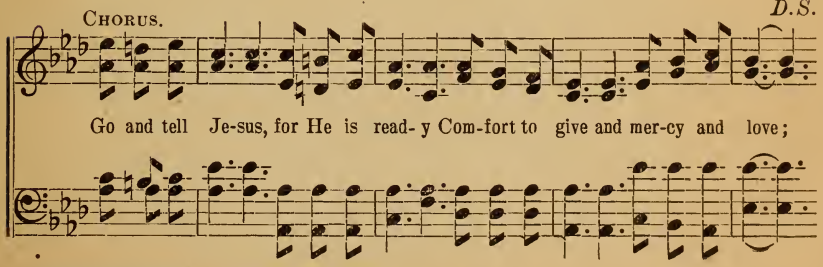


No. 43. Go and Tell Jesus.

A. D. ADAM DAVENPORT.


1. If you have sorrow, if you have doubtings, If you have tri - als while on the way,
2. When you are tempted, when you have conflicts, When you are weary, burdened with care,
3. If you are liv- ing far from the Sav-iour, Out in the cold and gloom of the night,
FINE.
Go and tell Je-sus, He will re- lieve you, He will give com-fort ev - er - y day.
Go and tell Je-sus, for He will help you, All of your sor-rows ev - er He'll share.
Go and tell Je-sus, trust in his mer- cy, Safe-ly He'll lead you in - to his light.

D.S. *Go and tell Je-sus, He is now waiting Blessings to send from heaven above.*



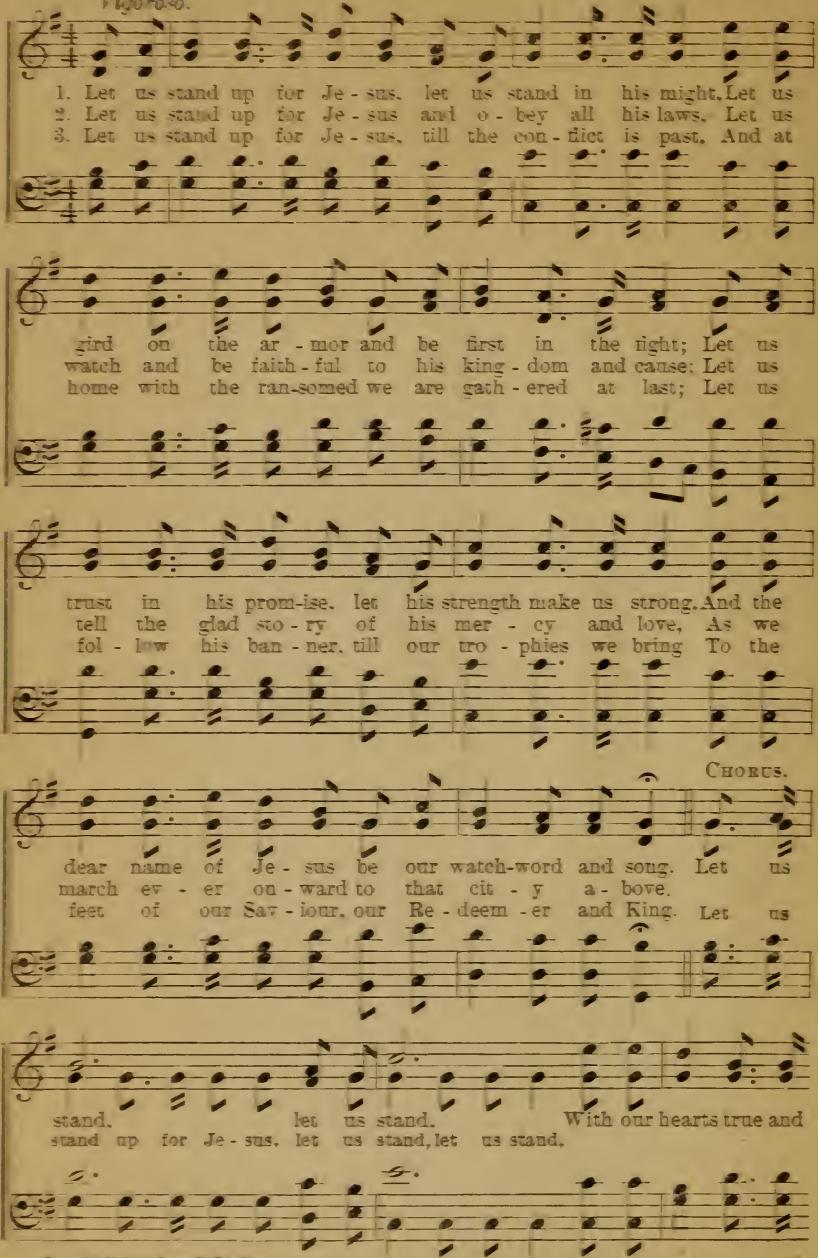
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No. 44. Let Us Stand Up for Jesus.

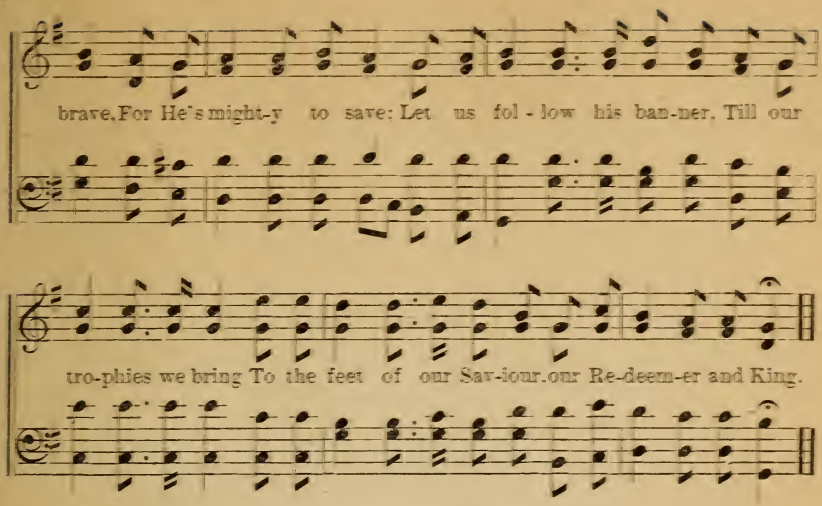
"Having done all to stand." Eph. 6: 13.

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

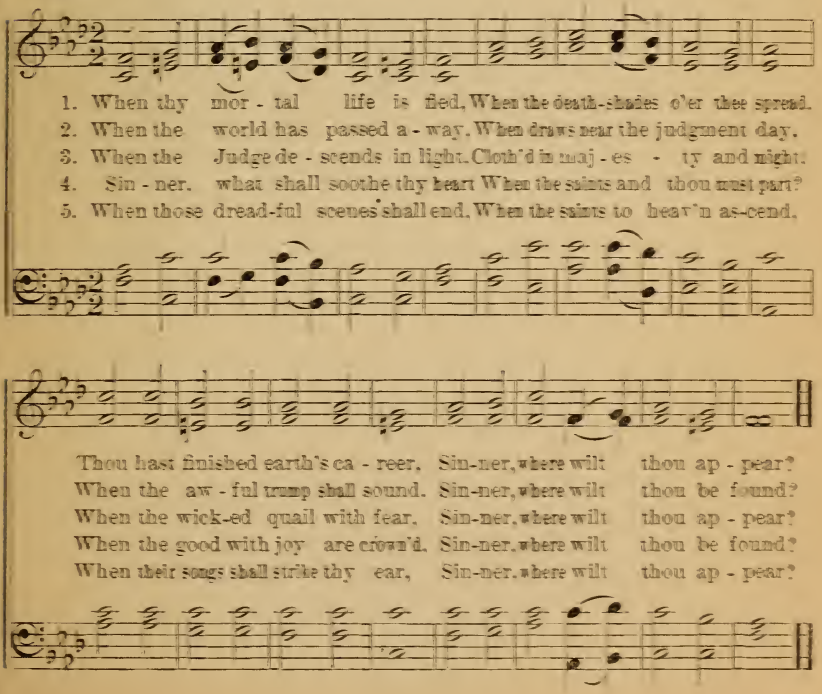

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, let us stand in his might, Let us
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus and o - bey all his laws, Let us
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus, till the con - flict is past, And at
gird on the ar - mor and be first in the fight; Let us
watch and be faith - ful to his king - dom and cause: Let us
home with the ran-somed we are gath - ered at last; Let us
trust in his prom-ise, let his strength make us strong, And the
tell the glad sto - ry of his mer - cy and love, As we
fol - low his ban - ner, till our tro - phies we bring To the
CHORUS.
dear name of Je - sus be our watch-word and song. Let us
march ev - er on - ward to that cit - y a - bove.
feet of our Sav - iour, our Re - deem - er and King. Let us
stand. let us stand. With our hearts true and
stand up for Je - sus, let us stand, let us stand,

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brave, For He's might-y to save: Let us fol - low his ban-ner, Till our
tro-phies we bring To the feet of our Sav-iour, our Re-deem-er and King.
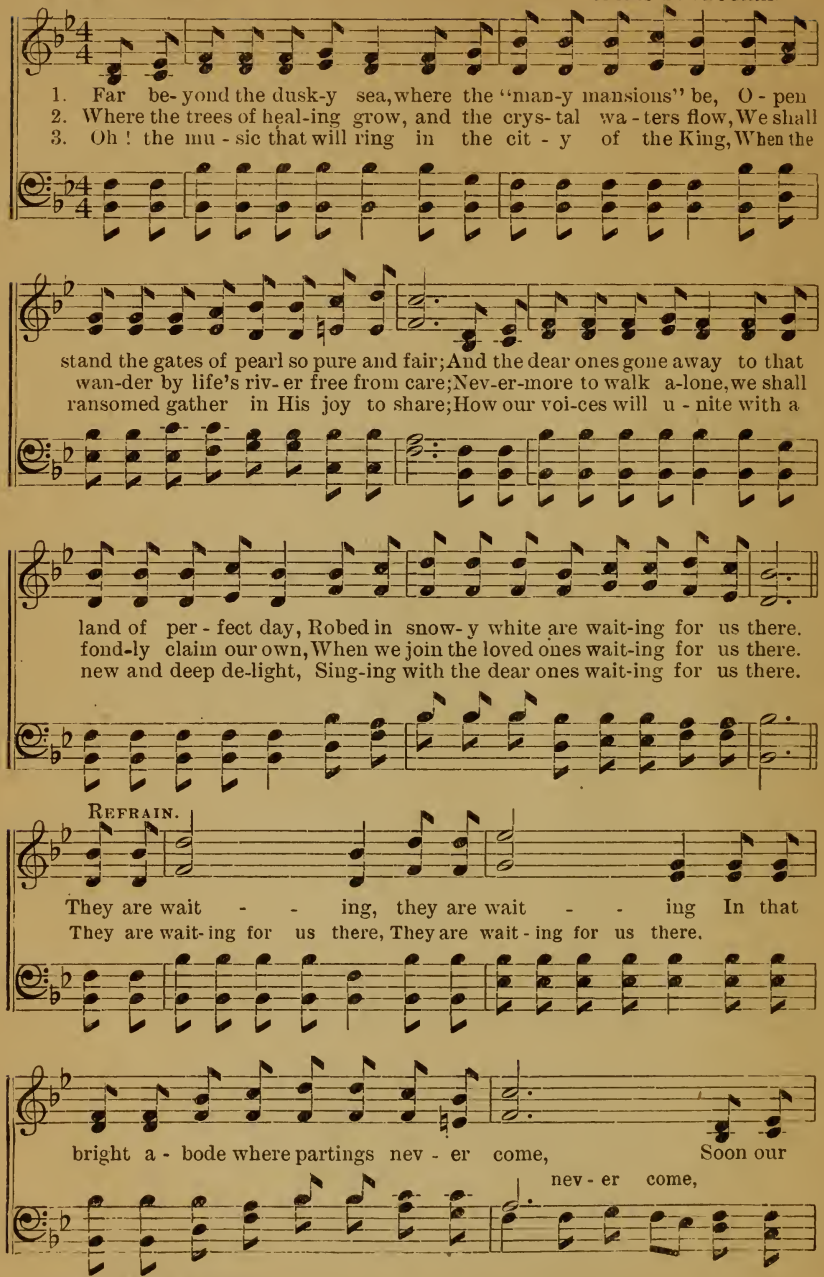
No. 45. Earnest Call.

Anon. Anon.


1. When thy mor - tal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread.
2. When the world has passed a - way, When draws near the judgment day.
3. When the Judge de - scends in light, Cloth'd in maj - es - ty and might.
4. Sin - ner, what shall soothe thy heart When the saints and thou must part?
5. When those dread-ful scenes shall end, When the saints to heav'n as-cend,
Thou hast finished earth's ca - reer, Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
When the aw - ful trump shall sound, Sin-ner, where wilt thou be found?
When the wick-ed quail with fear, Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
When the good with joy are crown'd, Sin-ner, where wilt thou be found?
When their songs shall strike thy ear, Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?

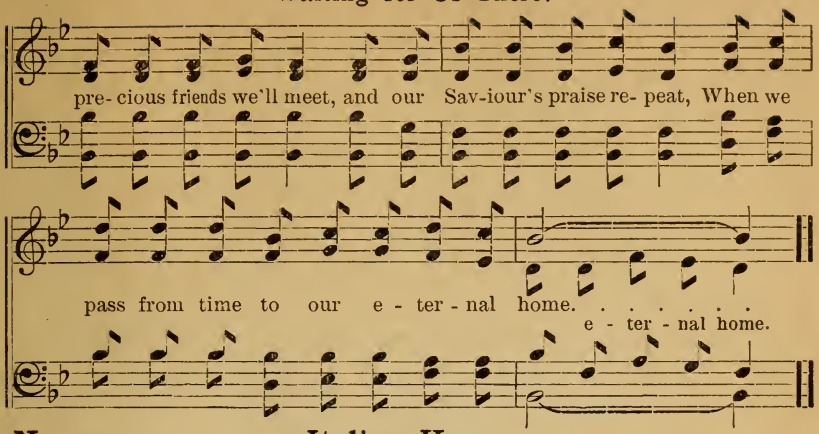
No. 46. Waiting for Us There.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Far be-yond the dusk-y sea, where the "man-y mansions" be, O-pen
2. Where the trees of heal-ing grow, and the crys-tal wa-ters flow, We shall
3. Oh! the mu-sic that will ring in the cit-y of the King, When the
stand the gates of pearl so pure and fair; And the dear ones gone away to that
wan-der by life's riv-er free from care; Nev-er-more to walk a-lone, we shall
ransomed gather in His joy to share; How our voi-ces will u-nite with a
land of per-fect day, Robed in snow-y white are wait-ing for us there.
fond-ly claim our own, When we join the loved ones wait-ing for us there.
new and deep de-light, Sing-ing with the dear ones wait-ing for us there.
REFRAIN.
They are wait - - ing, they are wait - - ing In that
They are wait-ing for us there, They are wait-ing for us there.
bright a-bode where partings nev-er come, Soon our
nev-er come,

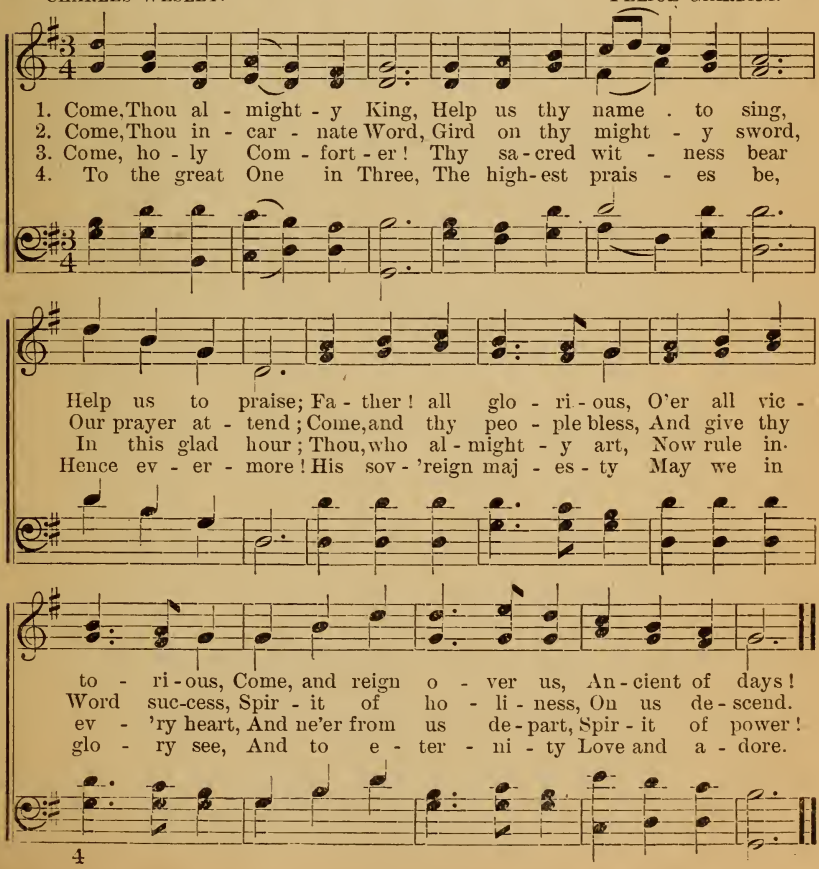
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Waiting for Us There.



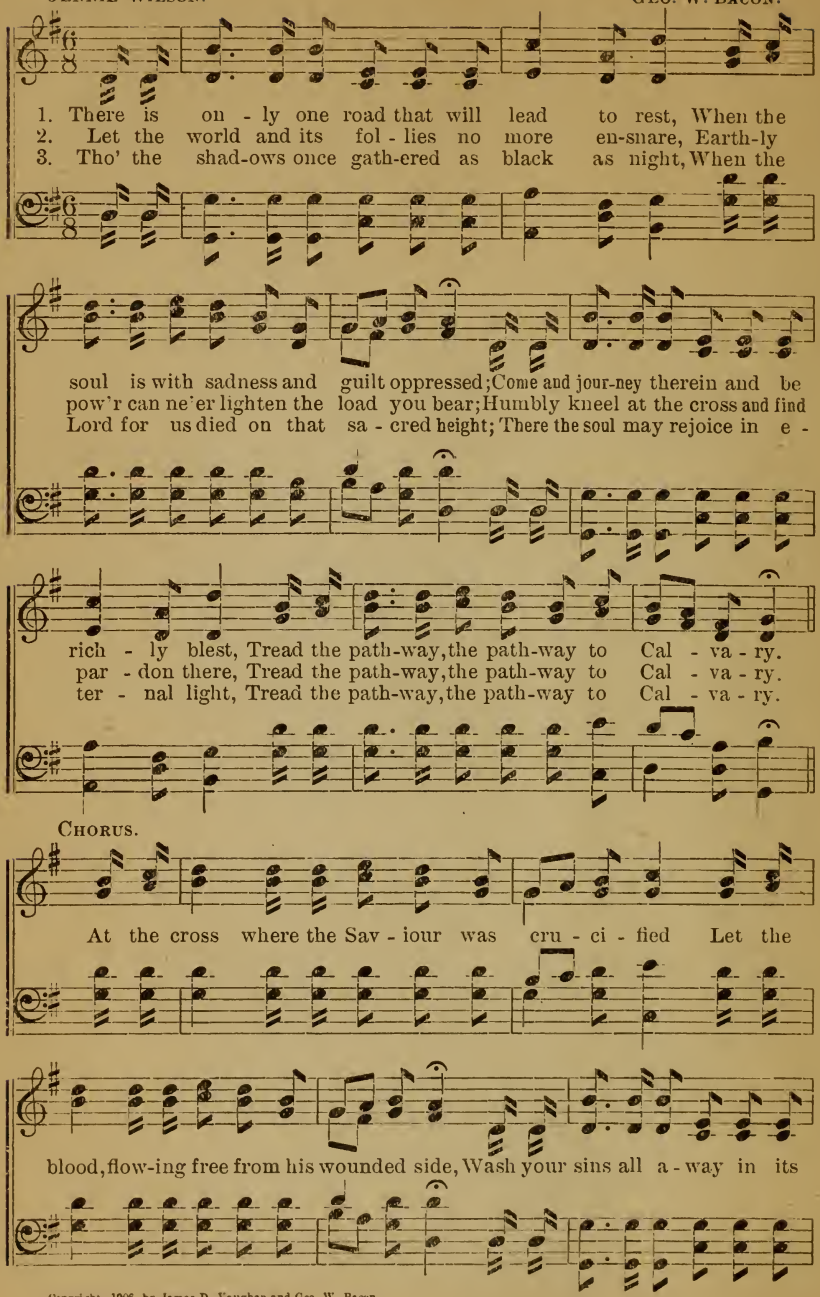
No. 47. Italian Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

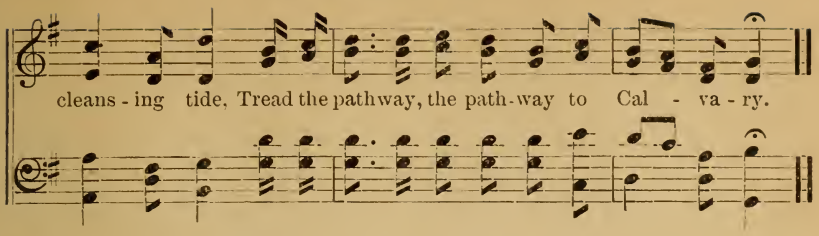

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name . to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,
Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend; Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
Word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 48. The Pathway to Calvary.

JENNIE WILSON. GEO. W. BACON.

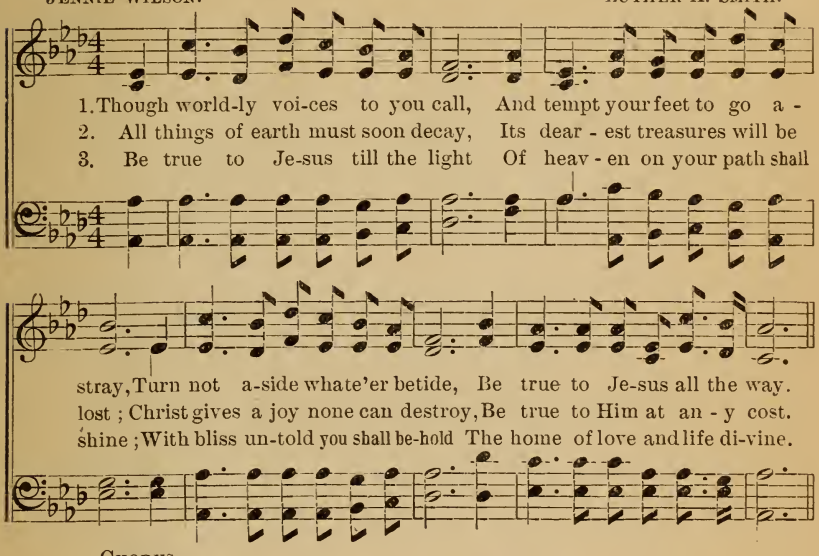

1. There is on - ly one road that will lead to rest, When the
2. Let the world and its fol - lies no more en-snare, Earth-ly
3. Tho' the shad-ows once gath-ered as black as night, When the
soul is with sadness and guilt oppressed; Come and jour-ney therein and be
pow'r can ne'er lighten the load you bear; Humbly kneel at the cross and find
Lord for us died on that sa - cred height; There the soul may rejoice in e -
rich - ly blest, Tread the path-way, the path-way to Cal - va - ry.
par - don there, Tread the path-way, the path-way to Cal - va - ry.
ter - nal light, Tread the path-way, the path-way to Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
At the cross where the Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied Let the
blood, flow-ing free from his wounded side, Wash your sins all a - way in its

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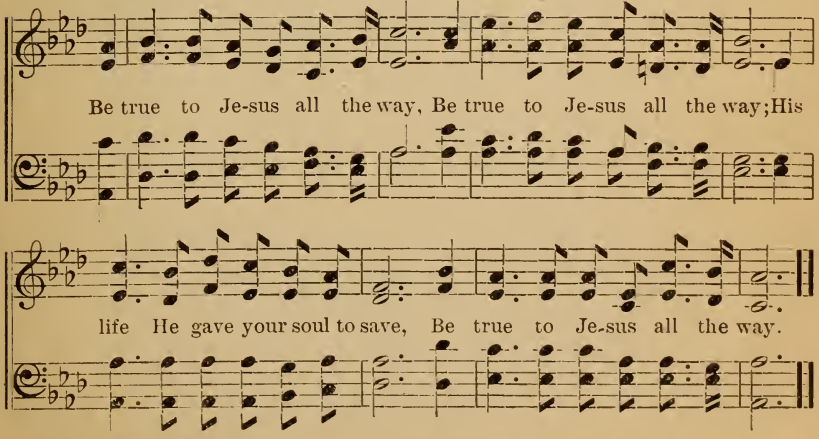


No. 49. Be True to Jesus All the Way.

JENNIE WILSON. LUTHER A. SMITH.


1. Though world-ly voi-ces to you call, And tempt your feet to go a -
2. All things of earth must soon decay, Its dear - est treasures will be
3. Be true to Je-sus till the light Of heav - en on your path shall
stray, Turn not a-side whate'er betide, Be true to Je-sus all the way.
lost ; Christ gives a joy none can destroy, Be true to Him at an - y cost.
shine ; With bliss un-told you shall be-hold The home of love and life di-vine.

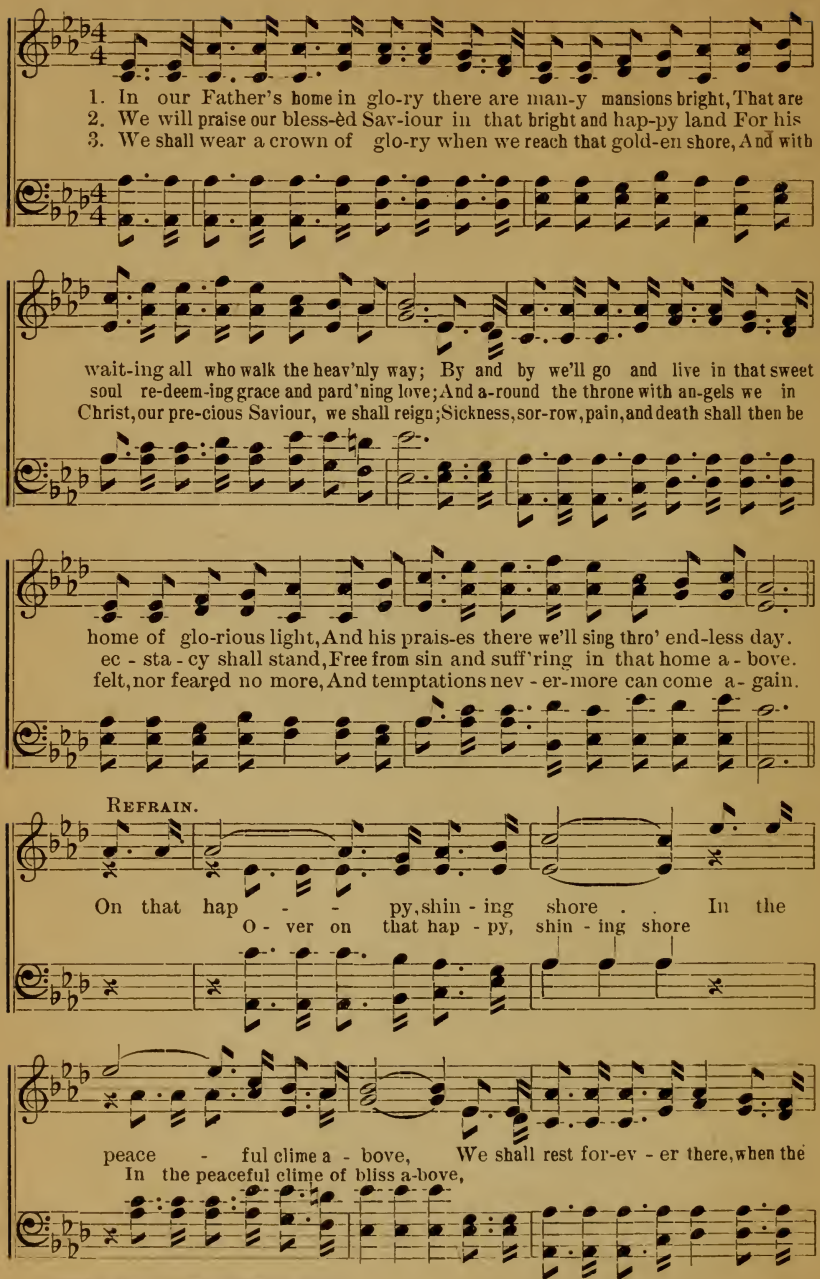
CHORUS.



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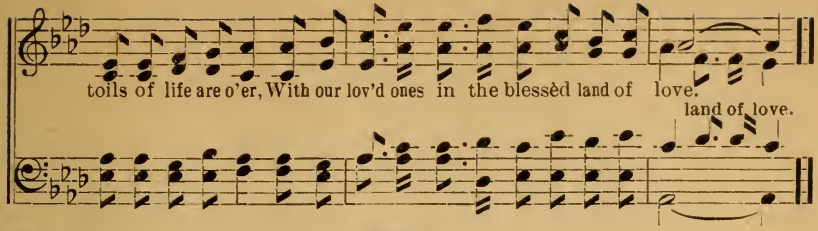
No. 50. Our Father's Home.

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.


1. In our Father's home in glo-ry there are man-y mansions bright, That are
2. We will praise our bless-èd Sav-iour in that bright and hap-py land For his
3. We shall wear a crown of glo-ry when we reach that gold-en shore, And with
wait-ing all who walk the heav'nly way; By and by we'll go and live in that sweet
soul re-deem-ing grace and pard'ning love; And a-round the throne with an-gels we in
Christ, our pre-cious Saviour, we shall reign; Sickness, sor-row, pain, and death shall then be
home of glo-rious light, And his prais-es there we'll sing thro' end-less day.
ec - sta - cy shall stand, Free from sin and suff'ring in that home a - bove.
felt, nor feared no more, And temptations nev - er-more can come a - gain.
REFRAIN.
On that hap - - py, shin - ing shore . . In the
O - ver on that hap - py, shin - ing shore
peace - ful clime a - bove, We shall rest for-ev - er there, when the
In the peaceful clime of bliss a-bove,
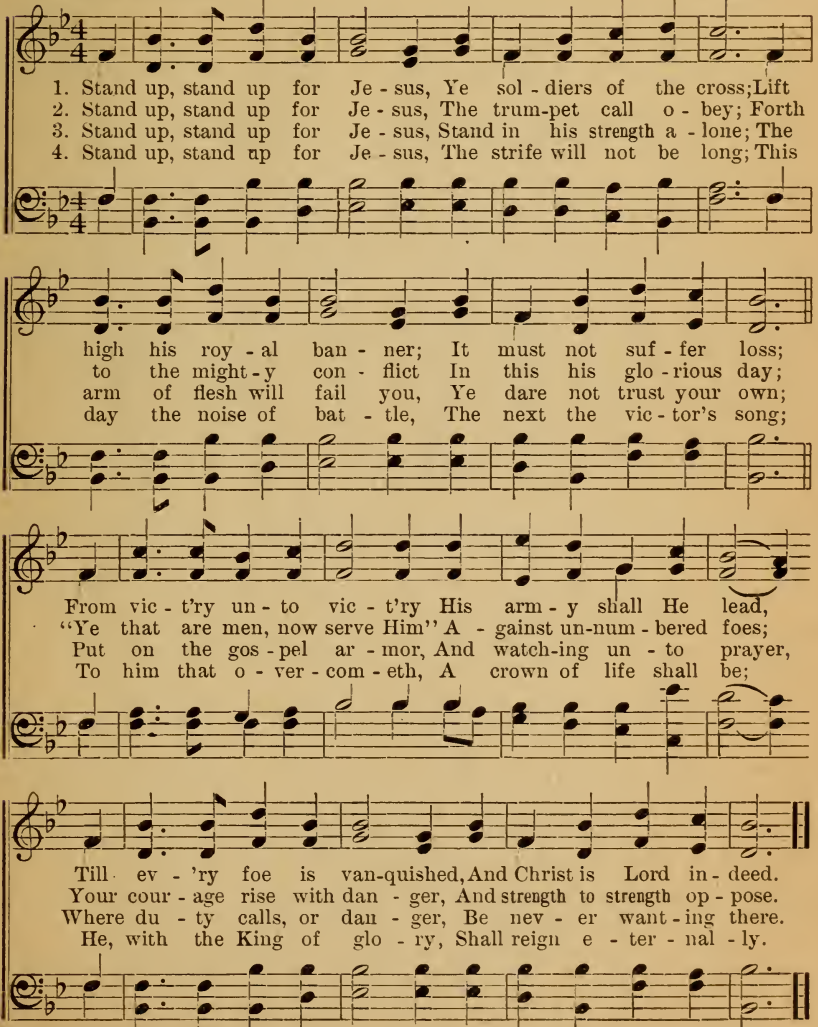
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Our Father's Home.



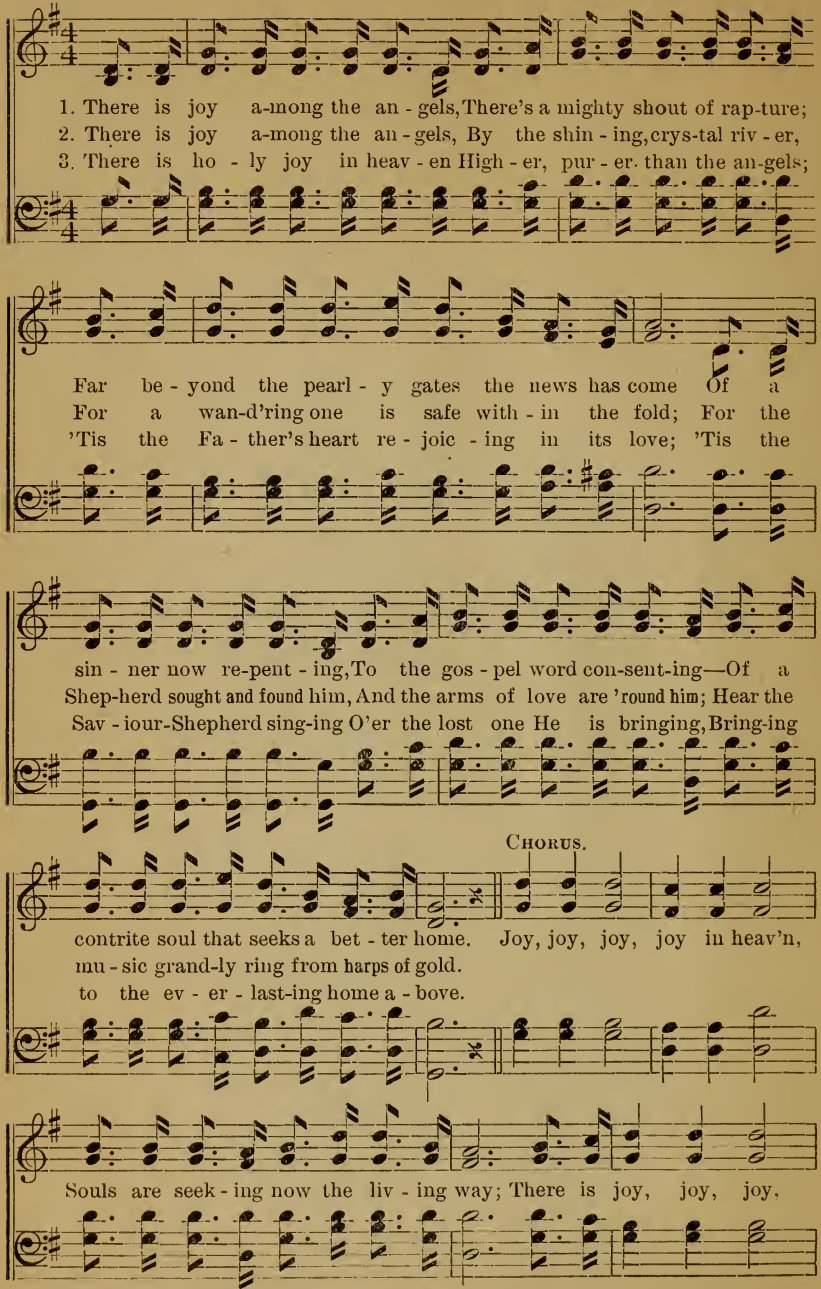
No. 51. Webb.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

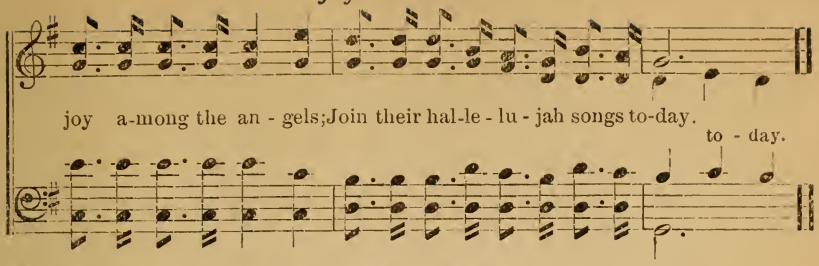

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey; Forth
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This
high his roy - al ban - ner; It must not suf - fer loss;
to the might - y con - flict In this his glo - rious day;
arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un-num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to prayer,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 52. Joy in Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

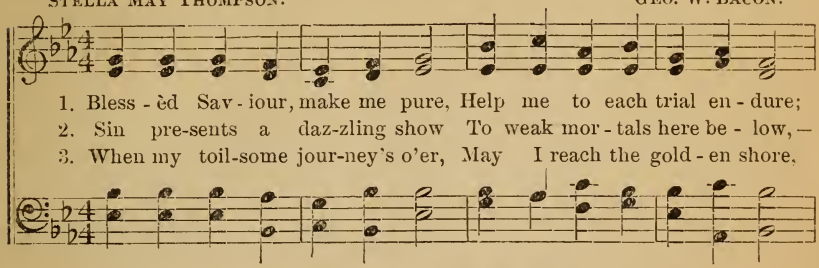

1. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, There's a mighty shout of rap-ture;
2. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, By the shin - ing, crys-tal riv - er,
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav - en High - er, pur - er than the an-gels;
Far be - yond the pearl - y gates the news has come Of a
For a wan-d'ring one is safe with - in the fold; For the
'Tis the Fa - ther's heart re - joic - ing in its love; 'Tis the
sin - ner now re-pent - ing, To the gos - pel word con-sent-ing—Of a
Shep-herd sought and found him, And the arms of love are 'round him; Hear the
Sav - iour-Shepherd sing-ing O'er the lost one He is bringing, Bring-ing
Chorus.
contrite soul that seeks a bet - ter home. Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n,
mu - sic grand-ly ring from harps of gold.
to the ev - er - last-ing home a - bove.
Souls are seek - ing now the liv - ing way; There is joy, joy, joy,

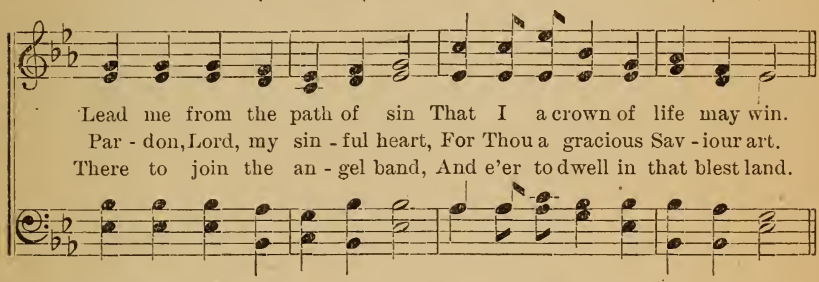
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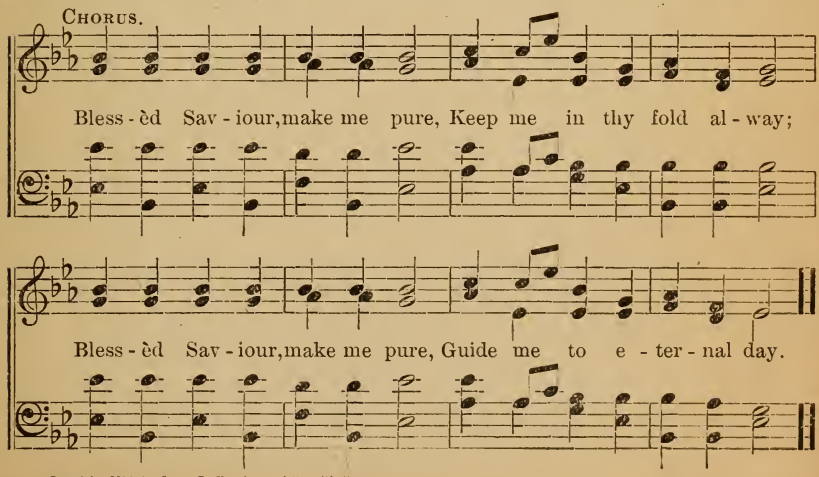


No. 53. Saviour, Make Me Pure.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Bless - èd Sav - iour, make me pure, Help me to each trial en - dure;
2. Sin pre-sents a daz-zling show To weak mor - tals here be - low, —
3. When my toil-some jour-ney's o'er, May I reach the gold - en shore,
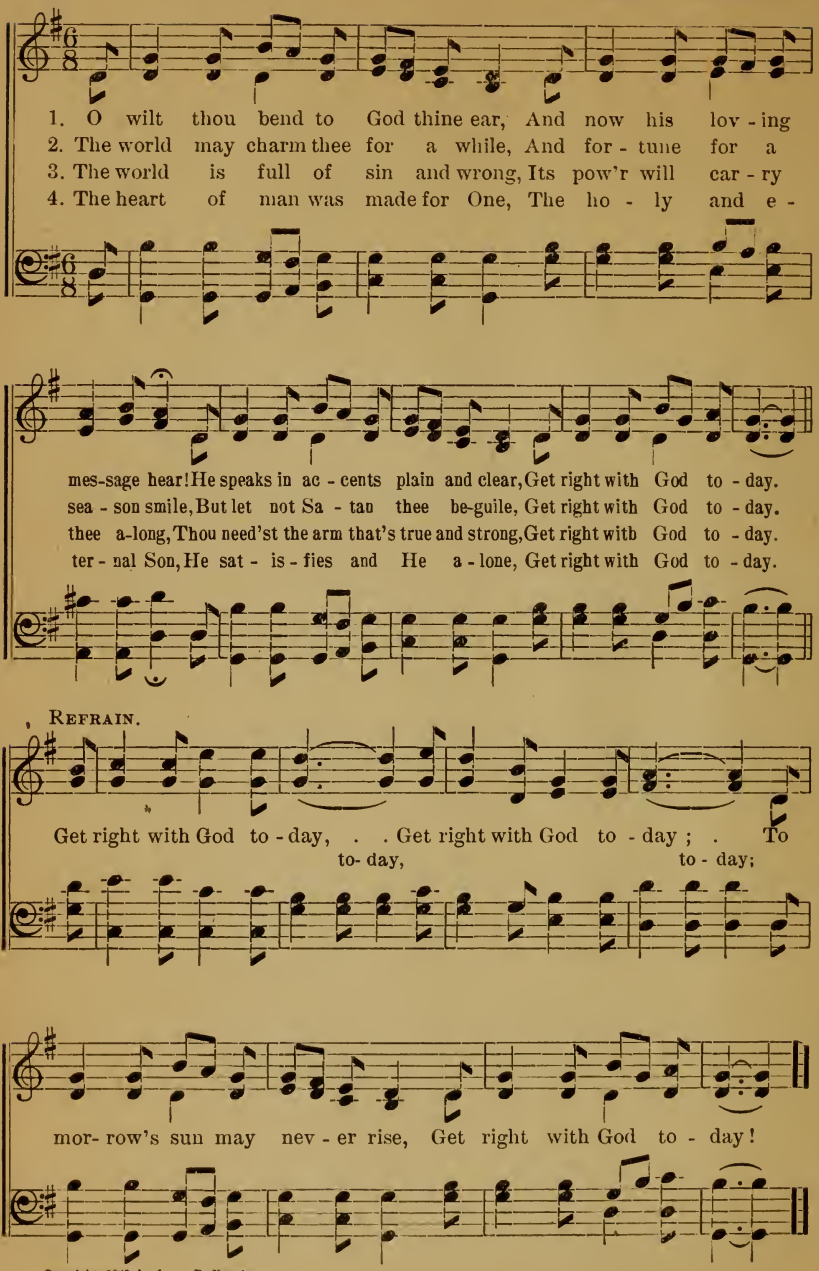

Lead me from the path of sin That I a crown of life may win.
Par - don, Lord, my sin - ful heart, For Thou a gracious Sav - iour art.
There to join the an - gel band, And e'er to dwell in that blest land.



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No. 54. Get Right With God To-day.

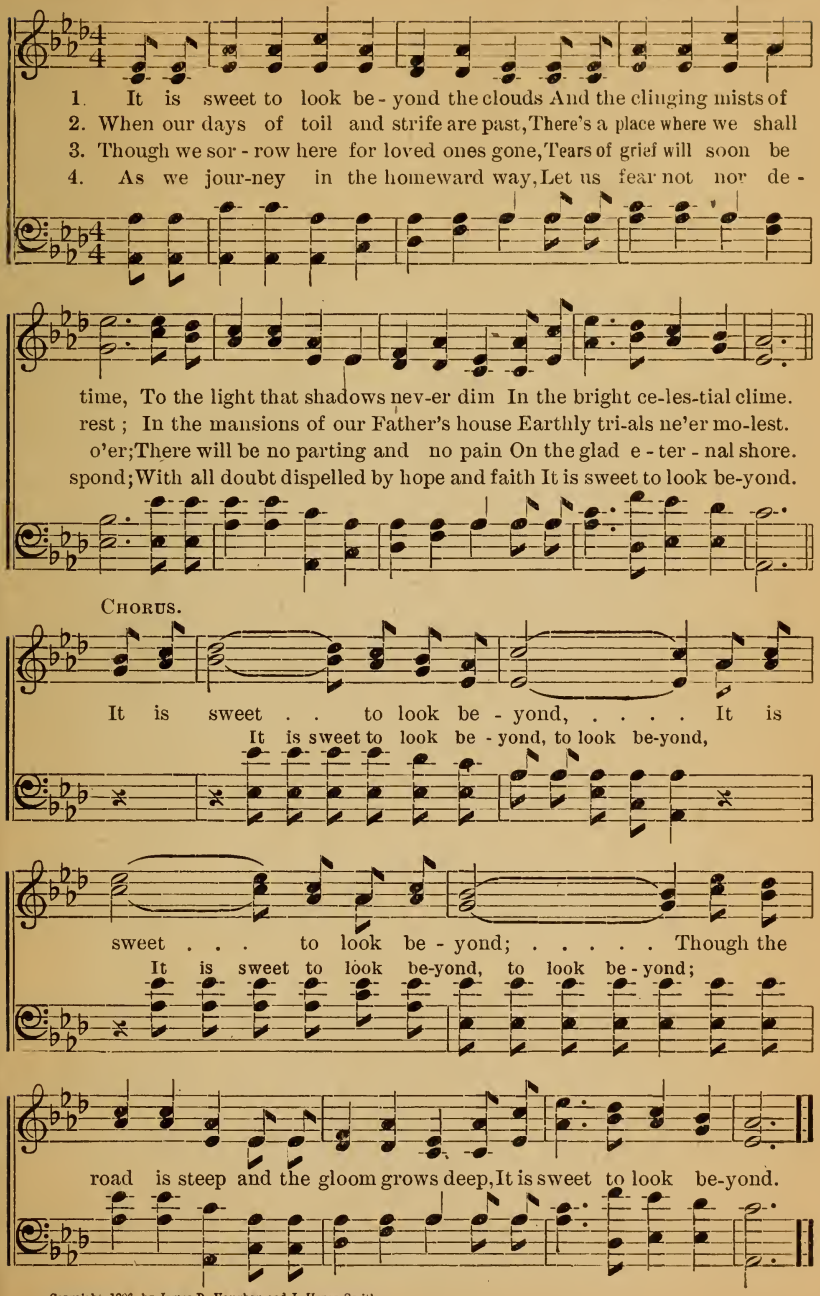
Arr. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. O wilt thou bend to God thine ear, And now his lov - ing
2. The world may charm thee for a while, And for - tune for a
3. The world is full of sin and wrong, Its pow'r will car - ry
4. The heart of man was made for One, The ho - ly and e -
mes-sage hear! He speaks in ac - cents plain and clear, Get right with God to - day.
sea - son smile, But let not Sa - tan thee be-guile, Get right with God to - day.
thee a-long, Thou need'st the arm that's true and strong, Get right with God to - day.
ter - nal Son, He sat - is - fies and He a - lone, Get right with God to - day.
REFRAIN.
Get right with God to - day, . . Get right with God to - day ; . To
to- day, to - day;
mor- row's sun may nev - er rise, Get right with God to - day!

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No. 55. It Is Sweet to Look Beyond.

JENNIE WILSON. J. HENRY SMITH.
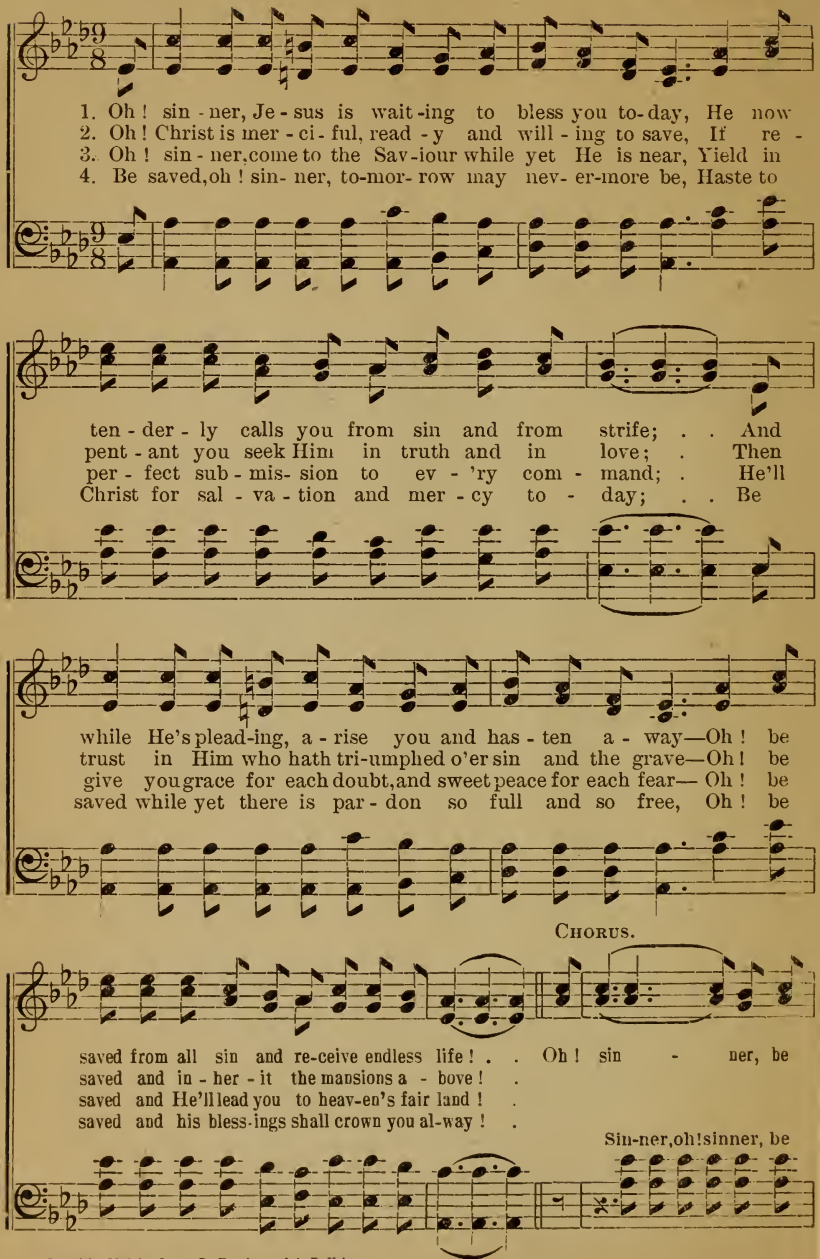

1. It is sweet to look be - yond the clouds And the clinging mists of
2. When our days of toil and strife are past, There's a place where we shall
3. Though we sor - row here for loved ones gone, Tears of grief will soon be
4. As we jour-ney in the homeward way, Let us fear not nor de -
time, To the light that shadows nev-er dim In the bright ce-les-tial clime.
rest; In the mansions of our Father's house Earthly tri-als ne'er mo-lest.
o'er; There will be no parting and no pain On the glad e - ter - nal shore.
spond; With all doubt dispelled by hope and faith It is sweet to look be-yond.
CHORUS.
It is sweet . . to look be - yond, ... It is
It is sweet to look be - yond, to look be-yond,
sweet . . . to look be - yond; . . . . . Though the
It is sweet to look be-yond, to look be - yond;
road is steep and the gloom grows deep, It is sweet to look be-yond.

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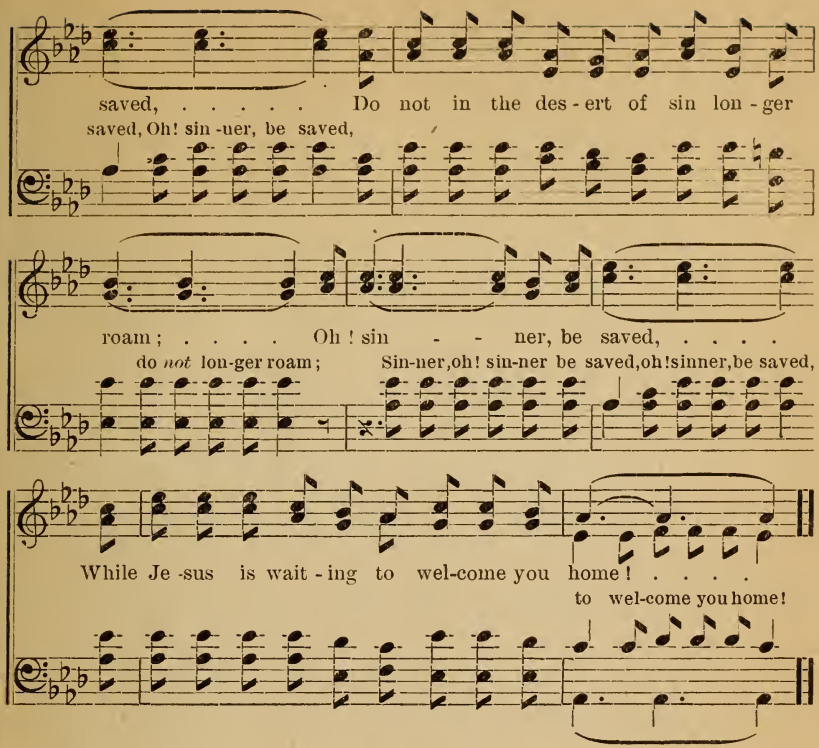
No. 56. Oh! Sinner, Be Saved!

Harmonized from a dream. A. E. H.

KATHARYN BACON. A. E. HELTON.

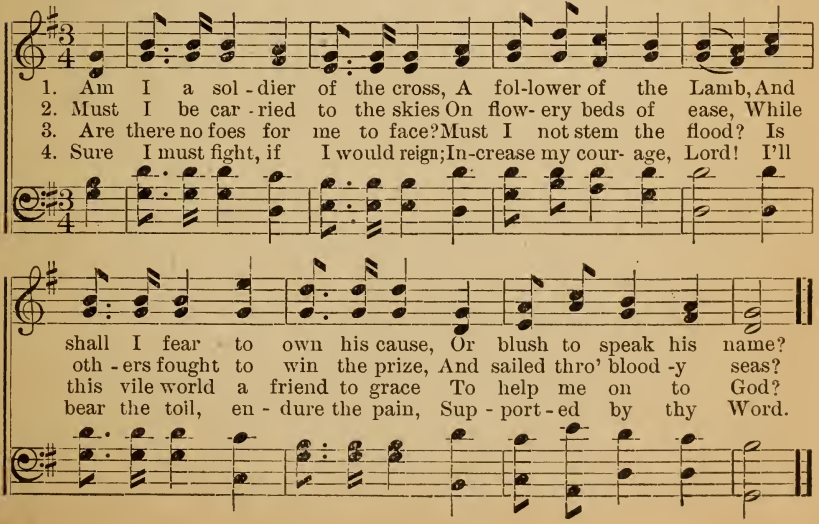

1. Oh! sin - ner, Je - sus is wait - ing to bless you to - day, He now
2. Oh! Christ is mer - ci - ful, read - y and will - ing to save, If re -
3. Oh! sin - ner, come to the Sav - iour while yet He is near, Yield in
4. Be saved, oh! sin - ner, to-mor - row may nev - er - more be, Haste to
ten - der - ly calls you from sin and from strife; . . And
pent - ant you seek Him in truth and in love; . Then
per - fect sub - mis - sion to ev - 'ry com - mand; . He'll
Christ for sal - va - tion and mer - cy to - day; . . Be
while He's plead - ing, a - rise you and has - ten a - way—Oh! be
trust in Him who hath tri - umphed o'er sin and the grave—Oh! be
give you grace for each doubt, and sweet peace for each fear— Oh! be
saved while yet there is par - don so full and so free, Oh! be
CHORUS.
saved from all sin and re - ceive endless life! . . Oh! sin - ner, be
saved and in - her - it the mansions a - bove! .
saved and He'll lead you to heav - en's fair land! .
saved and his bless - ings shall crown you al - way! .
Sin - ner, oh! sinner, be

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saved, ... Do not in the des - ert of sin lon - ger
saved, Oh! sin - ner, be saved,
roam; . . . . Oh! sin - - - ner, be saved, ...
do *not* lon-ger roam; Sin-ner, oh! sin-ner be saved, oh! sinner, be saved,
While Je - sus is wait - ing to wel-come you home! . . . .
to wel-come you home!
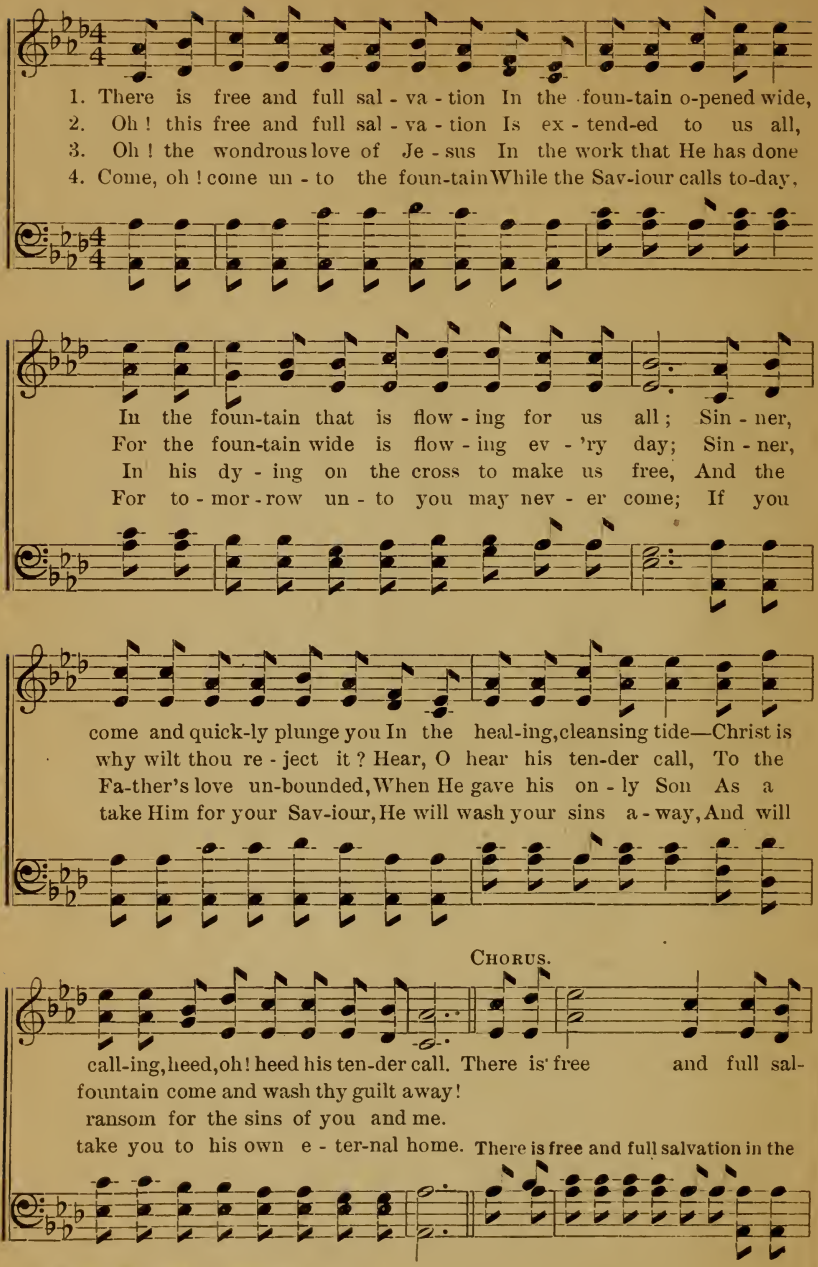
No. 57. Arlington.

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb, And
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow- ery beds of ease, While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour- age, Lord! I'll
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy Word.

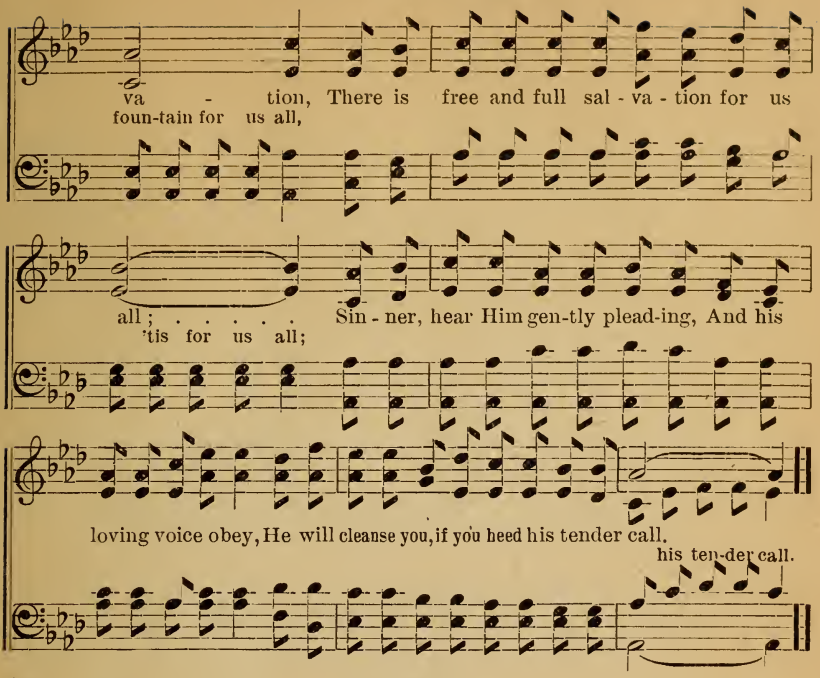
No. 58. Free and Full Salvation.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. There is free and full sal - va - tion In the foun-tain o-pened wide,
2. Oh! this free and full sal - va - tion Is ex - tend-ed to us all,
3. Oh! the wondrous love of Je - sus In the work that He has done
4. Come, oh! come un - to the foun-tain While the Sav-iour calls to-day,
In the foun-tain that is flow - ing for us all; Sin - ner,
For the foun-tain wide is flow - ing ev - 'ry day; Sin - ner,
In his dy - ing on the cross to make us free, And the
For to - mor - row un - to you may nev - er come; If you
come and quick-ly plunge you In the heal-ing, cleansing tide—Christ is
why wilt thou re - ject it? Hear, O hear his ten-der call, To the
Fa-ther's love un-bounded, When He gave his on - ly Son As a
take Him for your Sav-iour, He will wash your sins a - way, And will
CHORUS.
call-ing, heed, oh! heed his ten-der call. There is free and full sal-
fountain come and wash thy guilt away!
ransom for the sins of you and me.
take you to his own e - ter-nal home. There is free and full salvation in the

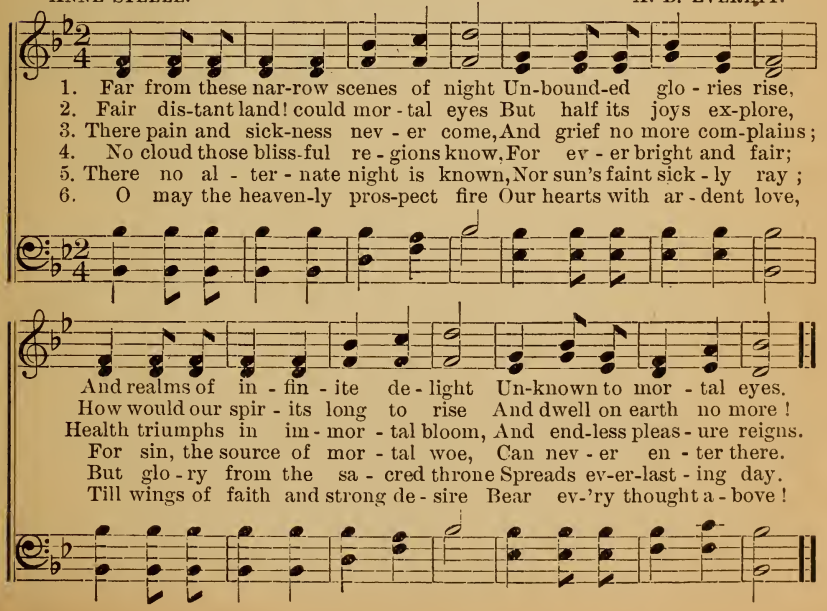
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Free and Full Salvation.


va - tion, There is free and full sal - va - tion for us
foun-tain for us all,
all; . . . . . Sin - ner, hear Him gen-tly plead-ing, And his
'tis for us all;
loving voice obey, He will cleanse you, if you heed his tender call.
his ten-der call.
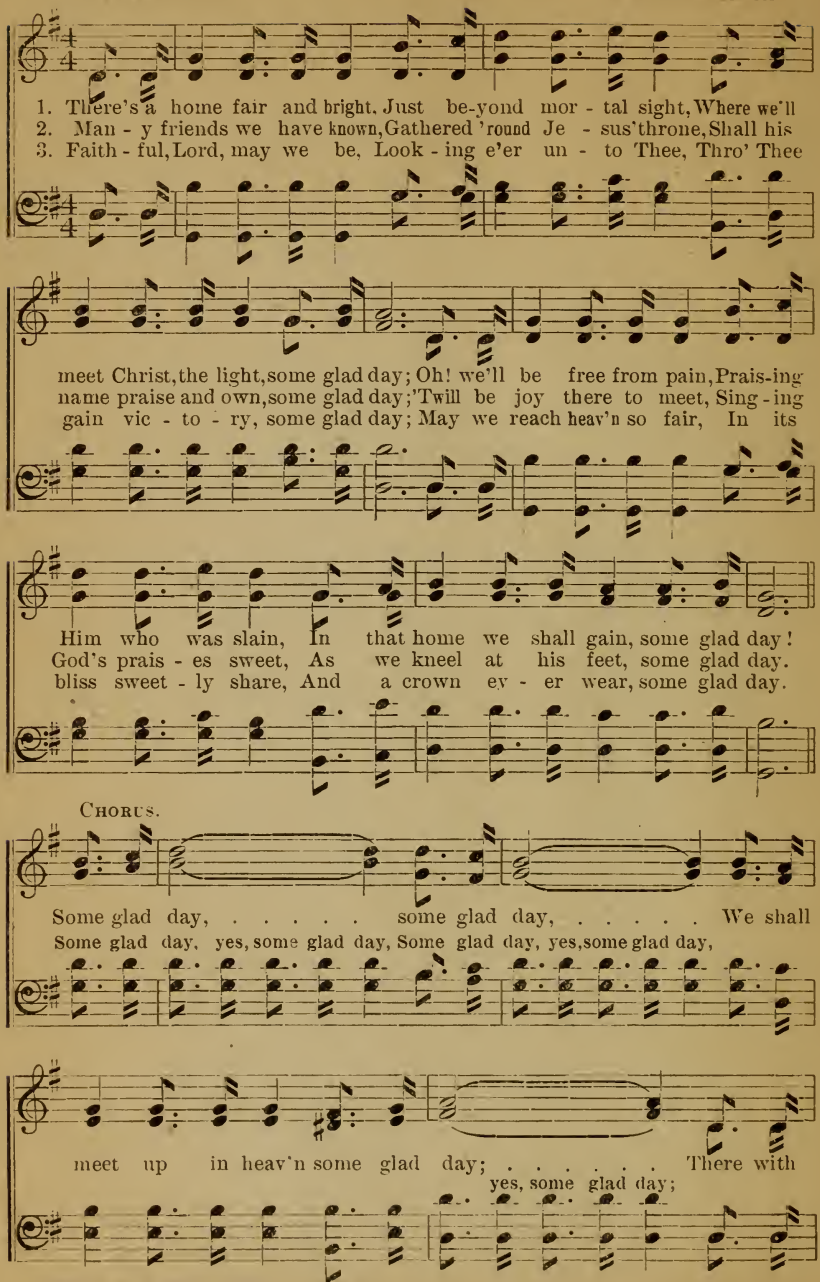
No. 59. Ashville.

ANNE STEELE. A. B. EVERETT.

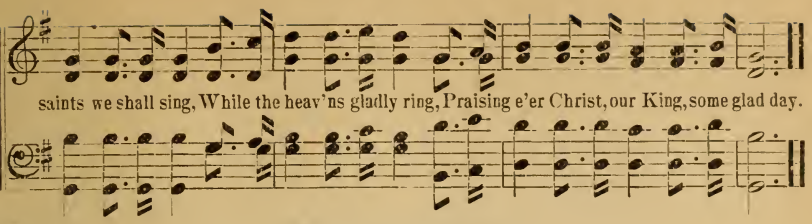

1. Far from these nar-row scenes of night Un-bound-ed glo - ries rise,
2. Fair dis-tant land! could mor - tal eyes But half its joys ex-plore,
3. There pain and sick-ness nev - er come, And grief no more com-plains;
4. No cloud those bliss-ful re - gions know, For ev - er bright and fair;
5. There no al - ter - nate night is known, Nor sun's faint sick - ly ray;
6. O may the heaven-ly pros-pect fire Our hearts with ar - dent love,
And realms of in - fin - ite de - light Un-known to mor - tal eyes.
How would our spir - its long to rise And dwell on earth no more!
Health triumphs in im - mor - tal bloom, And end-less pleas - ure reigns.
For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
But glo - ry from the sa - cred throne Spreads ev-er-last - ing day.
Till wings of faith and strong de - sire Bear ev-'ry thought a - bove!

No. 60. Some Glad Day.

KATHARYN BACON. S. KYNETT SMITH.

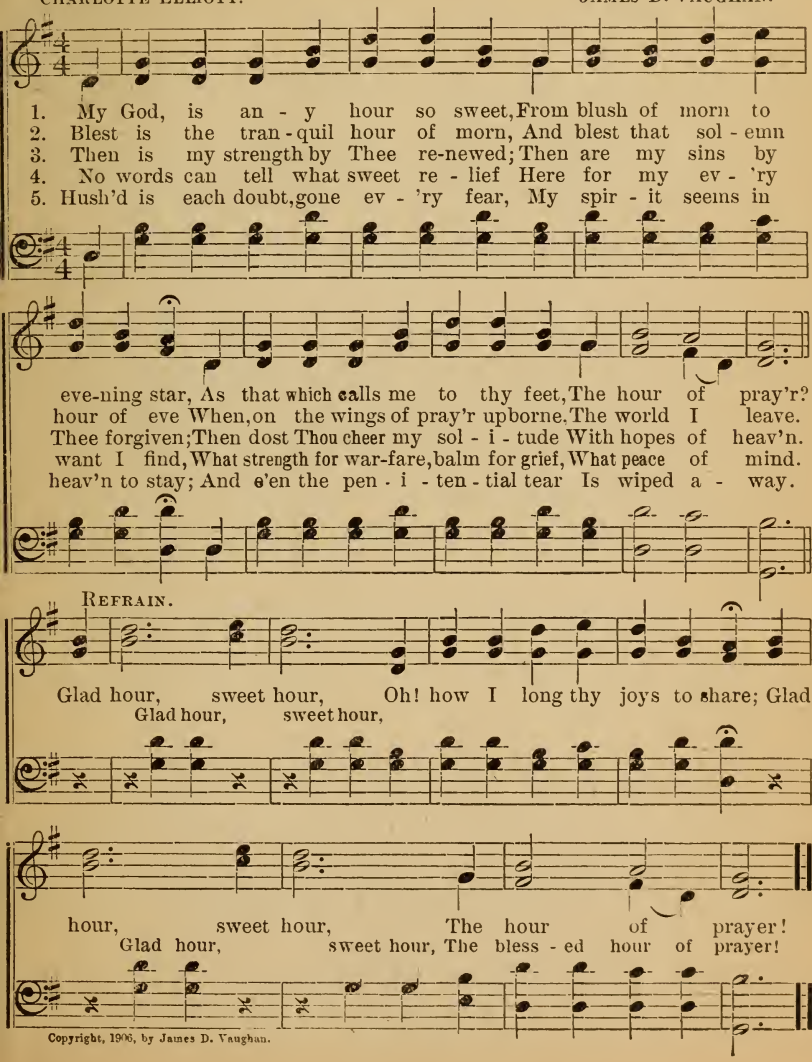

1. There's a home fair and bright, Just be-yond mor - tal sight, Where we'll
2. Man - y friends we have known, Gathered 'round Je - sus' throne, Shall his
3. Faith - ful, Lord, may we be, Look - ing e'er un - to Thee, Thro' Thee
meet Christ, the light, some glad day; Oh! we'll be free from pain, Prais-ing
name praise and own, some glad day; 'Twill be joy there to meet, Sing - ing
gain vic - to - ry, some glad day; May we reach heav'n so fair, In its
Him who was slain, In that home we shall gain, some glad day!
God's prais - es sweet, As we kneel at his feet, some glad day.
bliss sweet - ly share, And a crown ev - er wear, some glad day.
CHORUS.
Some glad day, ... some glad day, ... We shall
Some glad day, yes, some glad day, Some glad day, yes, some glad day,
meet up in heav'n some glad day; . . . . . There with
yes, some glad day;

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No. 61. Hour of Prayer.

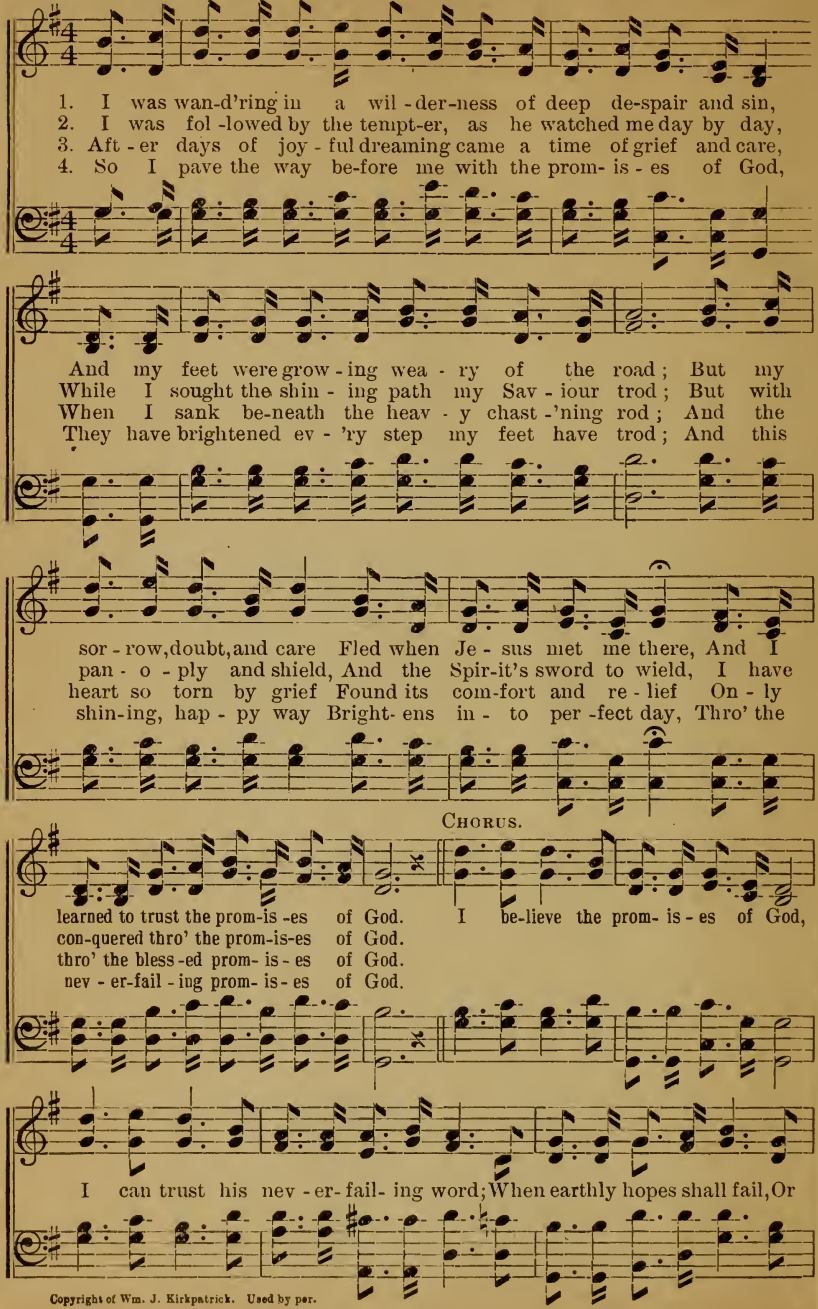
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn
3. Then is my strength by Thee re-newed; Then are my sins by
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - 'ry
5. Hush'd is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear, My spir - it seems in
eve-ning star, As that which calls me to thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
hour of eve When, on the wings of pray'r upborne. The world I leave.
Thee forgiven; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of heav'n.
want I find, What strength for war-fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
heav'n to stay; And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.
REFRAIN.
Glad hour, sweet hour, Oh! how I long thy joys to share; Glad
Glad hour, sweet hour,
hour, sweet hour, The hour of prayer!
Glad hour, sweet hour, The bless - ed hour of prayer!

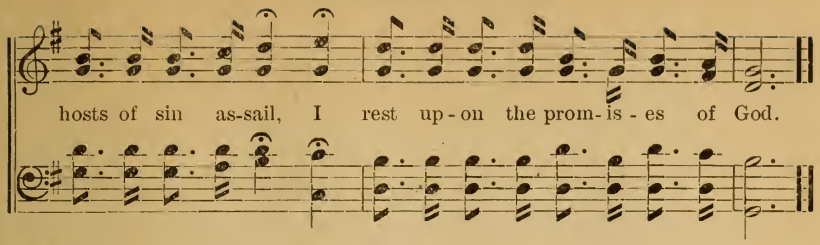
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No. 62. The Promises of God.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

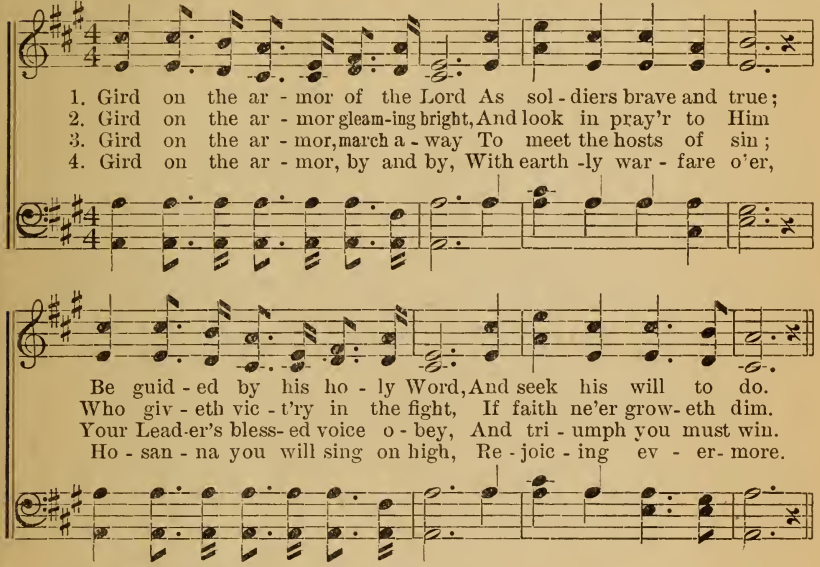

1. I was wan-d'ring in a wil-der-ness of deep de-spair and sin,
2. I was fol-lowed by the tempt-er, as he watched me day by day,
3. Aft-er days of joy-ful dreaming came a time of grief and care,
4. So I pave the way be-fore me with the prom-is-es of God,
And my feet were grow-ing wea-ry of the road; But my
While I sought the shin-ing path my Sav-iour trod; But with
When I sank be-neath the heav-y chast-'ning rod; And the
They have brightened ev-'ry step my feet have trod; And this
sor-row, doubt, and care Fled when Je-sus met me there, And I
pan-o-ply and shield, And the Spir-it's sword to wield, I have
heart so torn by grief Found its com-fort and re-lief On-ly
shin-ing, hap-py way Bright-ens in-to per-fect day, Thro' the
CHORUS.
learned to trust the prom-is-es of God. I be-lieve the prom-is-es of God,
con-quered thro' the prom-is-es of God.
thro' the bless-ed prom-is-es of God.
nev-er-fail-ing prom-is-es of God.
I can trust his nev-er-fail-ing word; When earthly hopes shall fail, Or

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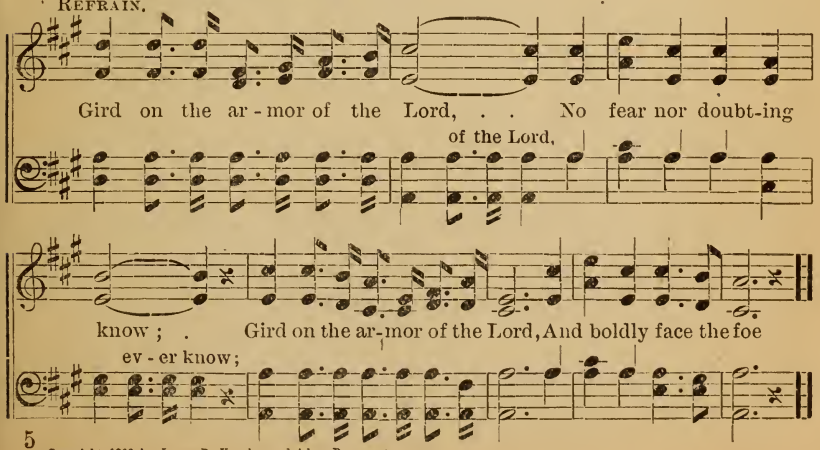


No. 63. Gird On the Armor of the Lord.

JENNIE WILSON. ADAM DAVENPORT.


1. Gird on the ar-mor of the Lord As sol-diers brave and true;
2. Gird on the ar-mor gleam-ing bright, And look in pray'r to Him
3. Gird on the ar-mor, march a-way To meet the hosts of sin;
4. Gird on the ar-mor, by and by, With earth-ly war-fare o'er,
Be guid-ed by his ho-ly Word, And seek his will to do.
Who giv-eth vic-t'ry in the fight, If faith ne'er grow-eth dim.
Your Lead-er's bless-ed voice o-bey, And tri-umph you must win.
Ho-san-na you will sing on high, Re-joic-ing ev-er-more.

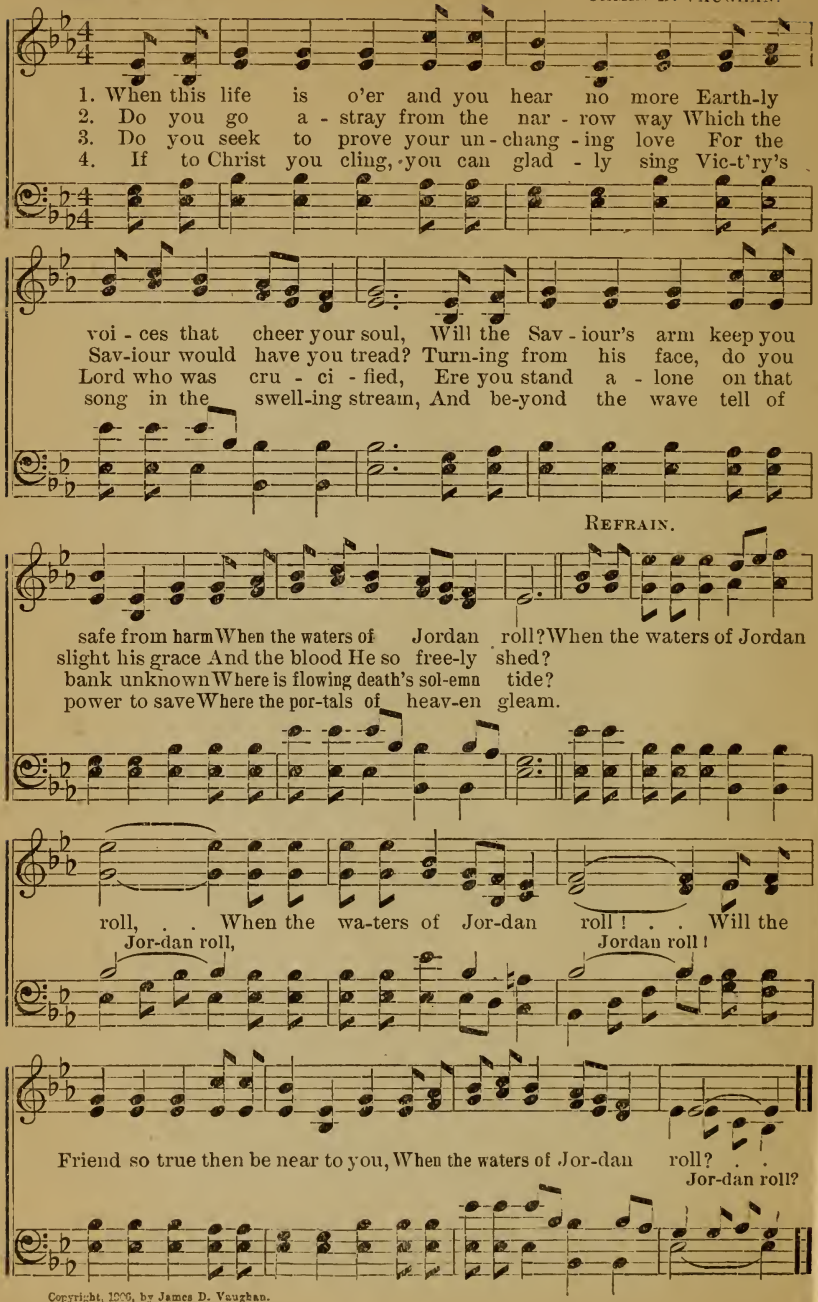
REFRAIN.


Gird on the ar-mor of the Lord, . . No fear nor doubt-ing
of the Lord,
know; . Gird on the ar-mor of the Lord, And boldly face the foe
ev-er know;

Copyright, 1906, by James D. Vaughan and Adam Davenport.

No. 64. When the Waters of Jordan Roll.

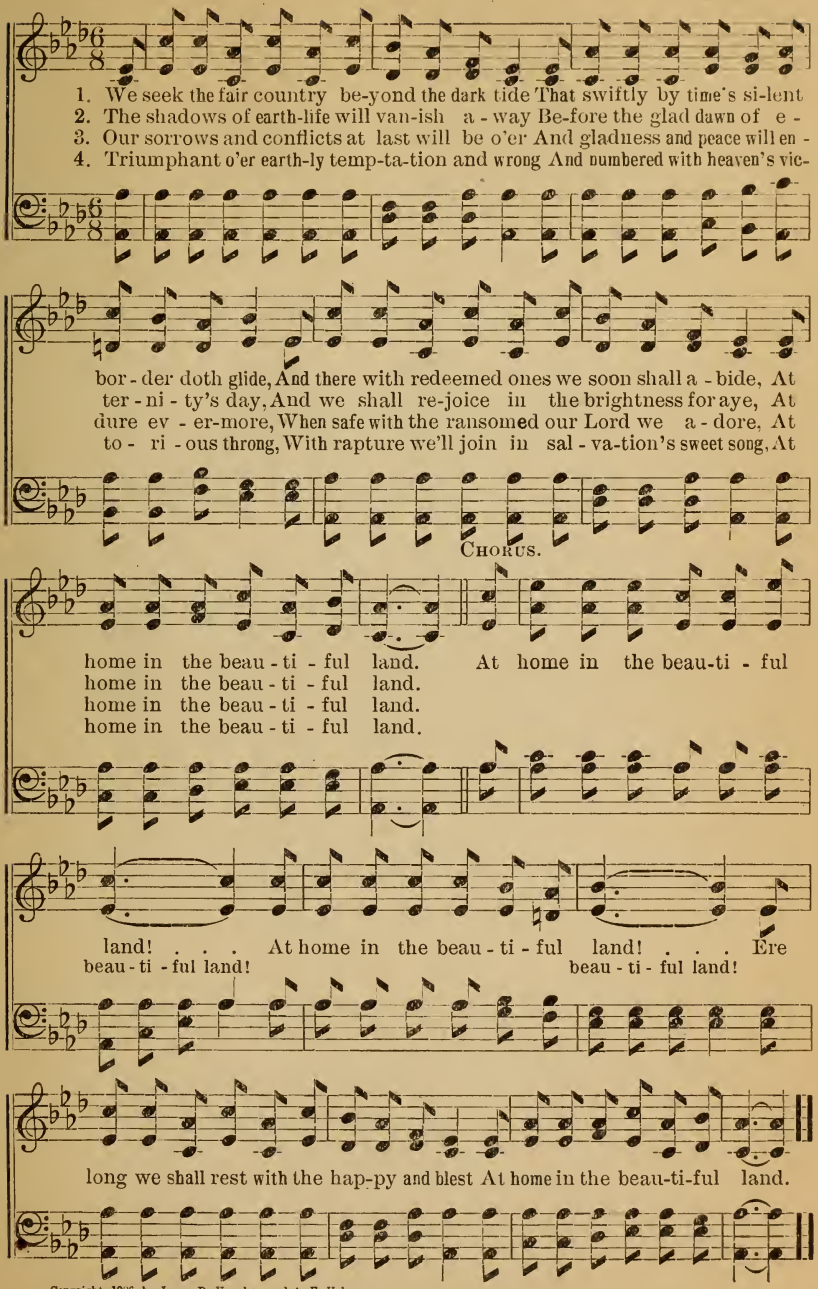
JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. When this life is o'er and you hear no more Earth-ly
2. Do you go a - stray from the nar - row way Which the
3. Do you seek to prove your un - chang - ing love For the
4. If to Christ you cling, you can glad - ly sing Vic-t'ry's
voi - ces that cheer your soul, Will the Sav - iour's arm keep you
Sav-iour would have you tread? Turn-ing from his face, do you
Lord who was cru - ci - fied, Ere you stand a - lone on that
song in the swell-ing stream, And be-yond the wave tell of
REFRAIN.
safe from harm When the waters of Jordan roll? When the waters of Jordan
slight his grace And the blood He so free-ly shed?
bank unknown Where is flowing death's sol-emn tide?
power to save Where the por-tals of heav-en gleam.
roll, . . When the wa-ters of Jor-dan roll! . . Will the
Jor-dan roll,
Jordan roll!
Friend so true then be near to you, When the waters of Jor-dan roll? . .
Jor-dan roll?

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No. 65. At Home in the Beautiful Land.

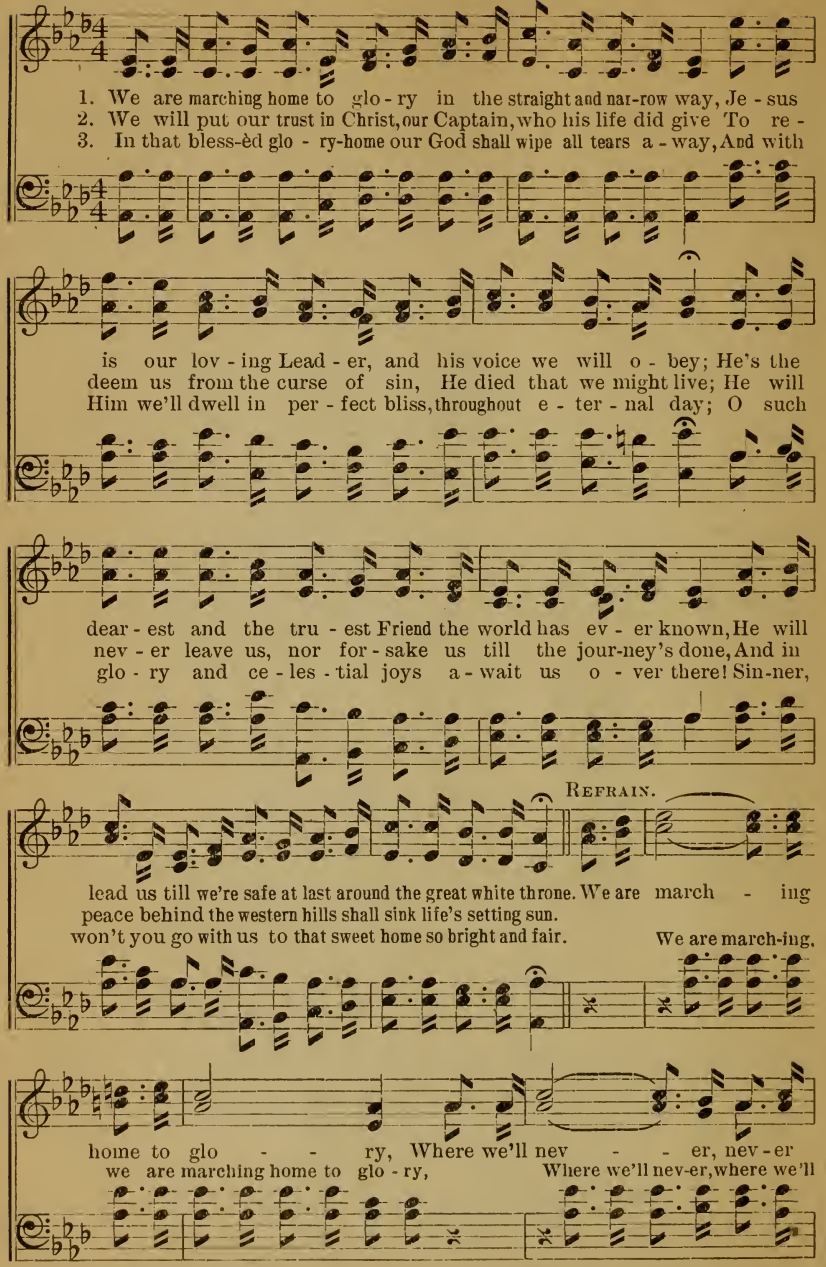
JENNIE WILSON. A. E. HELTON.


1. We seek the fair country be-yond the dark tide That swiftly by time's si-lent
2. The shadows of earth-life will van-ish a - way Be-fore the glad dawn of e -
3. Our sorrows and conflicts at last will be o'er And gladness and peace will en -
4. Triumphant o'er earth-ly temp-ta-tion and wrong And numbered with heaven's vic-
bor - der doth glide, And there with redeemed ones we soon shall a - bide, At
ter - ni - ty's day, And we shall re-joice in the brightness for aye, At
dure ev - er-more, When safe with the ransomed our Lord we a - dore, At
to - ri - ous throng, With rapture we'll join in sal - va-tion's sweet song, At
CHORUS.
home in the beau - ti - ful land. At home in the beau-ti - ful
home in the beau - ti - ful land.
home in the beau - ti - ful land.
home in the beau - ti - ful land.
land! . . . At home in the beau - ti - ful land! . . . Ere
beau - ti - ful land! beau - ti - ful land!
long we shall rest with the hap-py and blest At home in the beau-ti-ful land.

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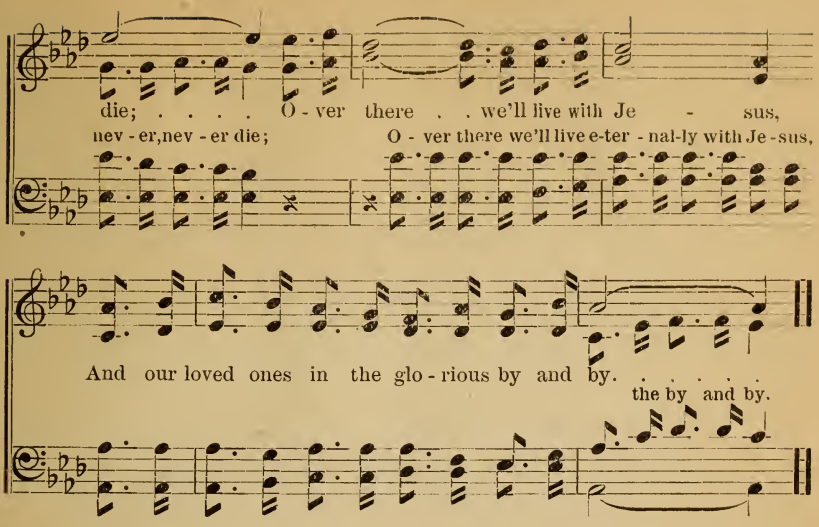
No. 66. We Are Marching Home to Glory.

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.


1. We are marching home to glo - ry in the straight and nar-row way, Je - sus
2. We will put our trust in Christ, our Captain, who his life did give To re -
3. In that bless-èd glo - ry-home our God shall wipe all tears a - way, And with
is our lov - ing Lead - er, and his voice we will o - bey; He's the
deem us from the curse of sin, He died that we might live; He will
Him we'll dwell in per - fect bliss, throughout e - ter - nal day; O such
dear - est and the tru - est Friend the world has ev - er known, He will
nev - er leave us, nor for - sake us till the jour-ney's done, And in
glo - ry and ce - les - tial joys a - wait us o - ver there! Sin-ner,
REFRAIN.
lead us till we're safe at last around the great white throne. We are march - ing
peace behind the western hills shall sink life's setting sun.
won't you go with us to that sweet home so bright and fair.
We are march-ing,
home to glo - - - ry, Where we'll nev - - - er, nev - er
we are marching home to glo - ry,
Where we'll nev-er, where we'll

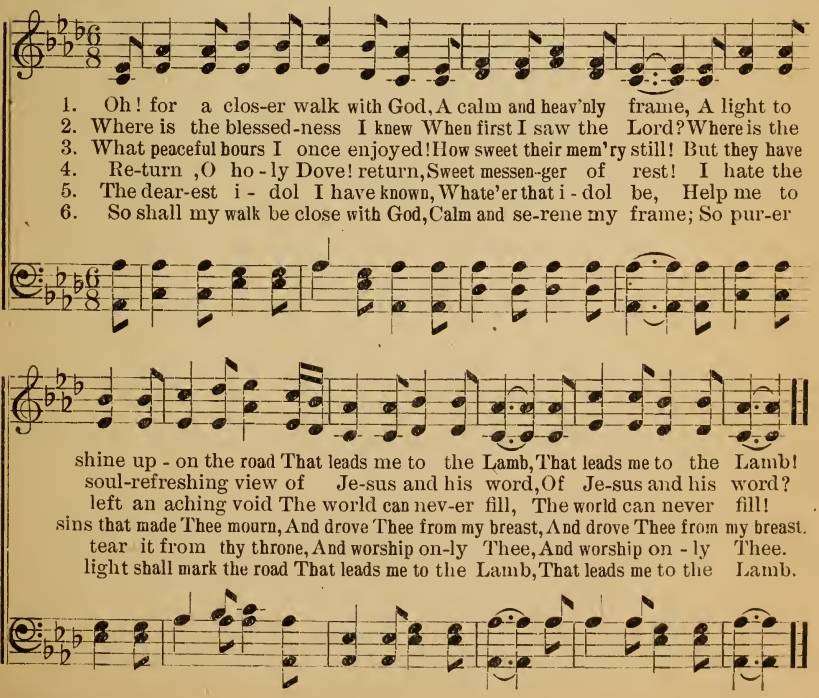
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We Are Marching Home to Glory.


die; . . . . O - ver there . . we'll live with Je - sus,
nev - er, nev - er die; O - ver there we'll live e-ter - nal-ly with Je - sus,
And our loved ones in the glo - rious by and by. . . . . .
the by and by.
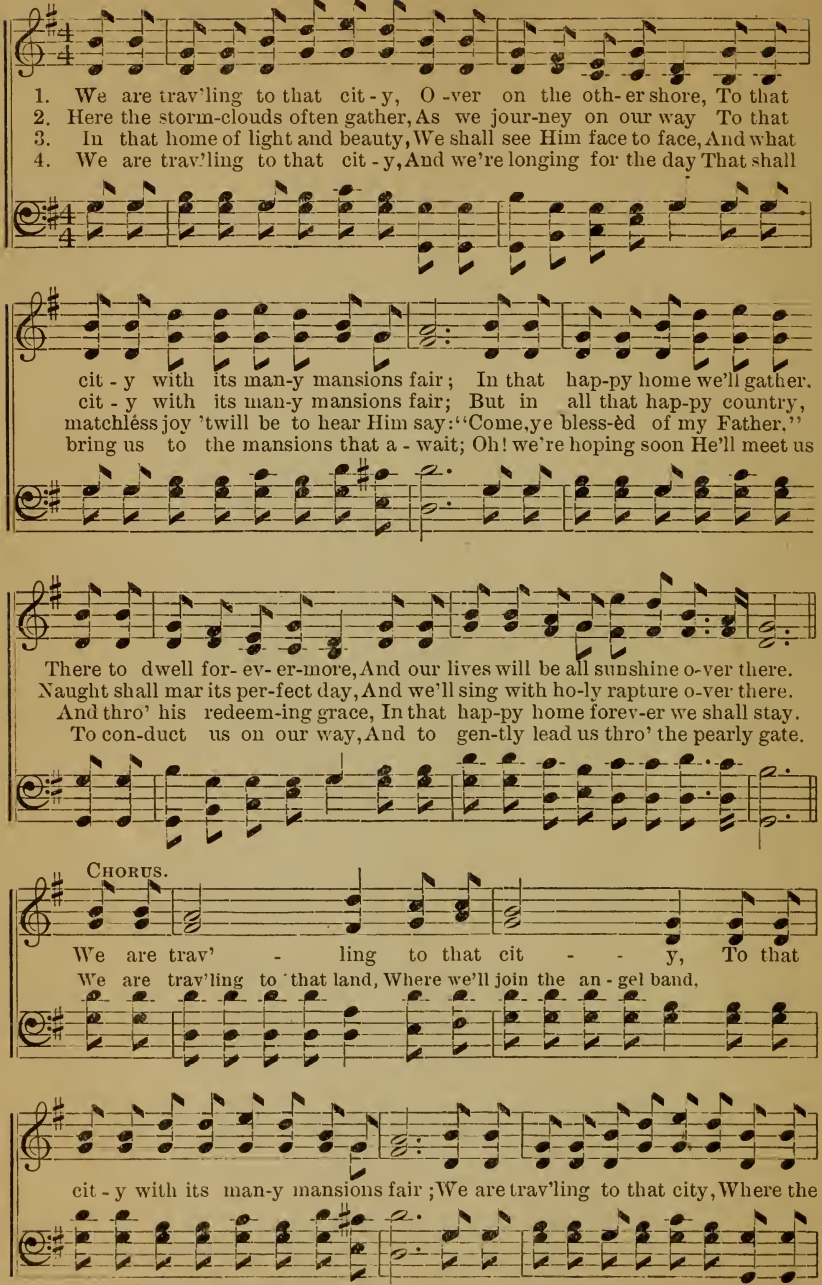
No. 67. Ortonville.

WILLIAM COWPER. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Oh! for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to
2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have
4. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove! return, Sweet messen-ger of rest! I hate the
5. The dear-est i - dol I have known, What'e'er that i - dol be, Help me to
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame; So pur-er
shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-refreshing view of Je-sus and his word, Of Je-sus and his word?
left an aching void The world can nev-er fill, The world can never fill!
sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly Thee, And worship on - ly Thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

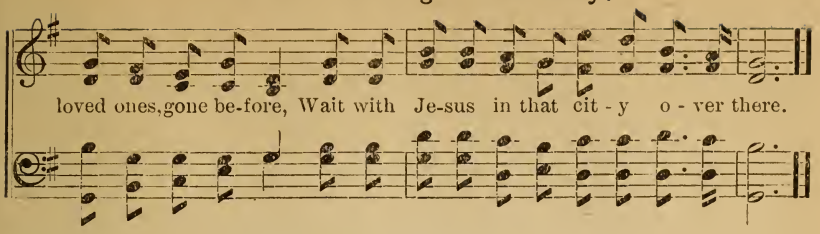
No. 68. Traveling to That City.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. We are trav'ling to that cit - y, O - ver on the oth- er shore, To that
2. Here the storm-clouds often gather, As we jour-ney on our way To that
3. In that home of light and beauty, We shall see Him face to face, And what
4. We are trav'ling to that cit - y, And we're longing for the day That shall
cit - y with its man-y mansions fair; In that hap-py home we'll gather.
cit - y with its man-y mansions fair; But in all that hap-py country,
matchless joy 'twill be to hear Him say: "Come, ye bless-èd of my Father."
bring us to the mansions that a - wait; Oh! we're hoping soon He'll meet us
There to dwell for- ev- er-more, And our lives will be all sunshine o-ver there.
Naught shall mar its per-fect day, And we'll sing with ho-ly rapture o-ver there.
And thro' his redeem-ing grace, In that hap-py home forev-er we shall stay.
To con-duct us on our way, And to gen-tly lead us thro' the pearly gate.
CHORUS.
We are trav' - ling to that cit - - y, To that
We are trav'ling to that land, Where we'll join the an - gel band.
cit - y with its man-y mansions fair; We are trav'ling to that city, Where the

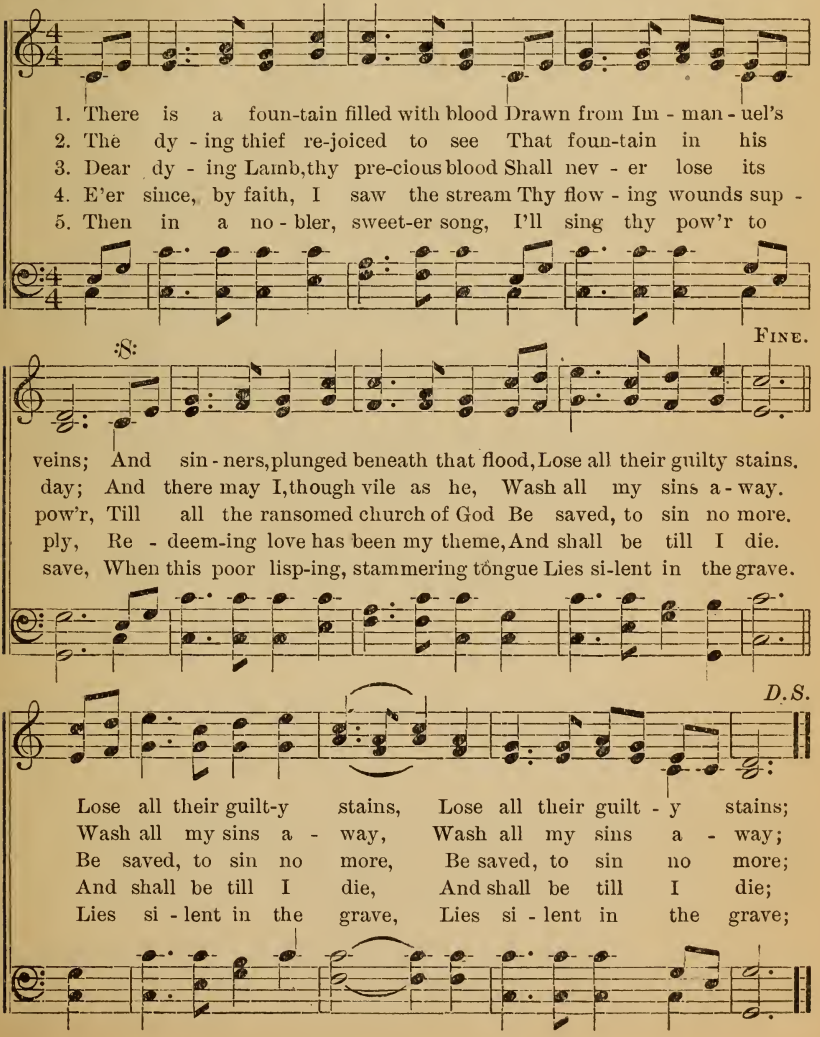
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We are Traveling to That City.



No. 69. There Is a Fountain.

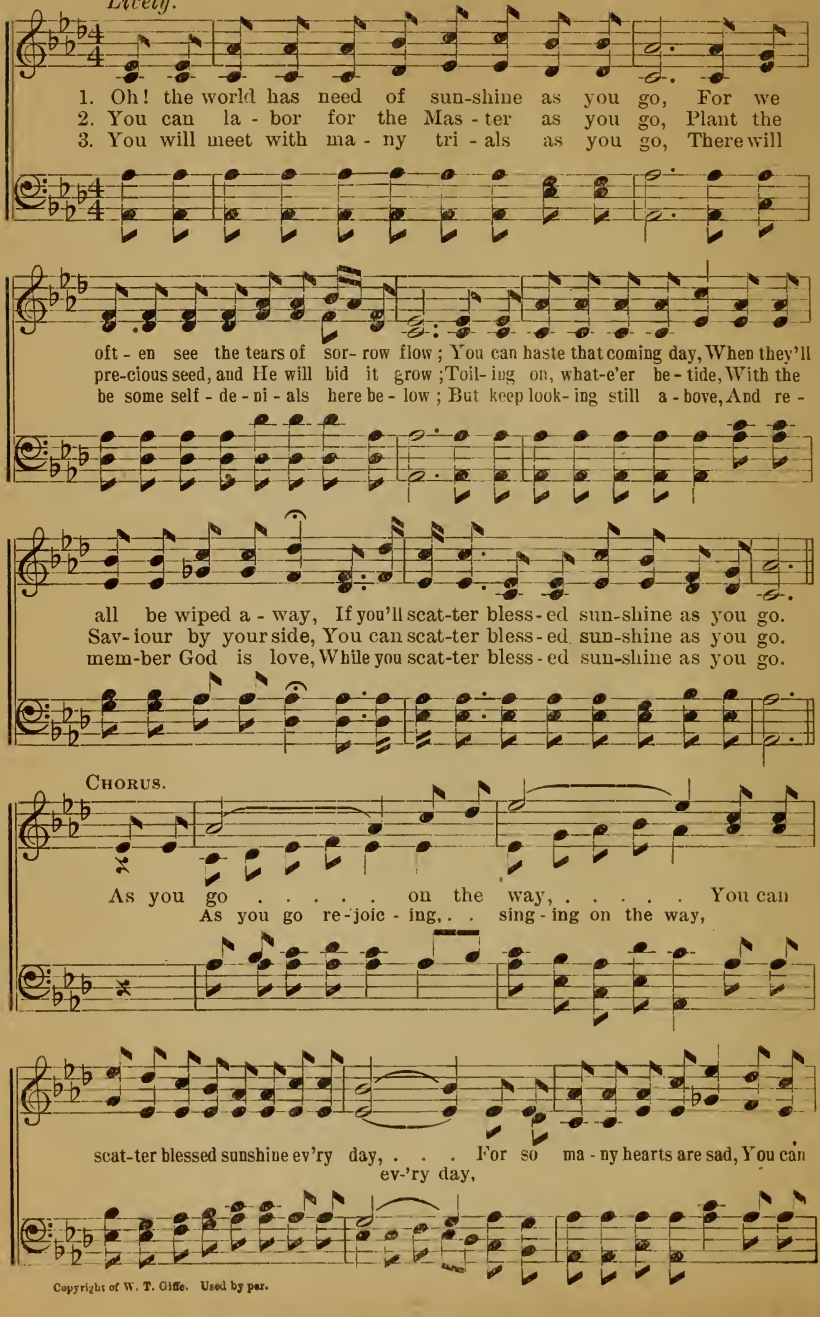
WILLIAM COWPER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup -
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to
:S:
FINE.
veins; And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
pow'r, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
ply, Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
save, When this poor lisp-ing, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

No. 70. Sunshine As You Go.

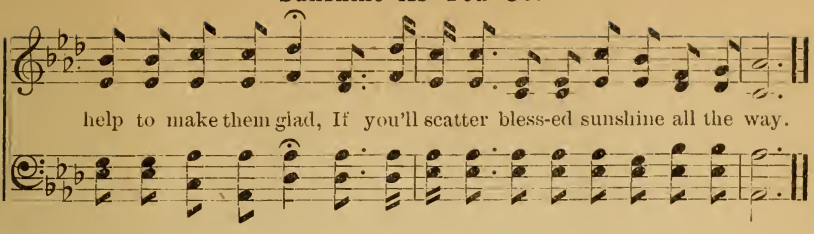
JOHN M. BAKER. FRED COBLENTZ.

Lively.


1. Oh! the world has need of sun-shine as you go, For we
2. You can la - bor for the Mas - ter as you go, Plant the
3. You will meet with ma - ny tri - als as you go, There will
oft - en see the tears of sor- row flow; You can haste that coming day, When they'll
pre-cious seed, and He will bid it grow; Toil- ing on, what-e'er be - tide, With the
be some self - de - ni - als here be - low; But keep look- ing still a - bove, And re -
all be wiped a - way, If you'll scat-ter bless - ed sun-shine as you go.
Sav- iour by your side, You can scat-ter bless - ed sun-shine as you go.
mem-ber God is love, While you scat-ter bless - ed sun-shine as you go.
CHORUS.
As you go . . . . on the way, ... You can
As you go re - joic - ing, . . sing - ing on the way,
scat-ter blessed sunshine ev'ry day, . . . For so ma - ny hearts are sad, You can
ev-'ry day,

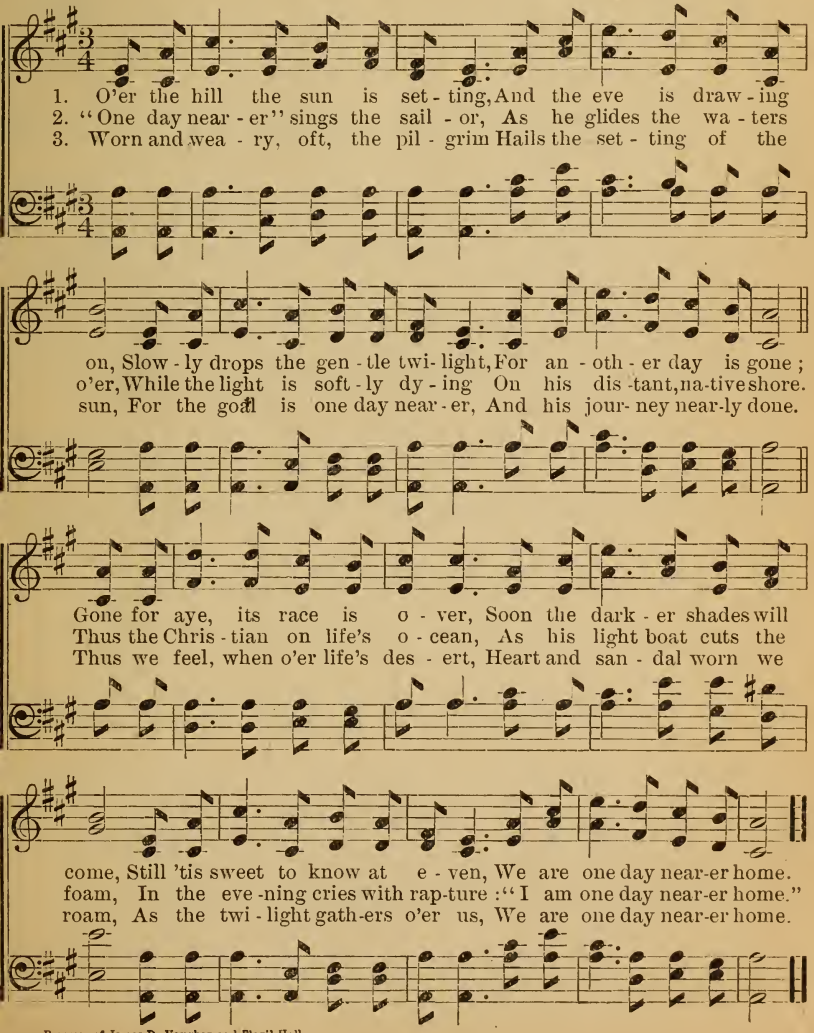
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Sunshine As You Go.



No. 71. One Day Nearer Home.

Anon. ROBERT T. HALL.
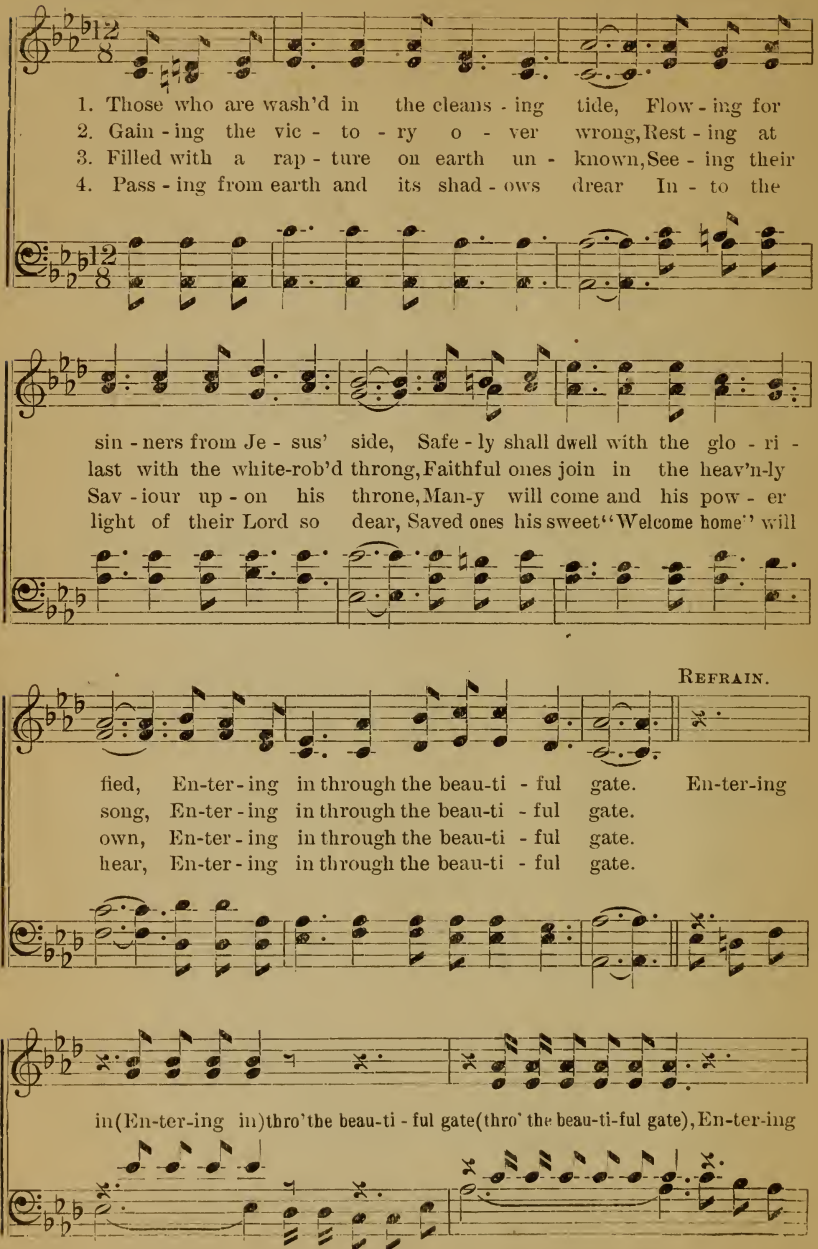

1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on, Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone;
2. "One day near - er" sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing On his dis - tant, na - tive shore.
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft, the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun, For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.
Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come, Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
Thus the Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam, In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture: "I am one day near - er home."
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn we roam, As the twi - light gath - ers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.

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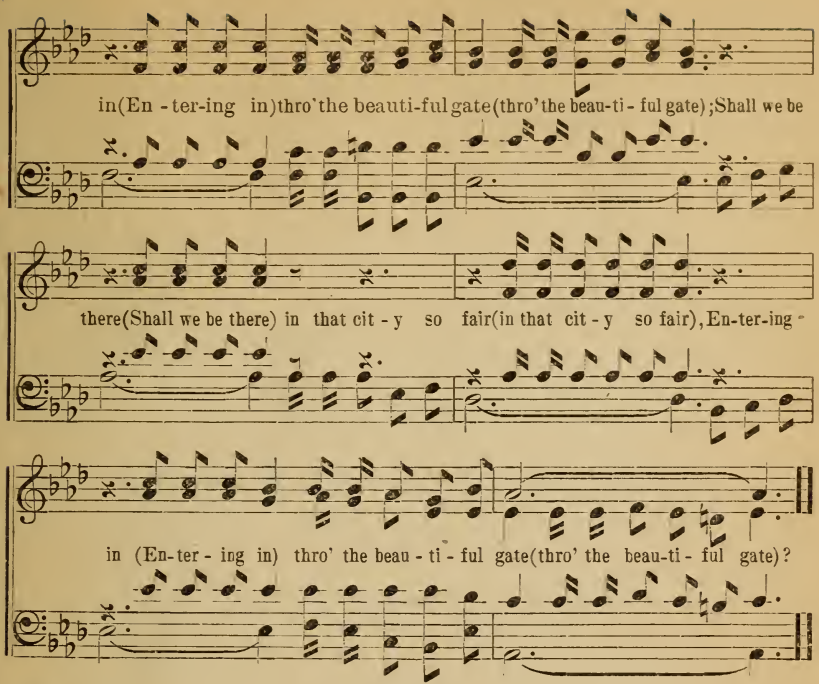
No. 72. Through the Beautiful Gate.

To my friend, B. R. Inman.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

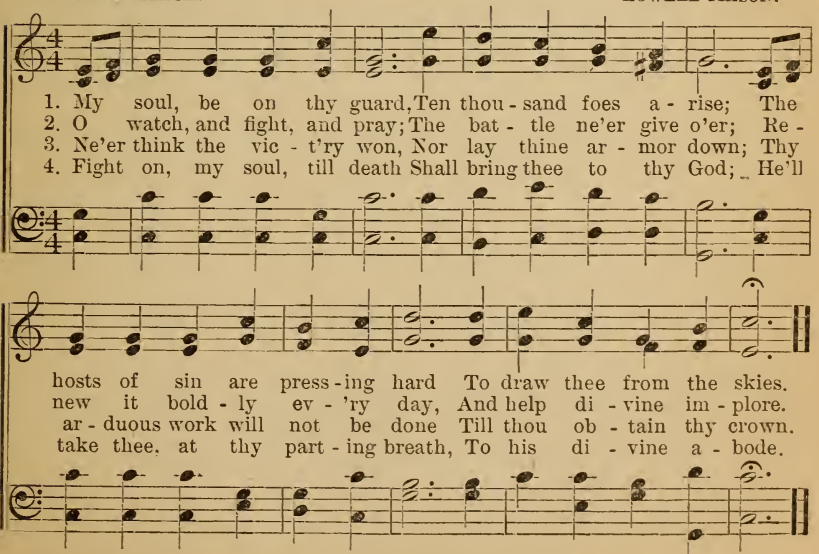

1. Those who are wash'd in the cleans - ing tide, Flow - ing for
2. Gain - ing the vic - to - ry o - ver wrong, Rest - ing at
3. Filled with a rap - ture on earth un - known, See - ing their
4. Pass - ing from earth and its shad - ows drear In - to the
sin - ners from Je - sus' side, Safe - ly shall dwell with the glo - ri -
last with the white-rob'd throng, Faithful ones join in the heav'n-ly
Sav - iour up - on his throne, Man-y will come and his pow - er
light of their Lord so dear, Saved ones his sweet "Welcome home" will
REFRAIN.
fied, En-ter-ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate. En-ter-ing
song, En-ter-ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.
own, En-ter-ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.
hear, En-ter-ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.
in (En-ter-ing in) thro' the beau-ti - ful gate (thro' the beau-ti-ful gate), En-ter-ing

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in(En - ter-ing in)thro'the beauti-ful gate(thro'the beau-ti - ful gate);Shall we be
there(Shall we be there) in that cit - y so fair(in that cit - y so fair),En-ter-ing
in (En-ter - ing in) thro' the beau - ti - ful gate(thro' the beau-ti - ful gate)?

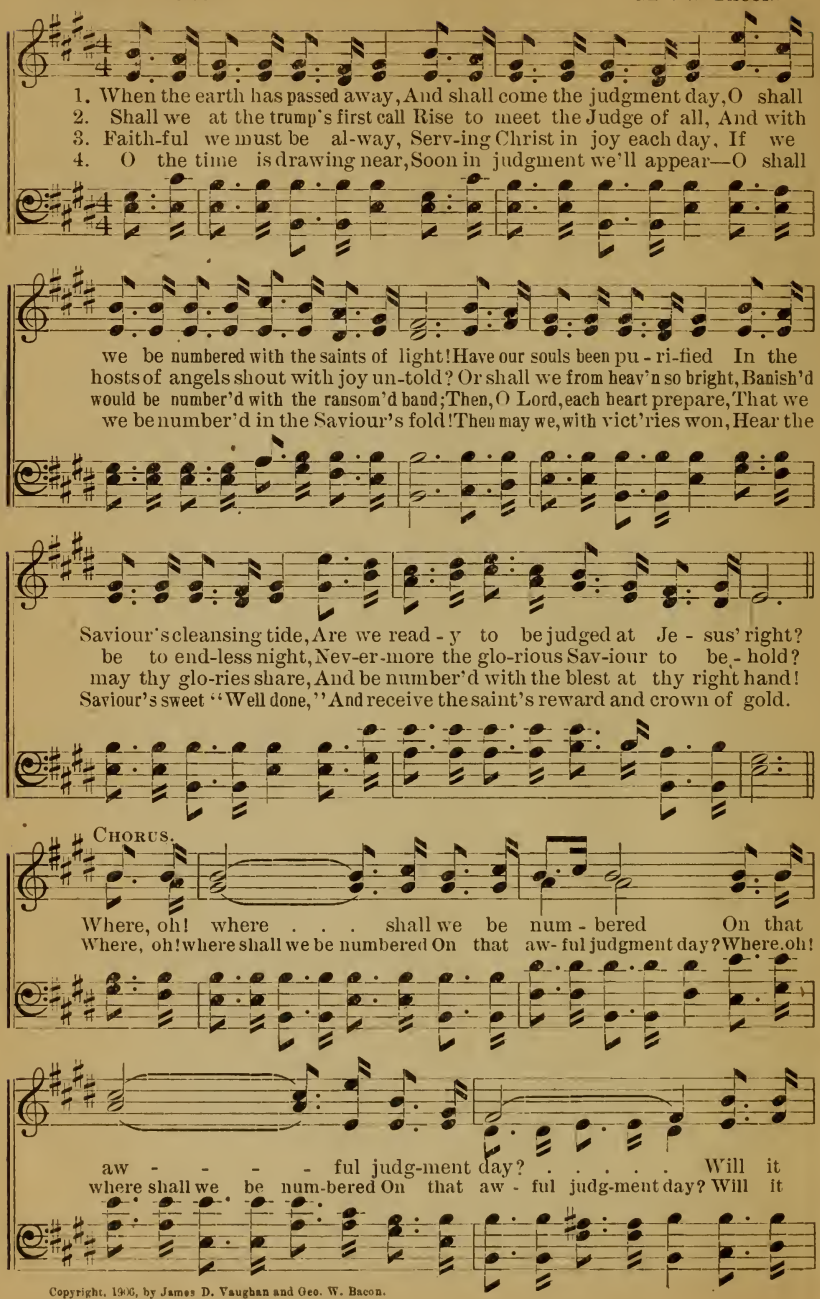
No. 73. Laban.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard,Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray;The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thy
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

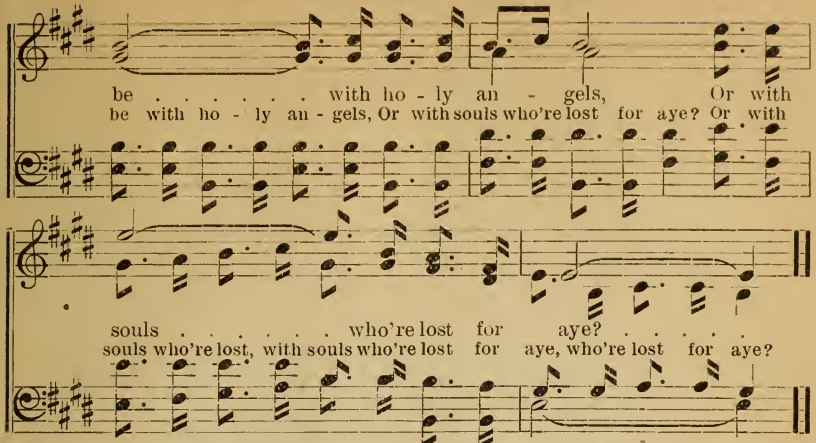
No. 74. Where Shall We Be Numbered?

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. When the earth has passed away, And shall come the judgment day, O shall
2. Shall we at the trump's first call Rise to meet the Judge of all, And with
3. Faith-ful we must be al-way, Serv-ing Christ in joy each day, If we
4. O the time is drawing near, Soon in judgment we'll appear—O shall
we be numbered with the saints of light! Have our souls been pu - ri-fied In the
hosts of angels shout with joy un-told? Or shall we from heav'n so bright, Banish'd
would be number'd with the ransom'd band; Then, O Lord, each heart prepare, That we
we be number'd in the Saviour's fold! Then may we, with vict'ries won, Hear the
Saviour's cleansing tide, Are we read - y to be judged at Je - sus' right?
be to end-less night, Nev-er-more the glo-rious Sav-iour to be - hold?
may thy glo-ries share, And be number'd with the blest at thy right hand!
Saviour's sweet "Well done," And receive the saint's reward and crown of gold.
CHORUS.
Where, oh! where . . . shall we be num - bered On that
Where, oh! where shall we be numbered On that aw- ful judgment day? Where, oh!
aw - - - - ful judg-ment day? . . . . . Will it
where shall we be num-bered On that aw - ful judg-ment day? Will it
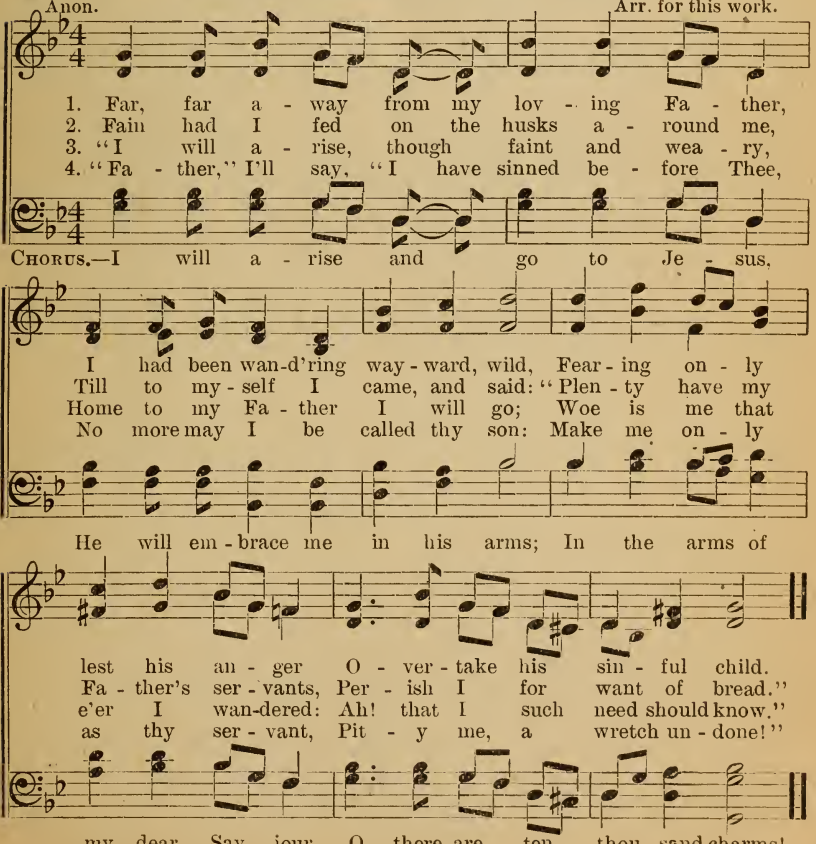
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Where Shall We Be Numbered?


be . . . . . with ho - ly an - gels, Or with
be with ho - ly an - gels, Or with souls who're lost for aye? Or with
souls . . . . . who're lost for aye? . . . . .
souls who're lost, with souls who're lost for aye, who're lost for aye?

No. 75. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

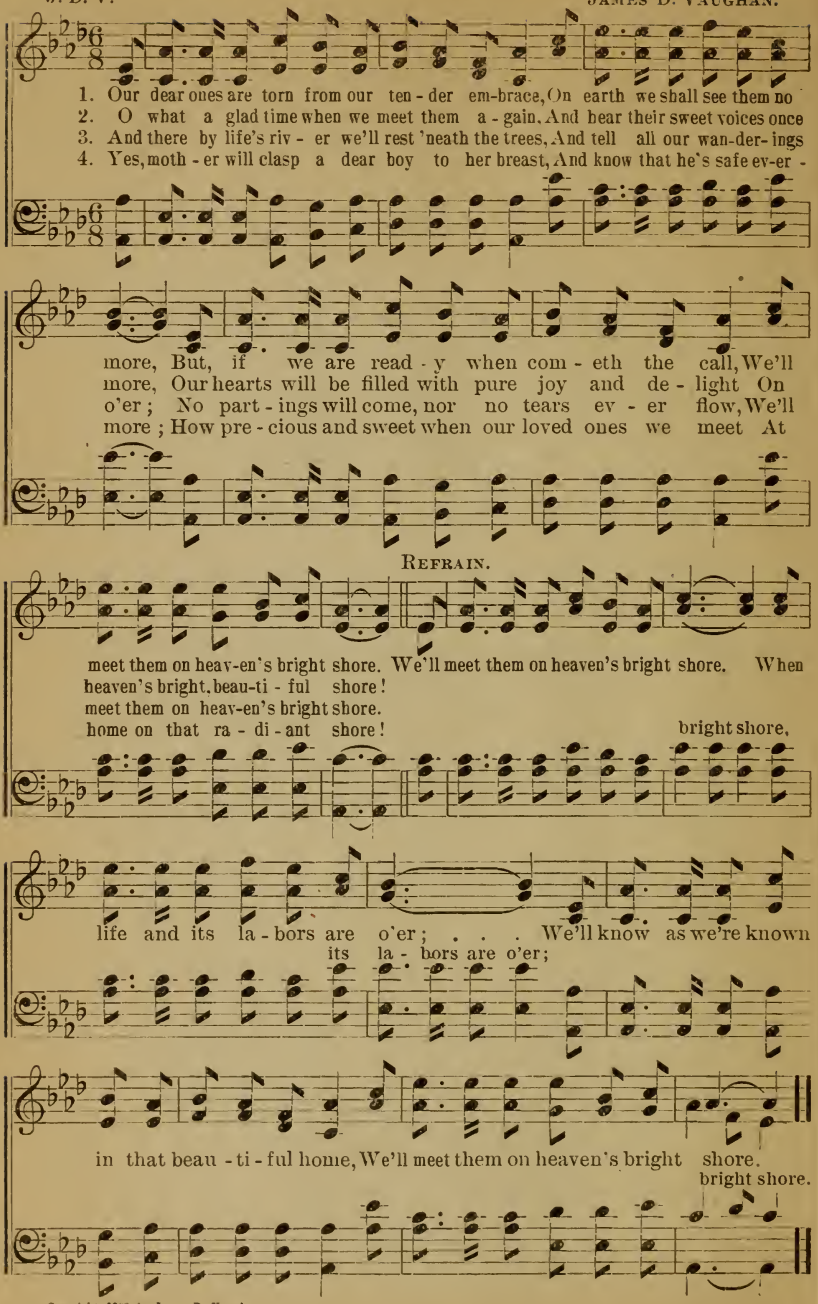
Anon. Arr. for this work.


1. Far, far a - way from my lov - ing Fa - ther,
2. Fain had I fed on the husks a - round me,
3. "I will a - rise, though faint and wea - ry,
4. "Fa - ther," I'll say, "I have sinned be - fore Thee,
Chorus.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus.
I had been wan-d'ring way - ward, wild, Fear - ing on - ly
Till to my - self I came, and said: "Plen - ty have my
Home to my Fa - ther I will go; Woe is me that
No more may I be called thy son: Make me on - ly
He will em - brace me in his arms; In the arms of
lest his an - ger O - ver - take his sin - ful child.
Fa - ther's ser - vants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
e'er I wan-dered: Ah! that I such need should know."
as thy ser - vant, Pit - y me, a wretch un - done!"
my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten thou - sand charms!

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No. 76. On Heaven's Bright Shore.
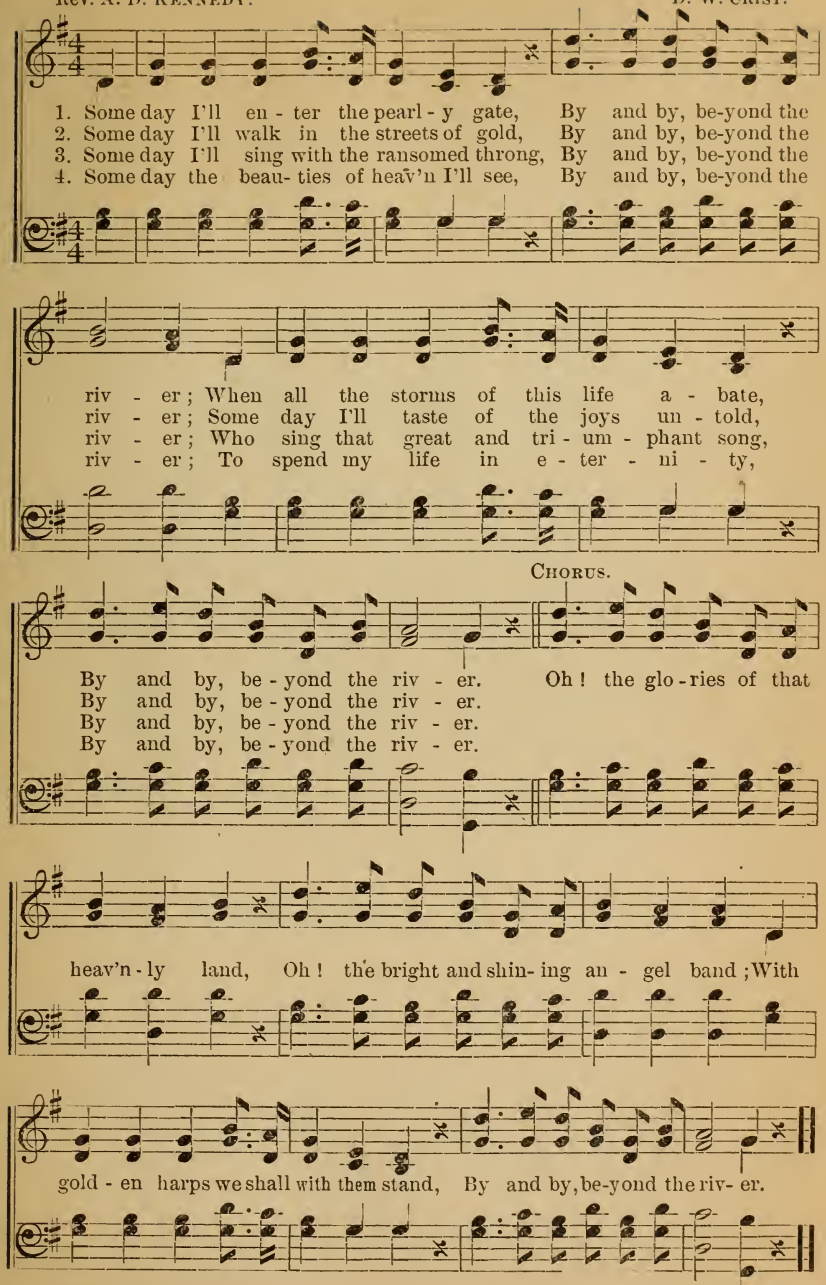
J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Our dear ones are torn from our ten - der em-brace, On earth we shall see them no
2. O what a glad time when we meet them a - gain, And hear their sweet voices once
3. And there by life's riv - er we'll rest 'neath the trees, And tell all our wan-der- ings
4. Yes, moth - er will clasp a dear boy to her breast, And know that he's safe ev-er -
more, But, if we are read - y when com - eth the call, We'll
more, Our hearts will be filled with pure joy and de - light On
o'er; No part - ings will come, nor no tears ev - er flow, We'll
more; How pre - cious and sweet when our loved ones we meet At
REFRAIN.
meet them on heav-en's bright shore. We'll meet them on heaven's bright shore. When
heaven's bright, beau-ti - ful shore!
meet them on heav-en's bright shore.
home on that ra - di - ant shore!
bright shore,
life and its la - bors are o'er; . . . We'll know as we're known
its la - bors are o'er;
in that beau - ti - ful home, We'll meet them on heaven's bright shore.
bright shore.

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No. 77. Some Day.

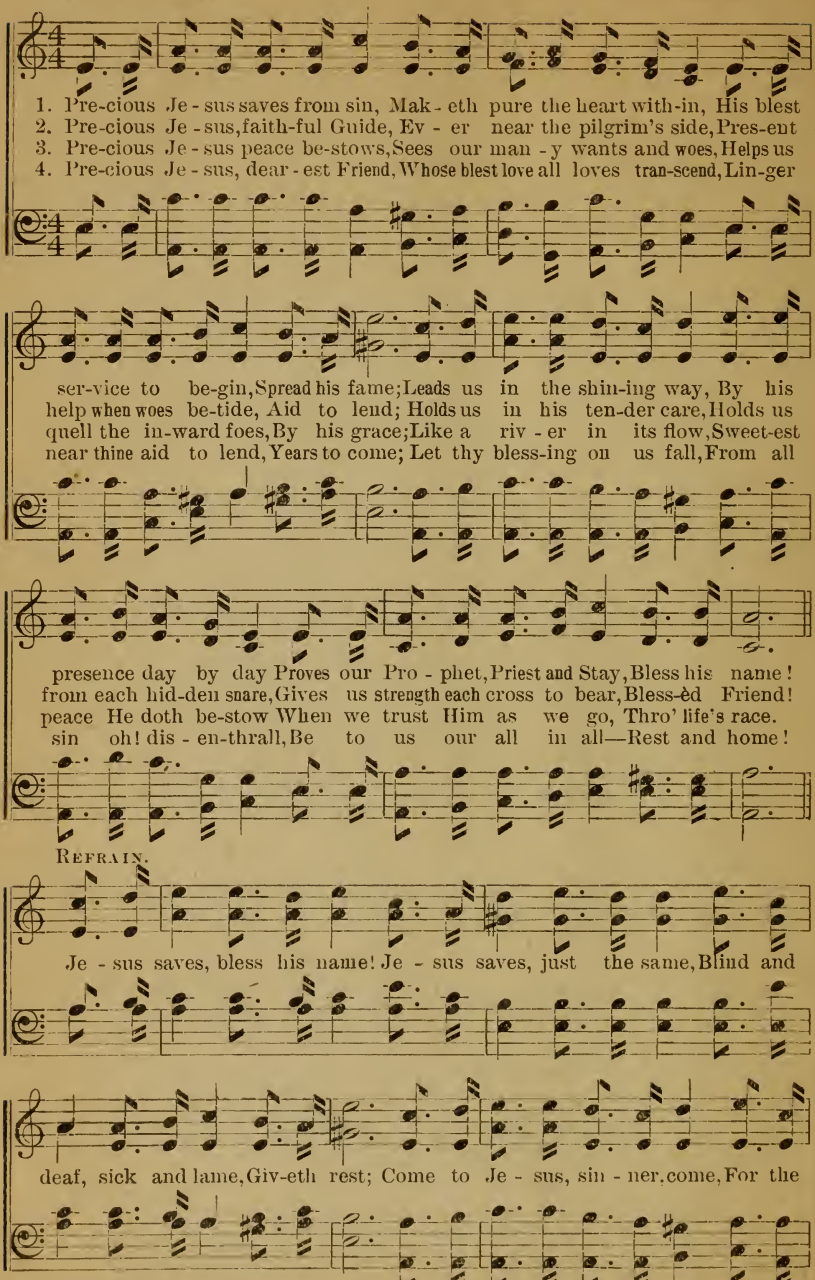
Rev. A. D. Kennedy. D. W. Crist.


1. Some day I'll en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, be-yond the
2. Some day I'll walk in the streets of gold, By and by, be-yond the
3. Some day I'll sing with the ransomed throng, By and by, be-yond the
4. Some day the beau- ties of heav'n I'll see, By and by, be-yond the
riv - er; When all the storms of this life a - bate,
riv - er; Some day I'll taste of the joys un - told,
riv - er; Who sing that great and tri - um - phant song,
riv - er; To spend my life in e - ter - ni - ty,
Chorus.
By and by, be - yond the riv - er. Oh! the glo - ries of that
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
heav'n - ly land, Oh! the bright and shin- ing an - gel band; With
gold - en harps we shall with them stand, By and by, be-yond the riv- er.
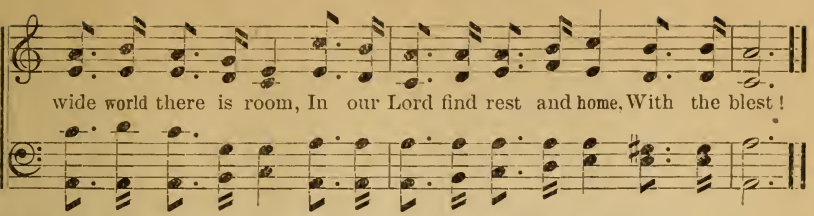
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No. 78. Jesus Saves, Bless His Name!

HARRIET E. JONES. Arr. for this work.

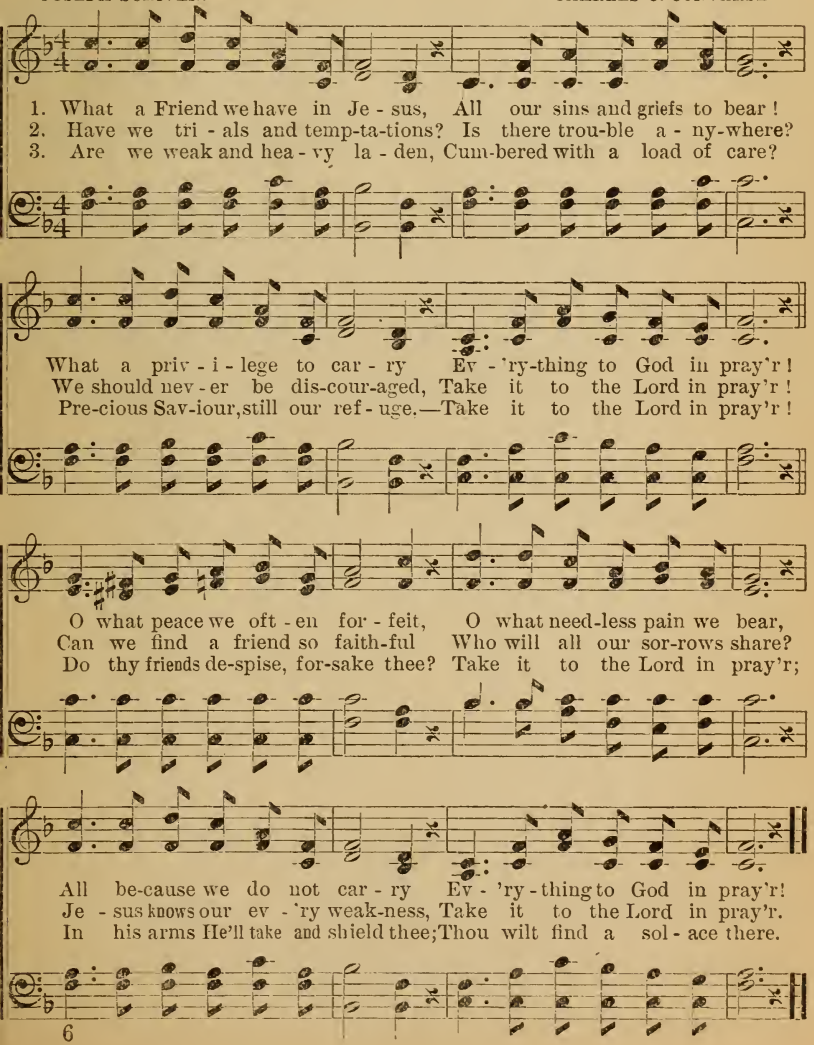

1. Pre-cious Je - sus saves from sin, Mak - eth pure the heart with-in, His blest
2. Pre-cious Je - sus, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the pilgrim's side, Pres-ent
3. Pre-cious Je - sus peace be-stows, Sees our man - y wants and woes, Helps us
4. Pre-cious Je - sus, dear - est Friend, Whose blest love all loves tran-scend, Lin-ger
ser-vice to be-gin, Spread his fame; Leads us in the shin-ing way, By his
help when woes be-tide, Aid to lend; Holds us in his ten-der care, Holds us
quell the in-ward foes, By his grace; Like a riv - er in its flow, Sweet-est
near thine aid to lend, Years to come; Let thy bless-ing on us fall, From all
presence day by day Proves our Pro - phet, Priest and Stay, Bless his name!
from each hid-den snare, Gives us strength each cross to bear, Bless-èd Friend!
peace He doth be-stow When we trust Him as we go, Thro' life's race.
sin oh! dis - en-thrall, Be to us our all in all—Rest and home!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus saves, bless his name! Je - sus saves, just the same, Blind and
deaf, sick and lame, Giv-eth rest; Come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come, For the

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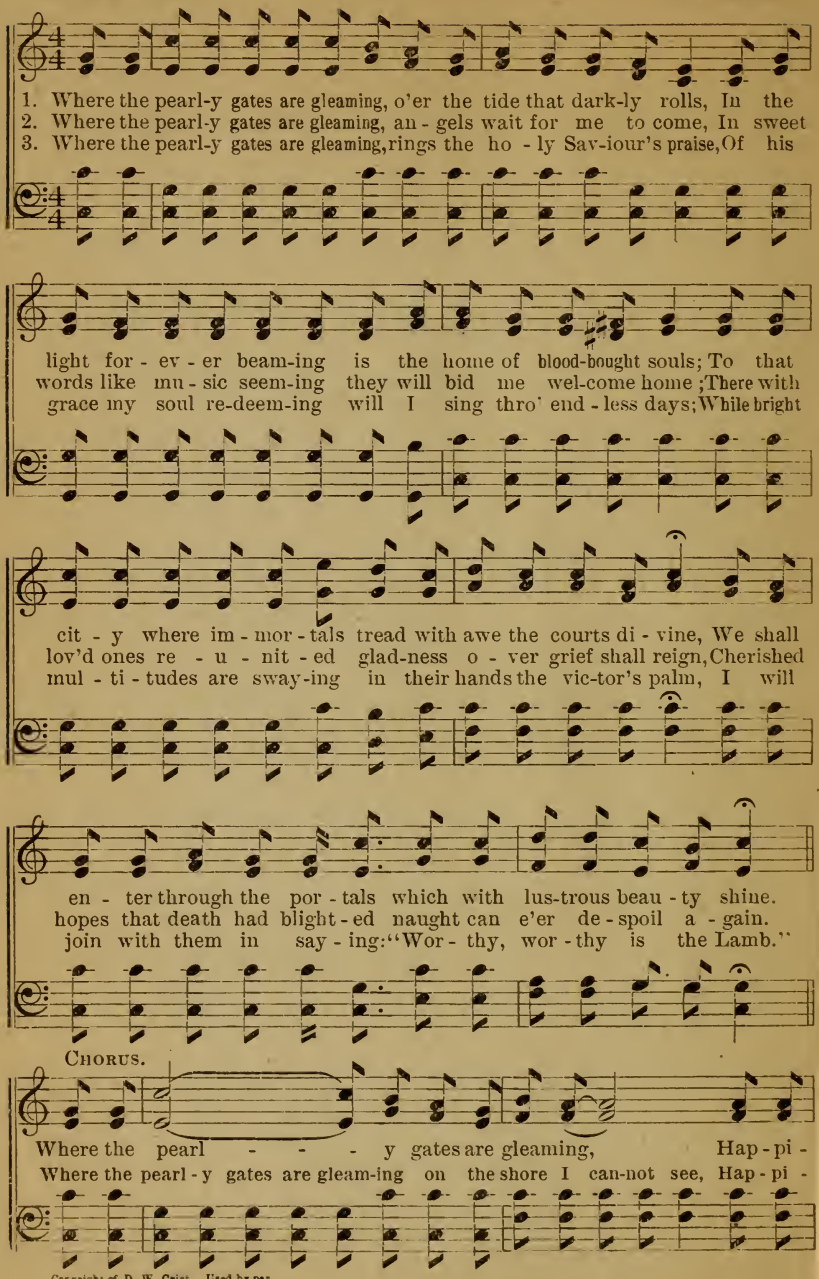
No. 79. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge.—Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
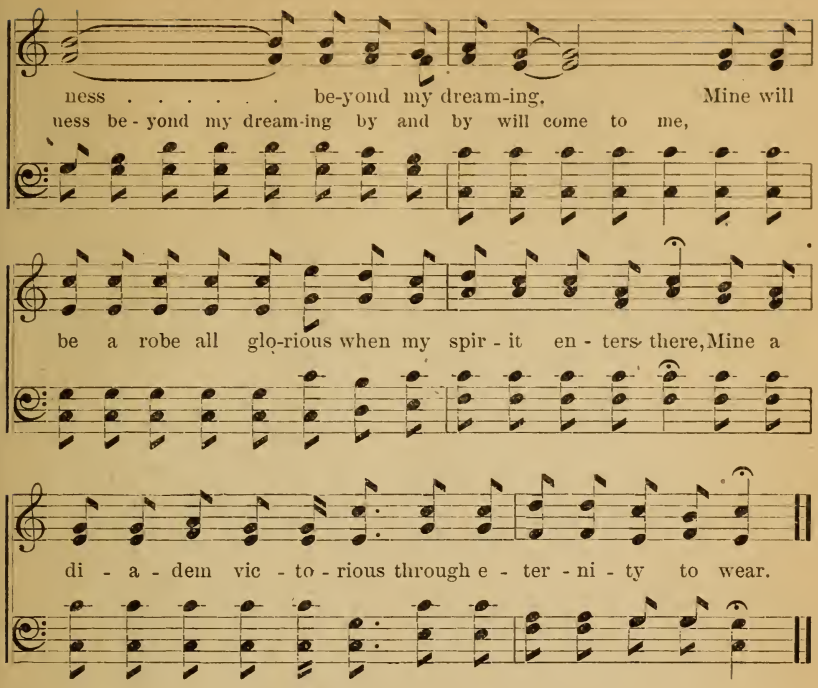
No. 80. Where the Pearly Gates Are Gleaming.

JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.


1. Where the pearl-y gates are gleaming, o'er the tide that dark-ly rolls, In the
2. Where the pearl-y gates are gleaming, an-gels wait for me to come, In sweet
3. Where the pearl-y gates are gleaming, rings the ho-ly Sav-iour's praise, Of his
light for-ev-er beam-ing is the home of blood-bought souls; To that
words like mu-sic seem-ing they will bid me wel-come home; There with
grace my soul re-deem-ing will I sing thro' end-less days; While bright
cit-y where im-mor-tals tread with awe the courts di-vine, We shall
lov'd ones re-u-nit-ed glad-ness o-ver grief shall reign, Cherished
mul-ti-tudes are sway-ing in their hands the vic-tor's palm, I will
en-ter through the por-tals which with lus-trous beau-ty shine.
hopes that death had blight-ed naught can e'er de-spoil a-gain.
join with them in say-ing: "Wor-thy, wor-thy is the Lamb."
CHORUS.
Where the pearl - - - y gates are gleaming, Hap-pi-
Where the pearl-y gates are gleam-ing on the shore I can-not see, Hap-pi-

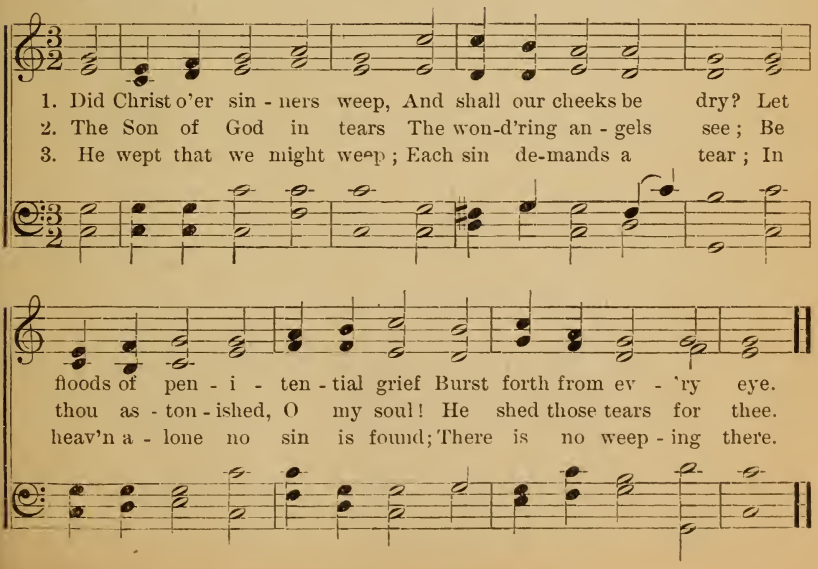
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Where the Pearly Gates Are Gleaming.


ness . . . . . be-yond my dream-ing, Mine will
ness be-yond my dream-ing by and by will come to me,
be a robe all glo-rious when my spir-it en-ters there, Mine a
di-a-dem vic-to-rious through e-ter-ni-ty to wear.

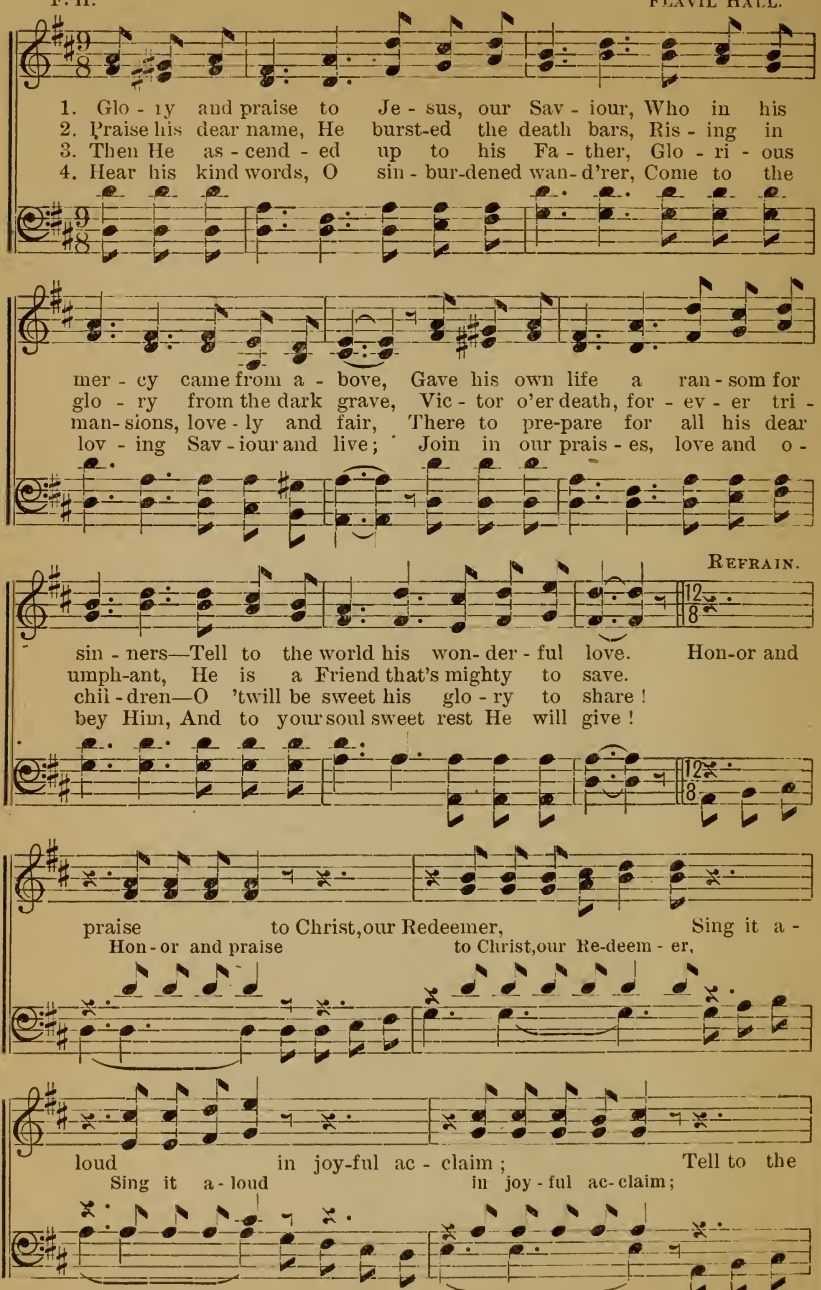
No. 81. Boylston.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. LOWELL MASON.
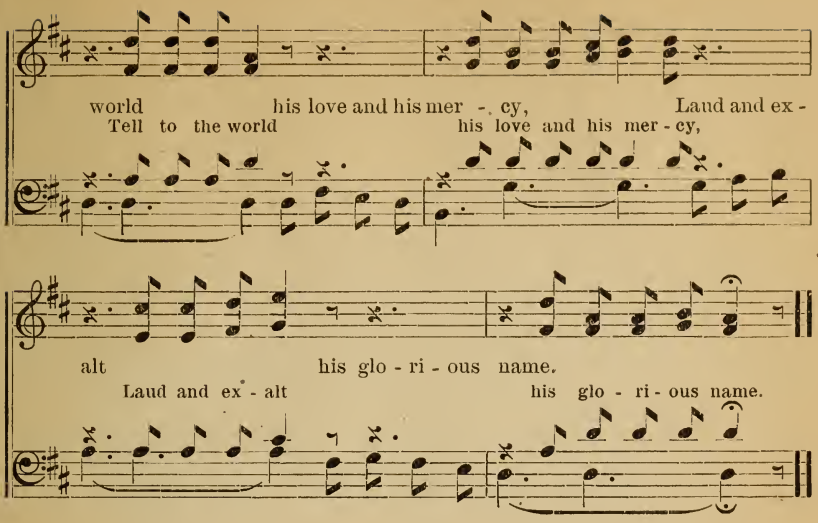

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The won-d'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear; In
floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a-lone no sin is found; There is no weep-ing there.

No. 82. Glory and Praise to Jesus.

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.

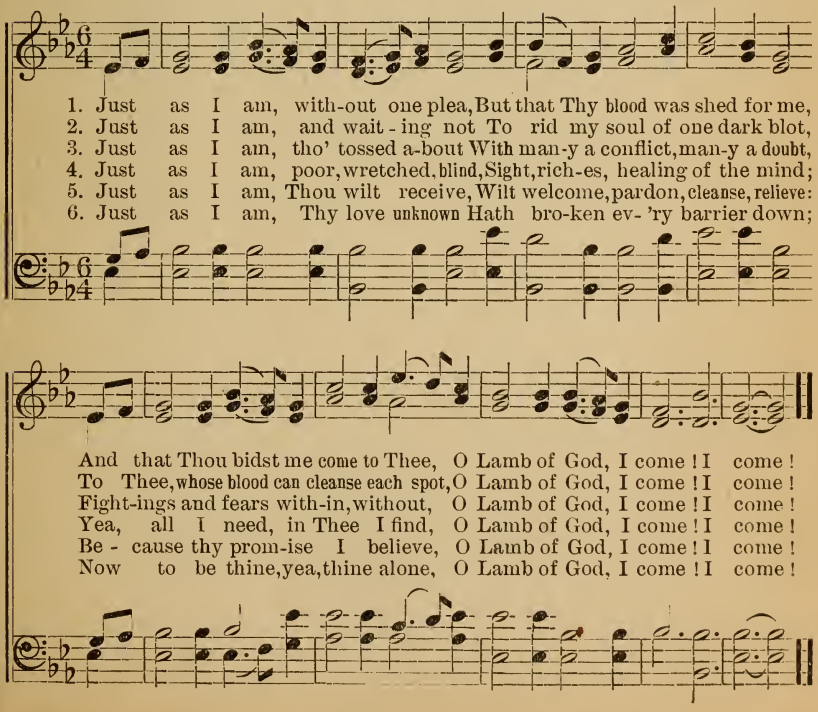

1. Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus, our Sav - iour, Who in his
2. Praise his dear name, He burst-ed the death bars, Ris - ing in
3. Then He as - cend - ed up to his Fa - ther, Glo - ri - ous
4. Hear his kind words, O sin - bur-dened wan- d'rer, Come to the
mer - cy came from a - bove, Gave his own life a ran - som for
glo - ry from the dark grave, Vic - tor o'er death, for - ev - er tri -
man- sions, love - ly and fair, There to pre-pare for all his dear
lov - ing Sav - iour and live; Join in our prais - es, love and o -
REFRAIN.
sin - ners—Tell to the world his won- der - ful love. Hon-or and
umph-ant, He is a Friend that's mighty to save.
chil - dren—O 'twill be sweet his glo - ry to share!
bey Him, And to your soul sweet rest He will give!
praise to Christ, our Redeemer, Sing it a -
Hon - or and praise to Christ, our Re-deem - er,
loud in joy-ful ac - claim; Tell to the
Sing it a - loud in joy - ful ac- claim;

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world his love and his mer - cy, Laud and ex -
Tell to the world his love and his mer - cy,
alt his glo - ri - ous name.
Laud and ex - alt his glo - ri - ous name.

No. 83. Woodworth.

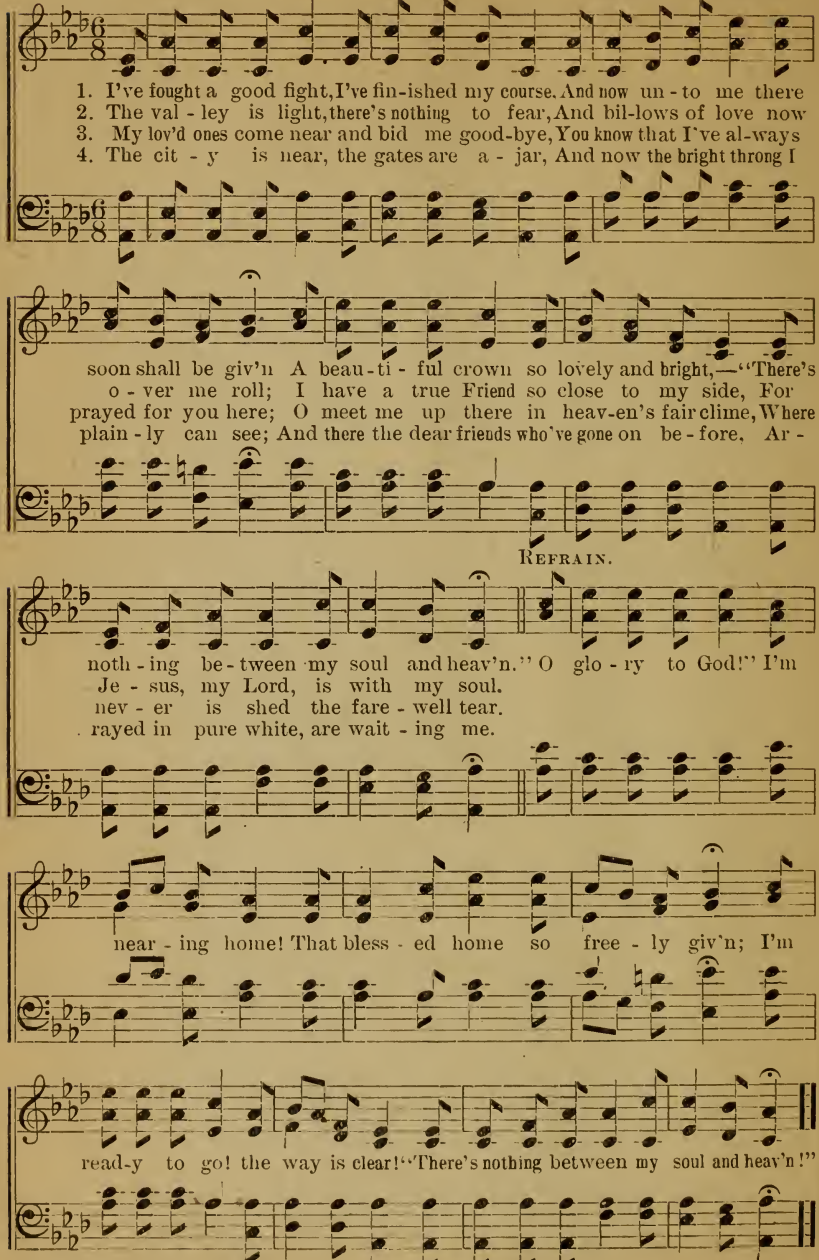
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a conflict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, healing of the mind;
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev- 'ry barrier down;
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
Fight-ings and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
Be - cause thy prom-ise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

No. 84. "Nothing Between My Soul and Heaven."

These were the words of my dear father while on his death-bed.—Rev. D. J. Proctor.

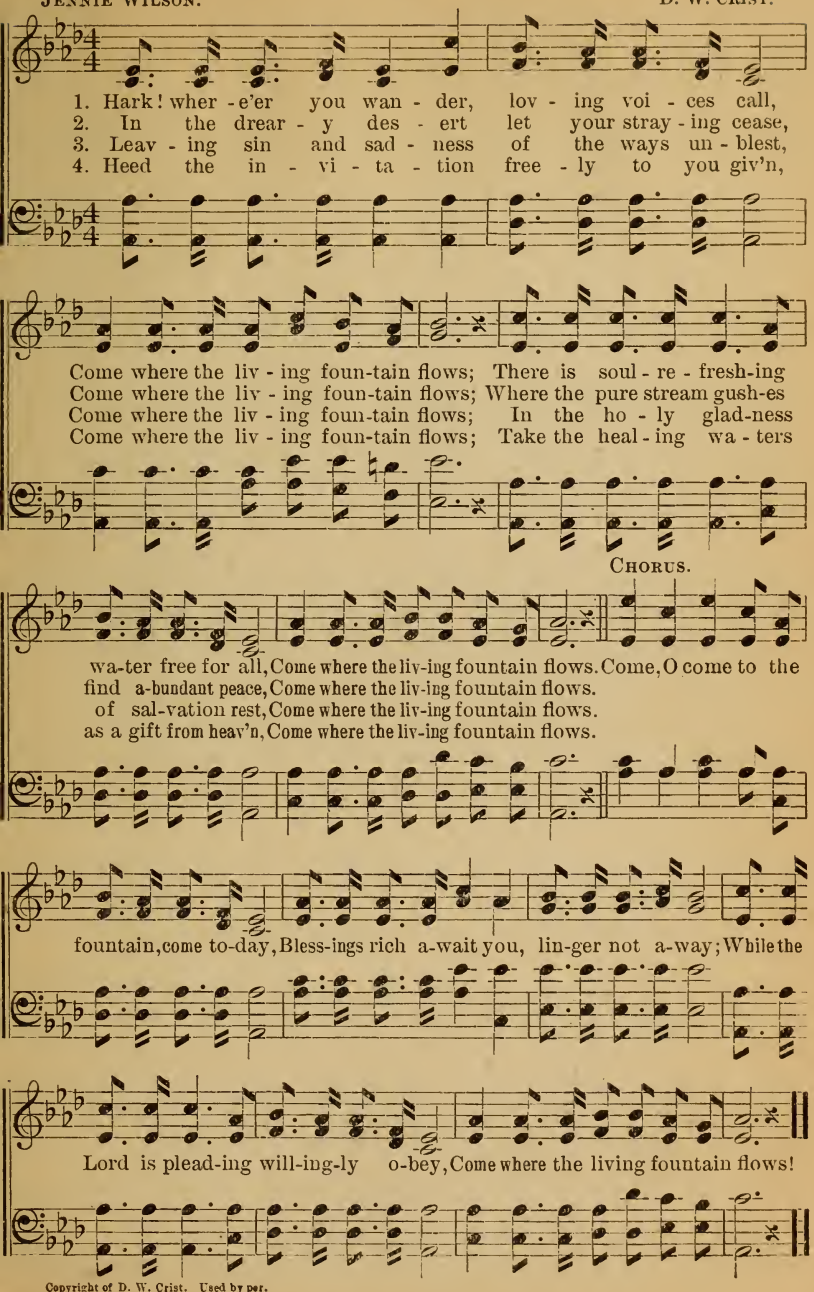
J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. I've fought a good fight, I've fin-ished my course. And now un - to me there
2. The val - ley is light, there's nothing to fear, And bil-lows of love now
3. My lov'd ones come near and bid me good-bye, You know that I've al-ways
4. The cit - y is near, the gates are a - jar, And now the bright throng I
soon shall be giv'n A beau - ti - ful crown so lovely and bright,—"There's
o - ver me roll; I have a true Friend so close to my side, For
prayed for you here; O meet me up there in heav-en's fair clime, Where
plain - ly can see; And there the dear friends who've gone on be - fore, Ar -
REFRAIN.
noth - ing be - tween my soul and heav'n." O glo - ry to God!" I'm
Je - sus, my Lord, is with my soul.
nev - er is shed the fare - well tear.
rayed in pure white, are wait - ing me.
near - ing home! That bless - ed home so free - ly giv'n; I'm
read-y to go! the way is clear! "There's nothing between my soul and heav'n!"

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No. 85. Where the Living Fountain Flows.

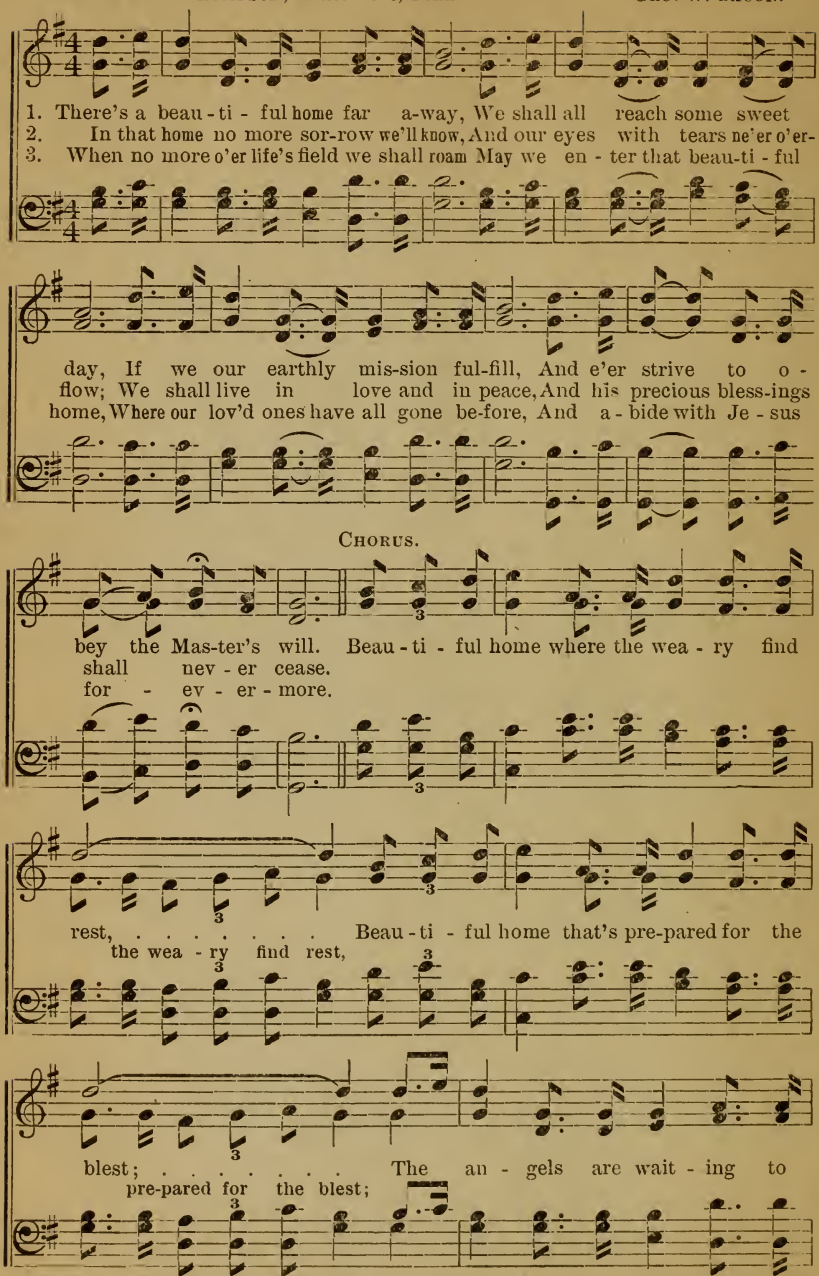
JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.


1. Hark! wher - e'er you wan - der, lov - ing voi - ces call,
2. In the drear - y des - ert let your stray - ing cease,
3. Leav - ing sin and sad - ness of the ways un - blest,
4. Heed the in - vi - ta - tion free - ly to you giv'n,
Come where the liv - ing foun-tain flows; There is soul - re - fresh-ing
Come where the liv - ing foun-tain flows; Where the pure stream gush-es
Come where the liv - ing foun-tain flows; In the ho - ly glad-ness
Come where the liv - ing foun-tain flows; Take the heal - ing wa - ters
CHORUS.
wa-ter free for all, Come where the liv-ing fountain flows. Come, O come to the
find a-bundant peace, Come where the liv-ing fountain flows.
of sal-vation rest, Come where the liv-ing fountain flows.
as a gift from heav'n, Come where the liv-ing fountain flows.
fountain, come to-day, Bless-ings rich a-wait you, lin-ger not a-way; While the
Lord is plead-ing will-ing-ly o-bey, Come where the living fountain flows!

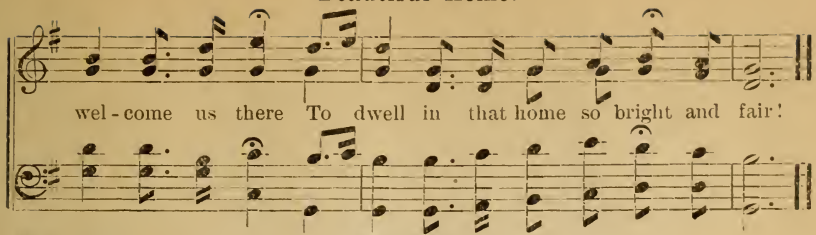
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No. 86. Beautiful Home.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON, White Pine, Tenn. GEO. W. BACON.


1. There's a beau-ti-ful home far a-way, We shall all reach some sweet
2. In that home no more sor-row we'll know, And our eyes with tears ne'er o'er-
3. When no more o'er life's field we shall roam May we en-ter that beau-ti-ful
day, If we our earthly mis-sion ful-fill, And e'er strive to o-
flow; We shall live in love and in peace, And his precious bless-ings
home, Where our lov'd ones have all gone be-fore, And a-bide with Je-sus
CHORUS.
bey the Mas-ter's will. Beau-ti-ful home where the wea-ry find
shall nev-er cease.
for - ev-er-more.
rest, ... Beau-ti-ful home that's pre-pared for the
the wea-ry find rest,
blest; . . . . . The an-gels are wait-ing to
pre-pared for the blest;

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No. 87. Martyn.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want, More then all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;

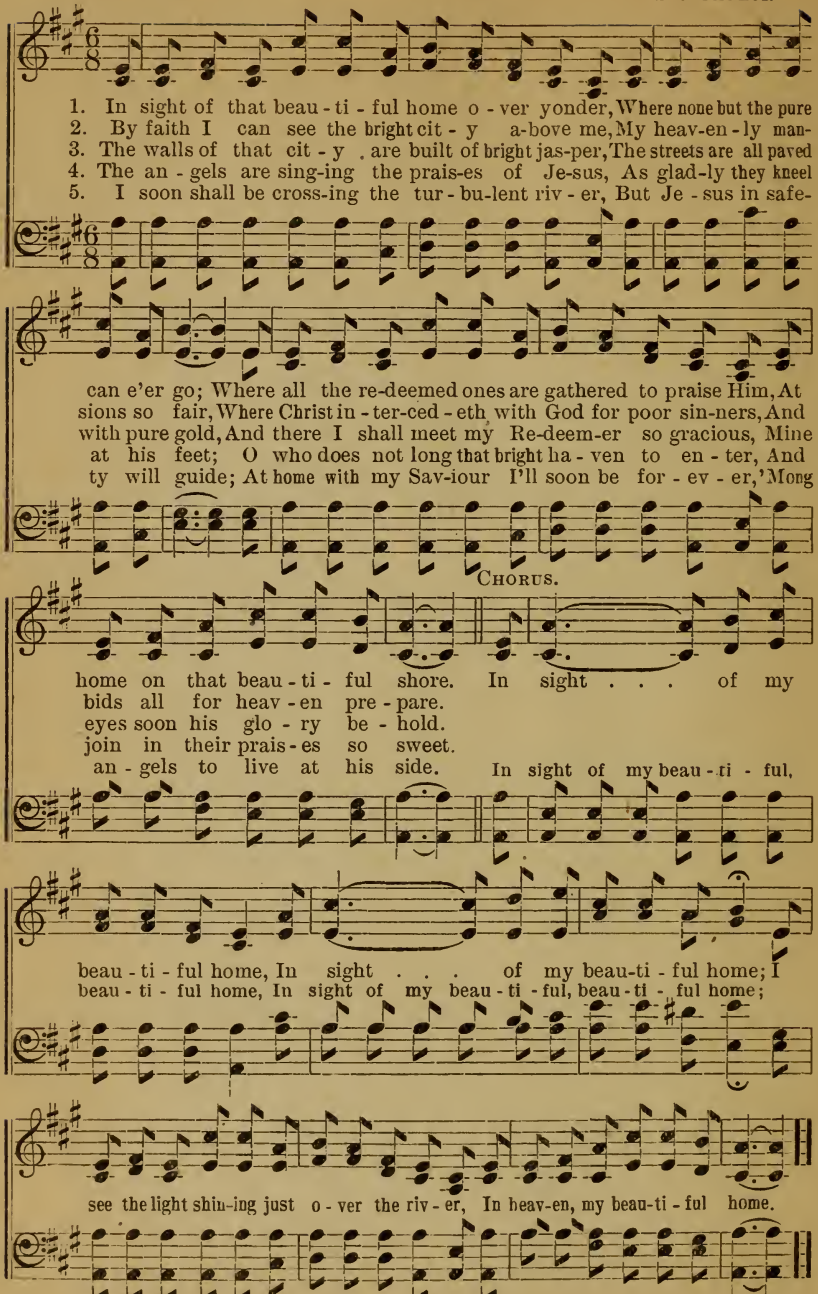
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;

Hide me, oh! my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-righteous - ness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 88. In Sight of Home.

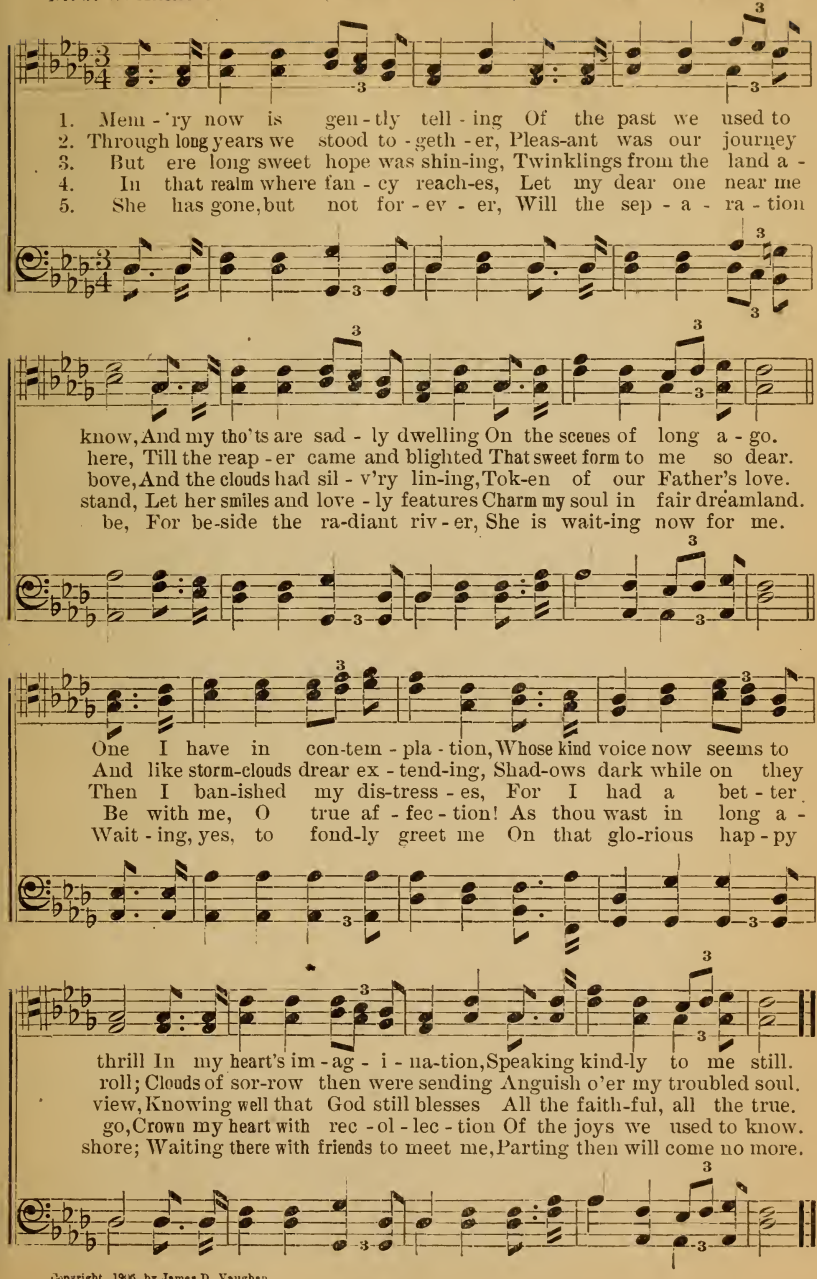
L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.


1. In sight of that beau - ti - ful home o - ver yonder, Where none but the pure
2. By faith I can see the bright cit - y a-bove me, My heav-en - ly man-
3. The walls of that cit - y are built of bright jas-per, The streets are all paved
4. The an - gels are sing-ing the prais-es of Je-sus, As glad-ly they kneel
5. I soon shall be cross-ing the tur - bu-lent riv - er, But Je - sus in safe-
can e'er go; Where all the re-deemed ones are gathered to praise Him, At
sions so fair, Where Christ in - ter-ced - eth with God for poor sin-ners, And
with pure gold, And there I shall meet my Re-deem-er so gracious, Mine
at his feet; O who does not long that bright ha - ven to en - ter, And
ty will guide; At home with my Sav-iour I'll soon be for - ev - er, 'Mong
CHORUS.
home on that beau - ti - ful shore. In sight . . . of my
bids all for heav - en pre - pare.
eyes soon his glo - ry be - hold.
join in their prais - es so sweet.
an - gels to live at his side. In sight of my beau - ti - ful,
beau - ti - ful home, In sight . . . of my beau-ti - ful home; I
beau - ti - ful home, In sight of my beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home;
see the light shin-ing just o - ver the riv - er, In heav-en, my beau-ti - ful home.

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No. 89. Meditation.

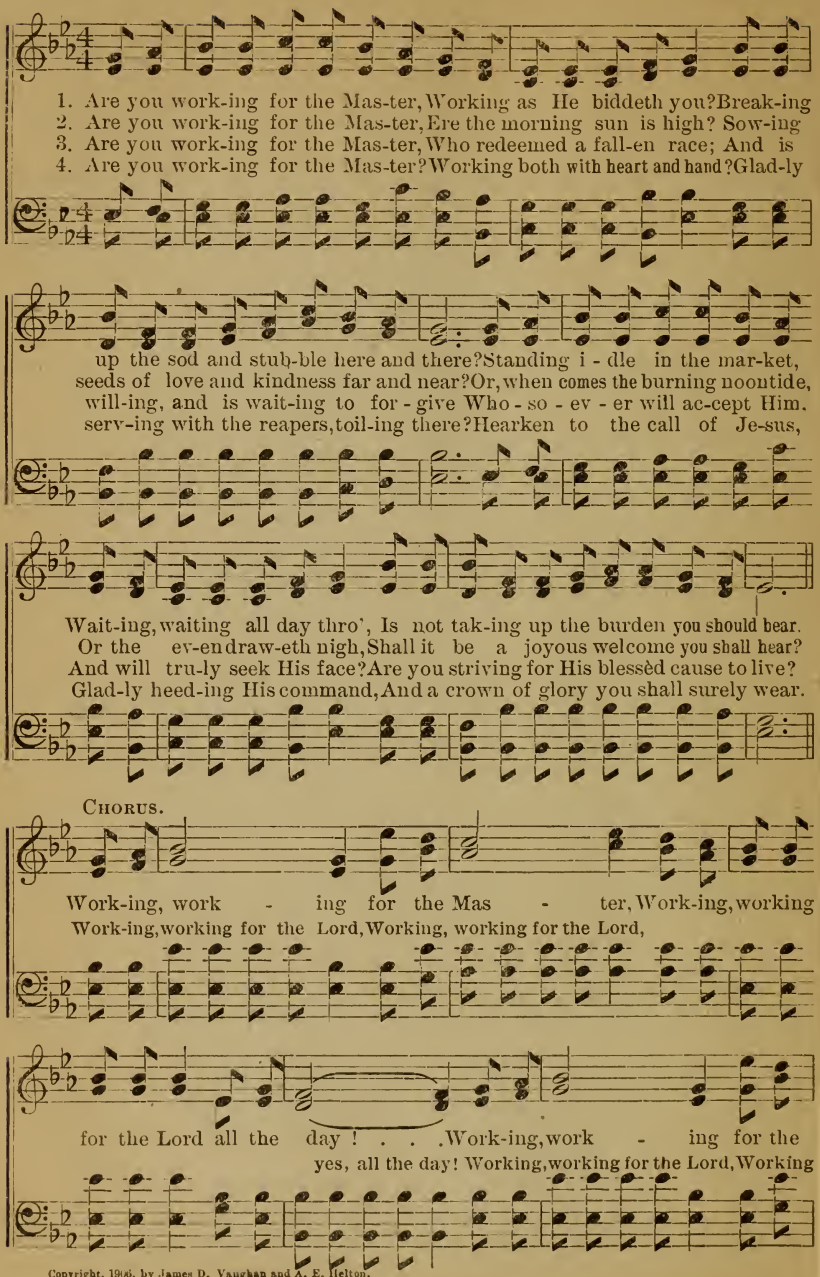
Dr. J. W. HARMON. (MALE VOICES.) JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Mem - 'ry now is gen - tly tell - ing Of the past we used to
2. Through long years we stood to - geth - er, Pleas-ant was our journey
3. But ere long sweet hope was shin-ing, Twinklings from the land a -
4. In that realm where fan - cy reach-es, Let my dear one near me
5. She has gone, but not for - ev - er, Will the sep - a - ra - tion
know, And my tho'ts are sad - ly dwelling On the scenes of long a - go.
here, Till the reap - er came and blighted That sweet form to me so dear.
bove, And the clouds had sil - v'ry lin-ing, Tok-en of our Father's love.
stand, Let her smiles and love - ly features Charm my soul in fair dreamland.
be, For be-side the ra-diant riv - er, She is wait-ing now for me.
One I have in con-tem - pla - tion, Whose kind voice now seems to
And like storm-clouds drear ex - tend-ing, Shad-ows dark while on they
Then I ban-ished my dis-tress - es, For I had a bet - ter
Be with me, O true af - fec - tion! As thou wast in long a -
Wait - ing, yes, to fond-ly greet me On that glo-rious hap - py
thrill In my heart's im - ag - i - na-tion, Speaking kind-ly to me still.
roll; Clouds of sor-row then were sending Anguish o'er my troubled soul.
view, Knowing well that God still blesses All the faith-ful, all the true.
go, Crown my heart with rec - ol - lec - tion Of the joys we used to know.
shore; Waiting there with friends to meet me, Parting then will come no more.

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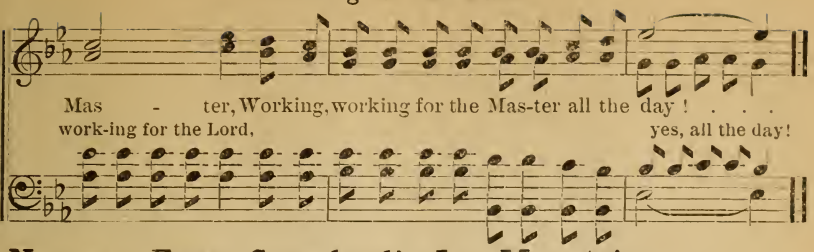
No. 90. Working for the Master.

E. R. Latta. A. E. Helton.


1. Are you work-ing for the Mas-ter, Working as He biddeth you? Break-ing
2. Are you work-ing for the Mas-ter, Ere the morning sun is high? Sow-ing
3. Are you work-ing for the Mas-ter, Who redeemed a fall-en race; And is
4. Are you work-ing for the Mas-ter? Working both with heart and hand? Glad-ly
up the sod and stub-ble here and there? Standing i - dle in the mar-ket,
seeds of love and kindness far and near? Or, when comes the burning noontide,
will-ing, and is wait-ing to for - give Who - so - ev - er will ac-cept Him.
serv-ing with the reapers, toil-ing there? Hearken to the call of Je-sus,
Wait-ing, waiting all day thro', Is not tak-ing up the burden you should bear.
Or the ev-en draw-eth nigh, Shall it be a joyous welcome you shall hear?
And will tru-ly seek His face? Are you striving for His blessèd cause to live?
Glad-ly heed-ing His command, And a crown of glory you shall surely wear.
Chorus.
Work-ing, work - ing for the Mas - ter, Work-ing, working
Work-ing, working for the Lord, Working, working for the Lord,
for the Lord all the day ! . . . Work-ing, work - ing for the
yes, all the day! Working, working for the Lord, Working
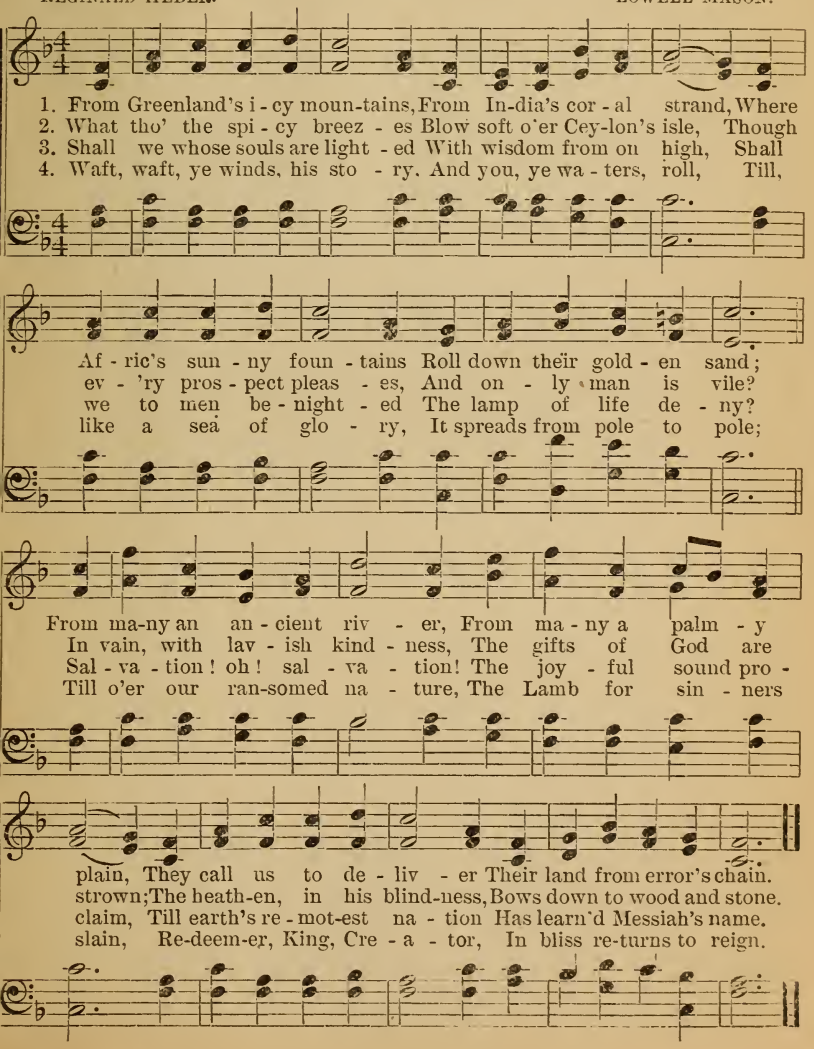
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Working for the Master.
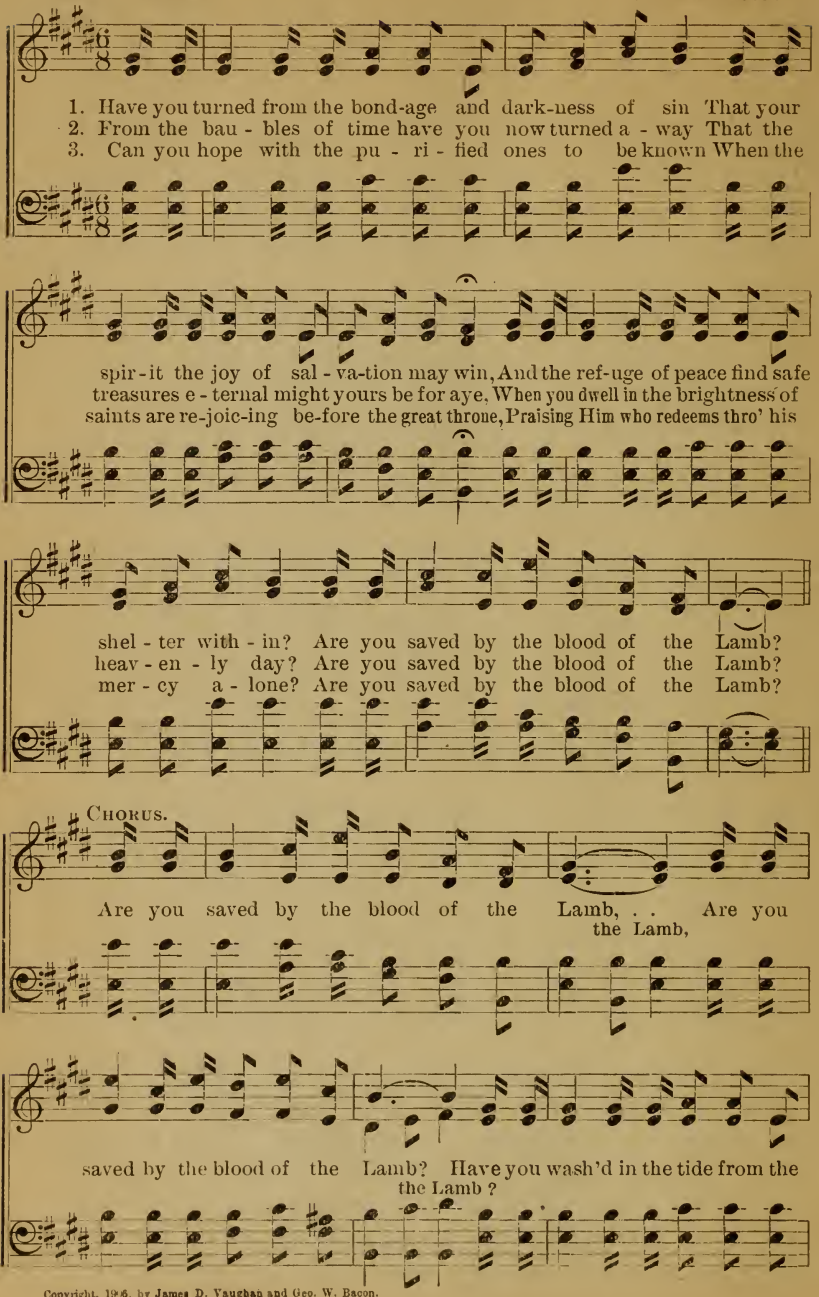


No. 91. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.


1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle, Though
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wisdom from on high, Shall
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till,
Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From ma-ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are
Sal - va - tion! oh! sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro -
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners
plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
strown; The heath-en, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
claim, Till earth's re - mot-est na - tion Has learn'd Messiah's name.
slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

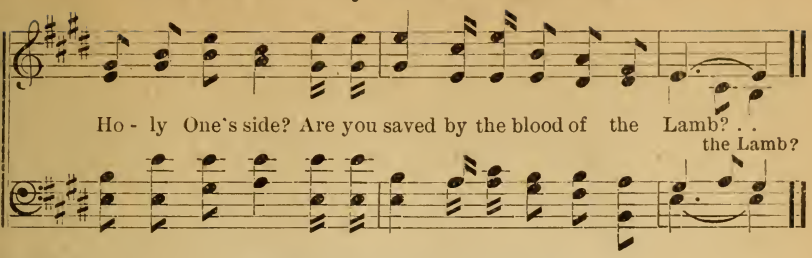
No. 92. Are You Saved by the Blood of the Lamb?

JENNIE WILSON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Have you turned from the bond-age and dark-ness of sin That your
2. From the bau - bles of time have you now turned a - way That the
3. Can you hope with the pu - ri - fied ones to be known When the
spir-it the joy of sal - va-tion may win, And the ref-uge of peace find safe
treasures e - ternal might yours be for aye, When you dwell in the brightness of
saints are re-joic-ing be-fore the great throne, Praising Him who redeems thro' his
shel - ter with - in? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb?
heav - en - ly day? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb?
mer - cy a - lone? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb?
CHORUS.
Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb, . . Are you
the Lamb,
saved by the blood of the Lamb? Have you wash'd in the tide from the
the Lamb ?

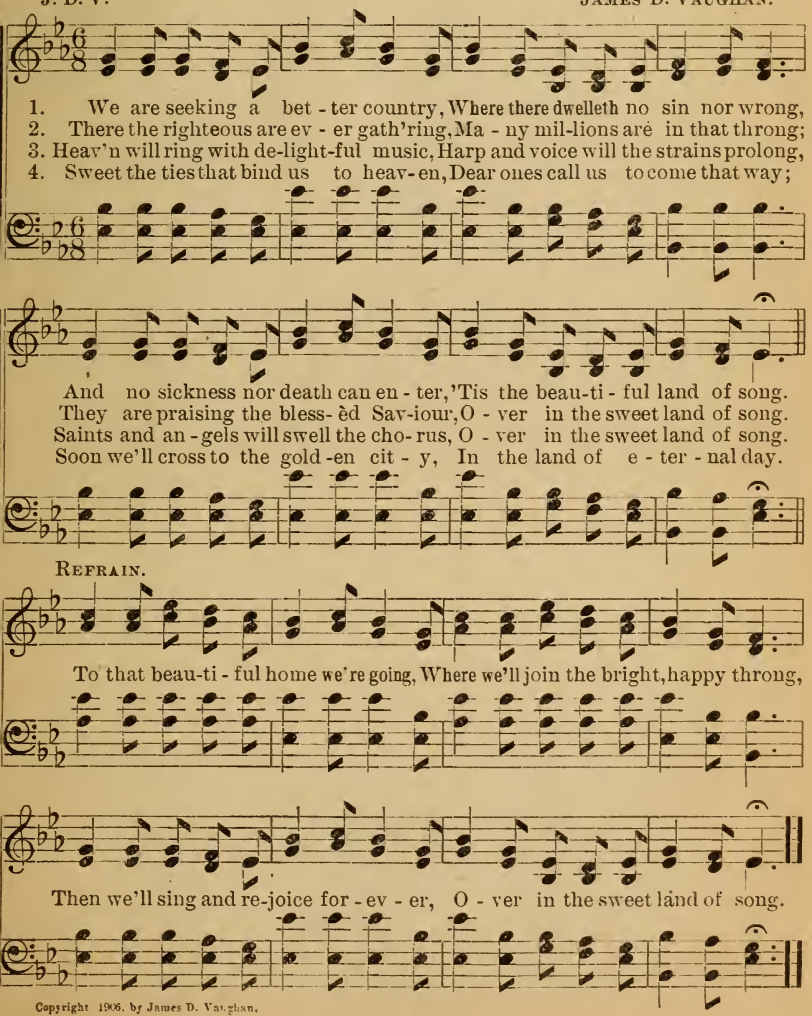
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Are You Saved by the Blood of the Lamb?



No. 93. Sweet Land of Song.

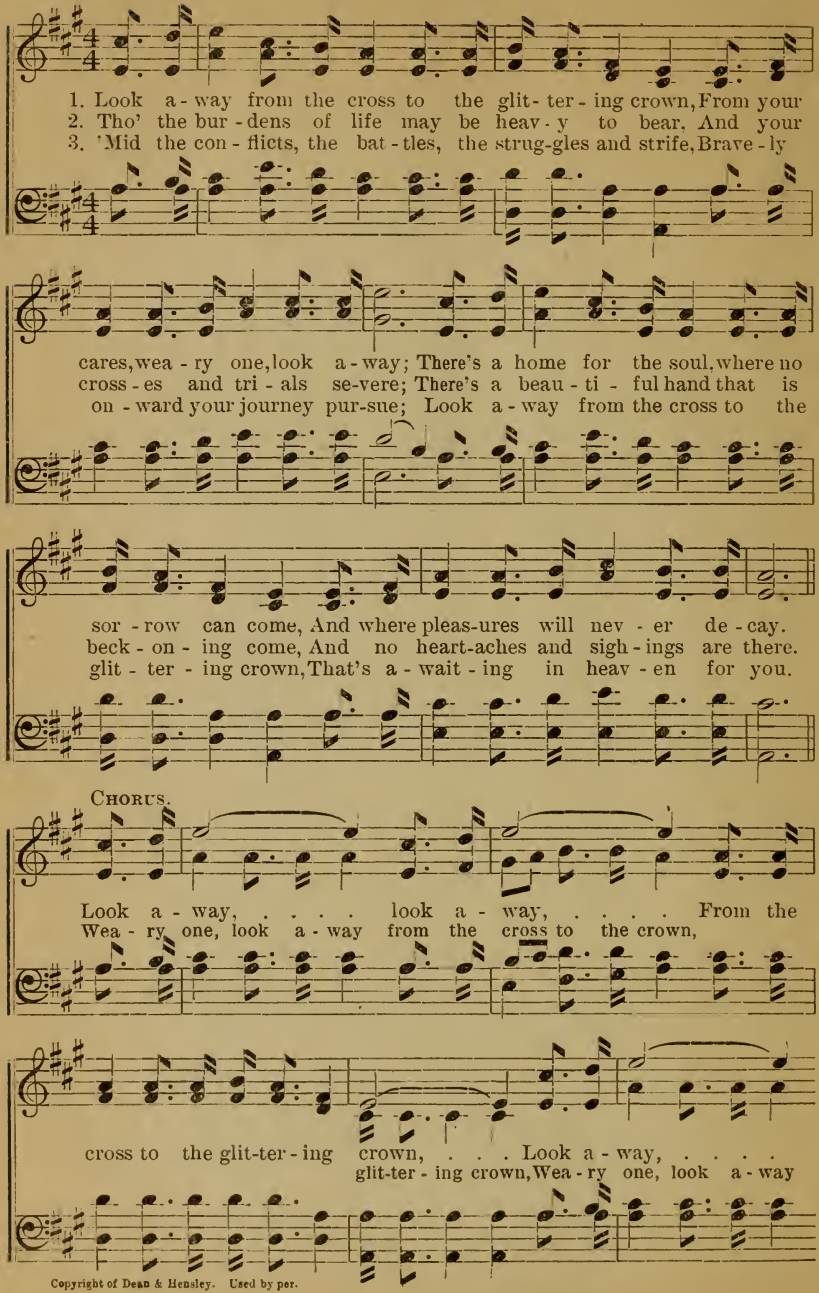
J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. We are seeking a bet - ter country, Where there dwelleth no sin nor wrong,
2. There the righteous are ev - er gath'ring, Ma - ny mil-lions are in that throng;
3. Heav'n will ring with de-light-ful music, Harp and voice will the strains prolong,
4. Sweet the ties that bind us to heav- en, Dear ones call us to come that way;
And no sickness nor death can en - ter, 'Tis the beau-ti - ful land of song.
They are praising the bless- èd Sav-iour, O - ver in the sweet land of song.
Saints and an - gels will swell the cho- rus, O - ver in the sweet land of song.
Soon we'll cross to the gold -en cit - y, In the land of e - ter - nal day.
REFRAIN.
To that beau-ti - ful home we're going, Where we'll join the bright, happy throng,
Then we'll sing and re-joice for - ev - er, O - ver in the sweet land of song.

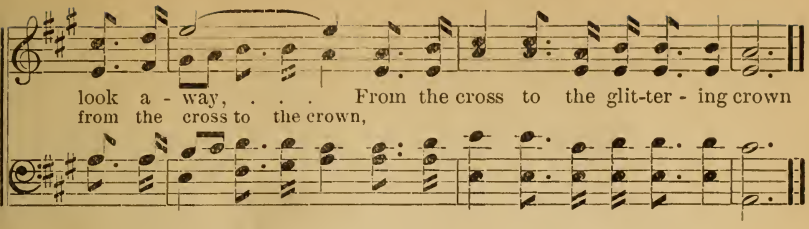
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No. 94. From the Cross to the Crown.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

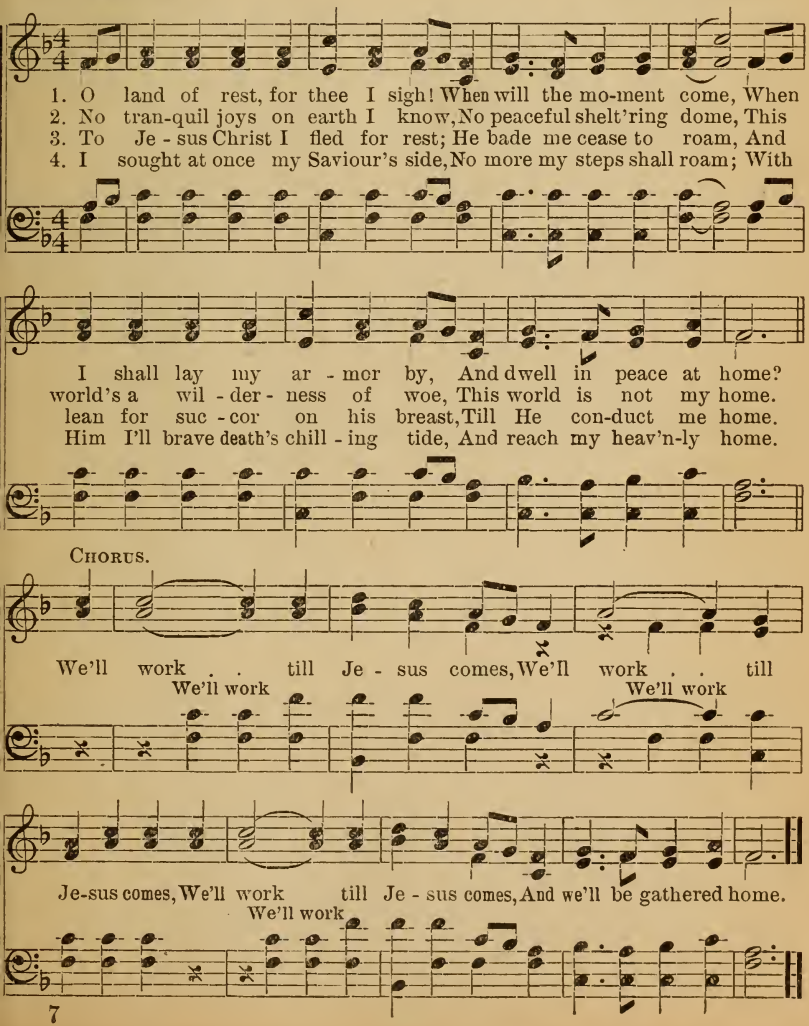

1. Look a - way from the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown, From your
2. Tho' the bur - dens of life may be heav - y to bear, And your
3. 'Mid the con - flicts, the bat - tles, the strug-gles and strife, Brave - ly
cares, wea - ry one, look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no
cross - es and tri - als se-vere; There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is
on - ward your journey pur-sue; Look a - way from the cross to the
sor - row can come, And where pleas-ures will nev - er de - cay.
beck - on - ing come, And no heart-aches and sigh - ings are there.
glit - ter - ing crown, That's a - wait - ing in heav - en for you.
CHORUS.
Look a - way, ... look a - way, ... From the
Wea - ry one, look a - way from the cross to the crown,
cross to the glit-ter - ing crown, . . . Look a - way, ...
glit-ter - ing crown, Wea - ry one, look a - way

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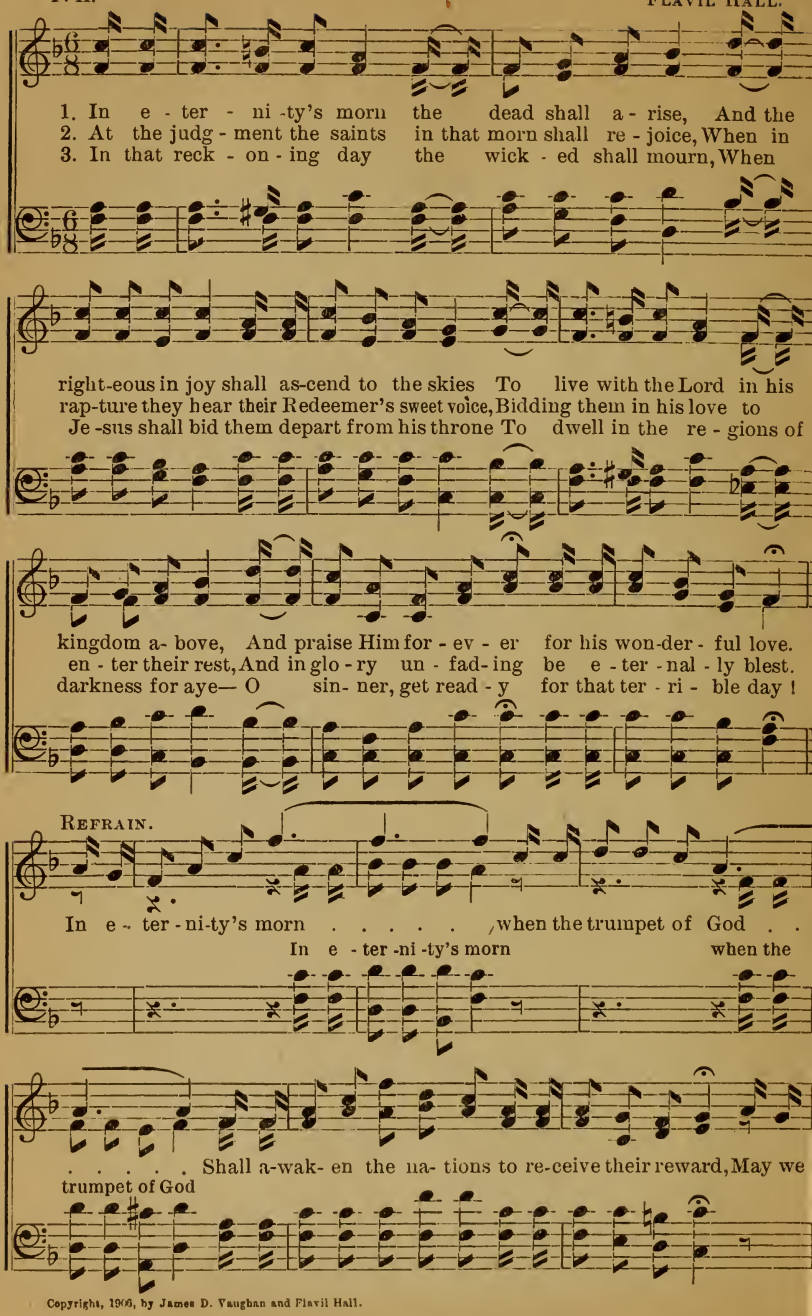


No. 95. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come, When
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With
I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till He con-duct me home.
Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work . . till Je - sus comes, We'll work . . till
We'll work
We'll work
Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work
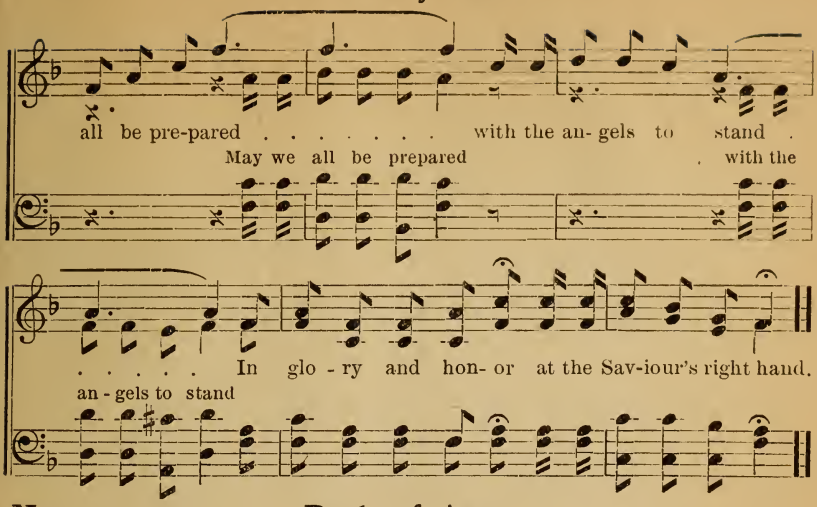
No. 96. In Eternity's Morn.

F. H. FLAVIL HALL.


1. In e - ter - ni - ty's morn the dead shall a - rise, And the
2. At the judg - ment the saints in that morn shall re - joice, When in
3. In that reck - on - ing day the wick - ed shall mourn, When
right-eous in joy shall as-cend to the skies To live with the Lord in his
rap-ture they hear their Redeemer's sweet voice, Bidding them in his love to
Je -sus shall bid them depart from his throne To dwell in the re - gions of
kingdom a- bove, And praise Him for - ev - er for his won-der - ful love.
en - ter their rest, And in glo - ry un - fad - ing be e - ter - nal - ly blest.
darkness for aye— O sin- ner, get read - y for that ter - ri - ble day!
REFRAIN.
In e - ter - ni - ty's morn . . . . . when the trumpet of God . .
In e - ter - ni - ty's morn when the
. . . . . Shall a-wak- en the na- tions to re-ceive their reward, May we
trumpet of God
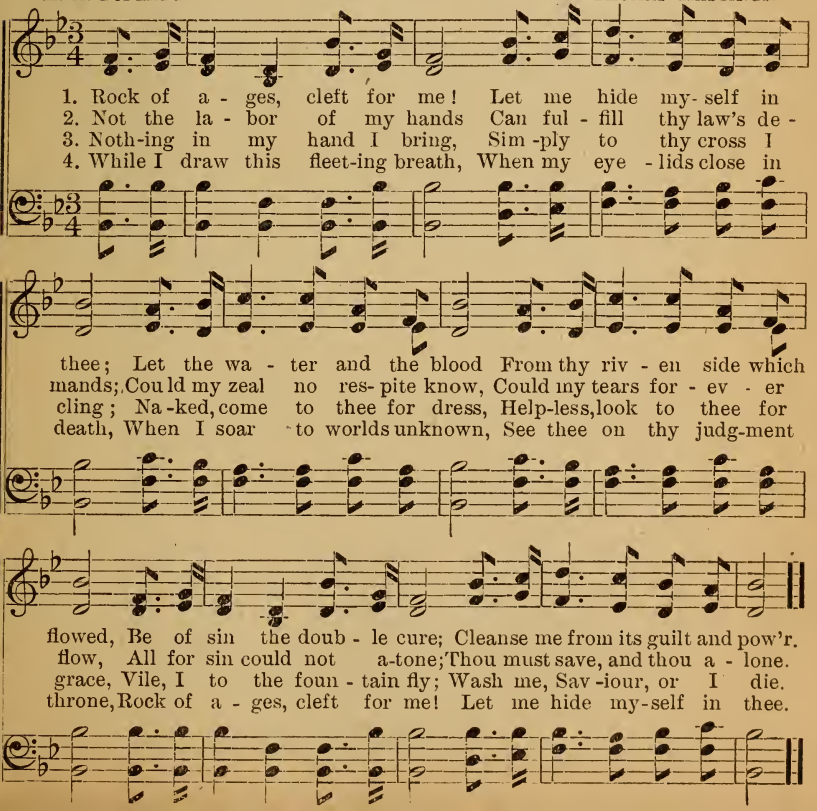
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In Eternity's Morn.


all be pre-pared . . . . . with the an-gels to stand .
May we all be prepared . with the
. . . . . In glo-ry and hon-or at the Sav-iour's right hand.
an-gels to stand

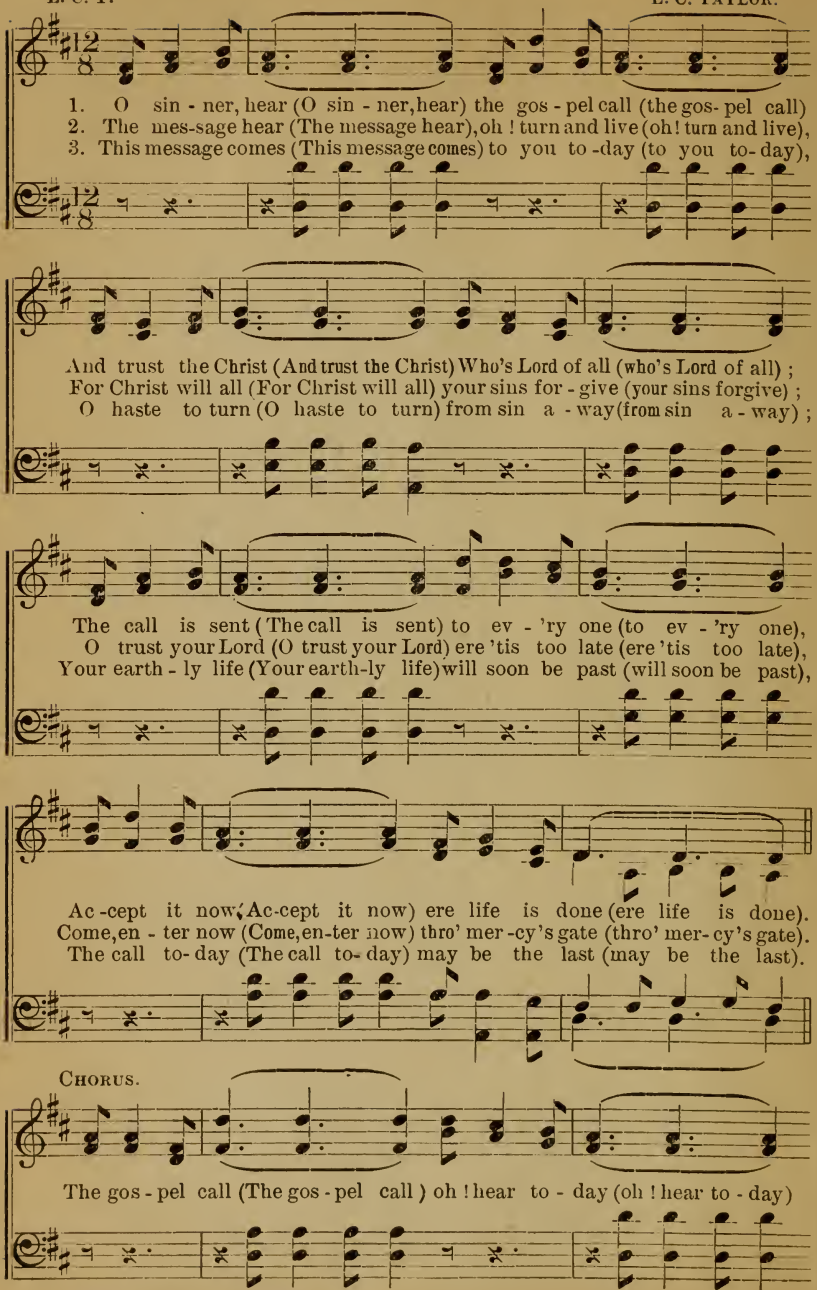
No. 97. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

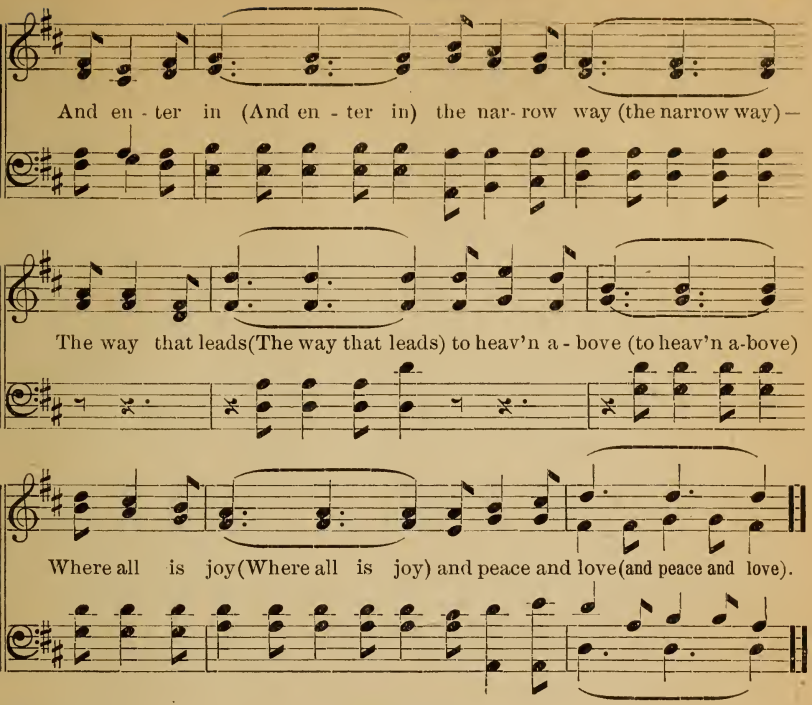

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fill thy law's de-
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-lids close in
thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood From thy riv-en side which
mands; Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ev-er
cling; Na-ked, come to thee for dress, Help-less, look to thee for
death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judg-ment
flowed, Be of sin the doub-le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
flow, All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou a-lone.
grace, Vile, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
throne, Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee.

No. 98. The Gospel Message.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.

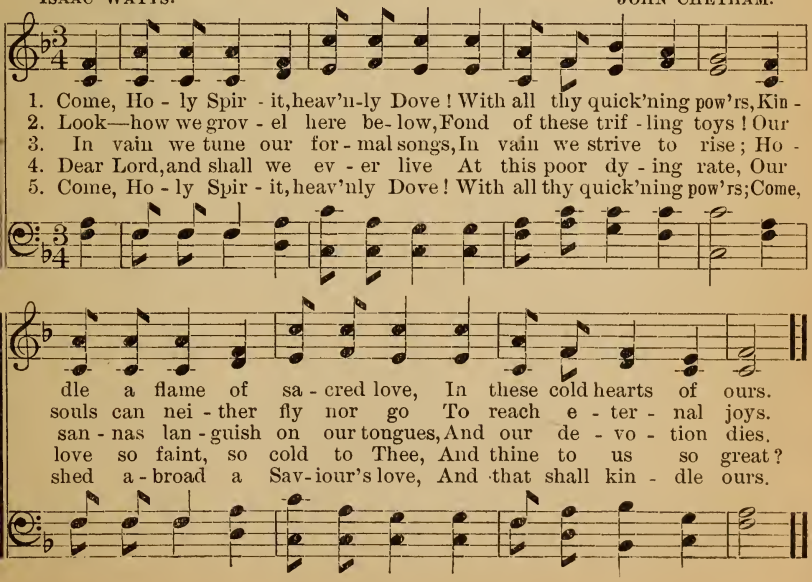

1. O sin - ner, hear (O sin - ner, hear) the gos - pel call (the gos- pel call)
2. The mes-sage hear (The message hear), oh ! turn and live (oh! turn and live),
3. This message comes (This message comes) to you to -day (to you to- day),
And trust the Christ (And trust the Christ) Who's Lord of all (who's Lord of all) ;
For Christ will all (For Christ will all) your sins for - give (your sins forgive) ;
O haste to turn (O haste to turn) from sin a - way (from sin a - way) ;
The call is sent (The call is sent) to ev - 'ry one (to ev - 'ry one),
O trust your Lord (O trust your Lord) ere 'tis too late (ere 'tis too late),
Your earth - ly life (Your earth-ly life) will soon be past (will soon be past),
Ac -cept it now (Ac-cept it now) ere life is done (ere life is done).
Come, en - ter now (Come, en-ter now) thro' mer -cy's gate (thro' mer- cy's gate).
The call to- day (The call to- day) may be the last (may be the last).
CHORUS.
The gos - pel call (The gos - pel call) oh ! hear to - day (oh ! hear to - day)

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And en - ter in (And en - ter in) the nar- row way (the narrow way) —
The way that leads(The way that leads) to heav'n a - bove (to heav'n a-bove)
Where all is joy(Where all is joy) and peace and love(and peace and love).

No. 99. Marlow.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN CHETHAM.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kin -
2. Look—how we grov - el here be- low, Fond of these trif - ling toys! Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho -
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate, Our
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Come,
dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
souls can nei - ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And thine to us so great?
shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 100. Mother, Home and Heaven.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Moth - er died re - joic - ing in a Sav-iour's love, She is
2. We are pil - grims, wand'ring in this world be - low, But we
3. Soon the Lord will call from la - bor to re - ward, Then we'll
4. Though the road be long and drear - y here be - low, And life's

sing - ing with the an - gels in the sky; I am
seek a shin - ing cit - y that's to come; Aft - er
meet in heav'n to part, no, nev - er - more; 'Twill be
heav - y bur - dens seem too great to bear, We shall

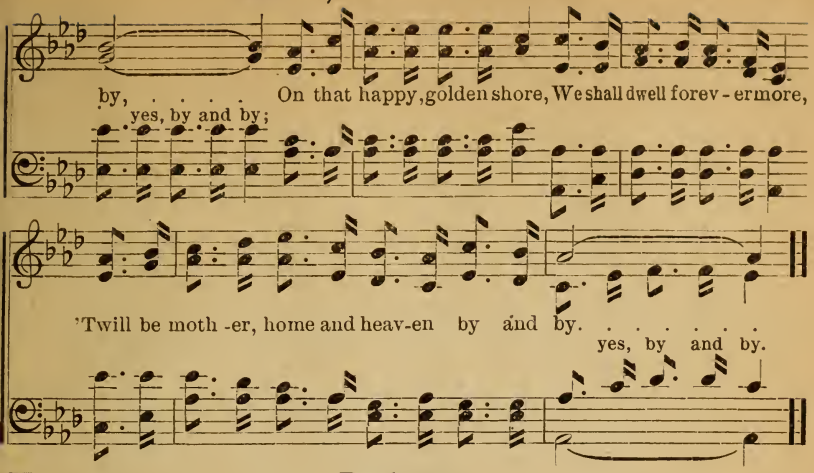
walk - ing in the good, old-fashioned way, And I know I'll live with
all the work as-signed us here is done, We shall rest in peace for -
sweet to greet our loved ones in that clime, And to bask in bliss up -
be re-ward - ed for our ser - vice here, And for - got will be our

REFRAIN.

moth - er by and by. 'Twill be moth-er, home and heav-en by and
ev - er safe at home.
on the gold - en shore.
sor - rows o - ver there.
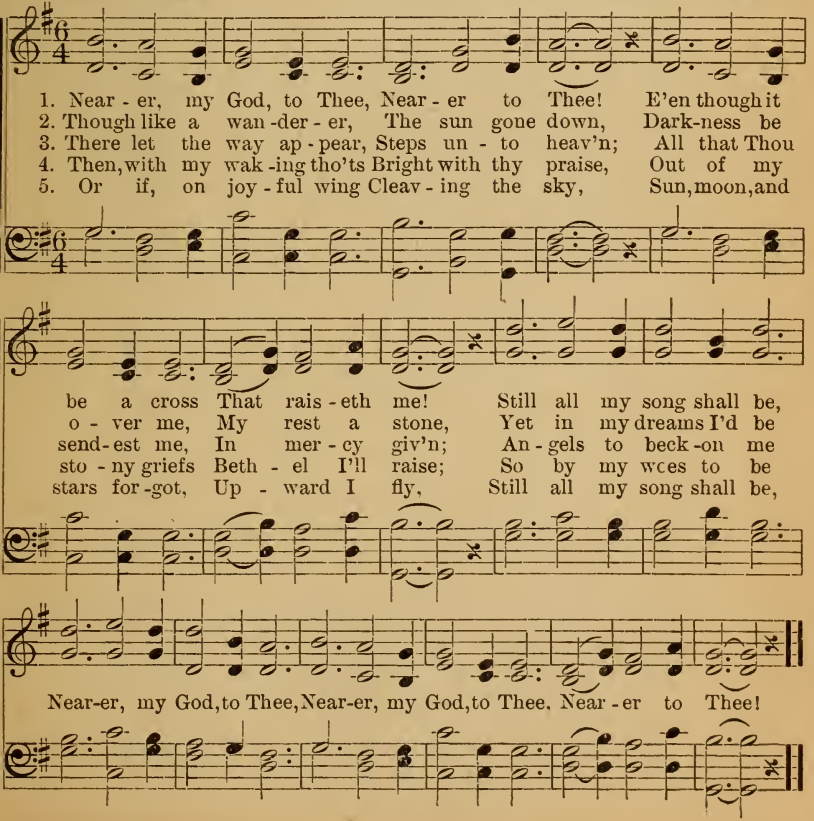
by, ... 'Twill be moth - er, home, and heav - en by and
by and by,

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by, ... On that happy, golden shore, We shall dwell forev - er more,
yes, by and by;
'Twill be moth - er, home and heav - en by and by. . . . . .
yes, by and by.

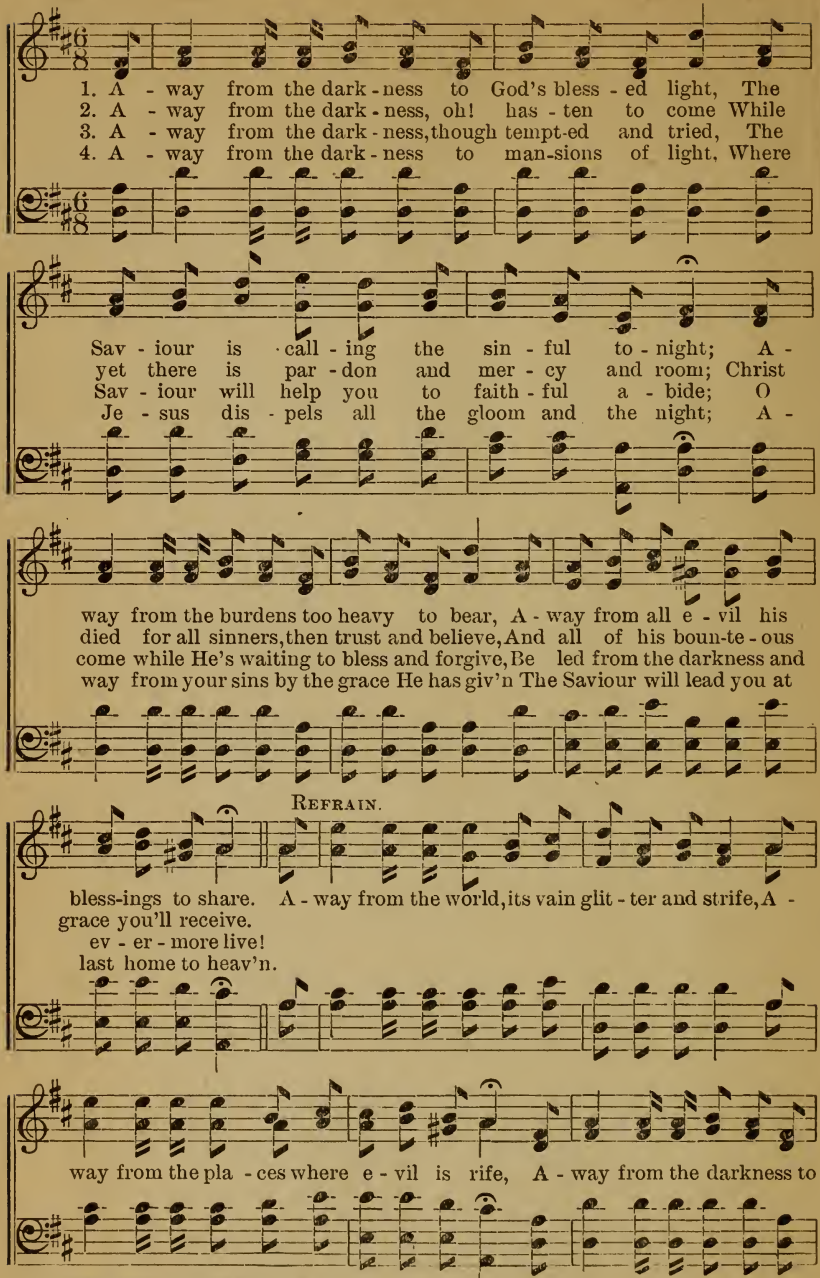
No. 101. Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

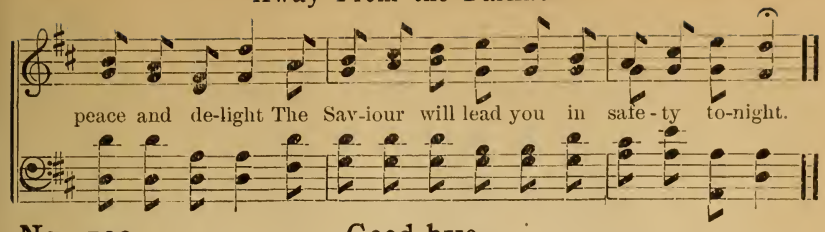

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

No. 102. Away From the Darkness.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. A - way from the dark - ness to God's bless - ed light, The
2. A - way from the dark - ness, oh! has - ten to come While
3. A - way from the dark - ness, though tempt-ed and tried, The
4. A - way from the dark - ness to man-sions of light, Where
Sav - iour is call - ing the sin - ful to - night; A -
yet there is par - don and mer - cy and room; Christ
Sav - iour will help you to faith - ful a - bide; O
Je - sus dis - pels all the gloom and the night; A -
way from the burdens too heavy to bear, A - way from all e - vil his
died for all sinners, then trust and believe, And all of his boun-te - ous
come while He's waiting to bless and forgive, Be led from the darkness and
way from your sins by the grace He has giv'n The Saviour will lead you at
REFRAIN.
bless-ings to share. A - way from the world, its vain glit - ter and strife, A -
grace you'll receive.
ev - er - more live!
last home to heav'n.
way from the pla - ces where e - vil is rife, A - way from the darkness to

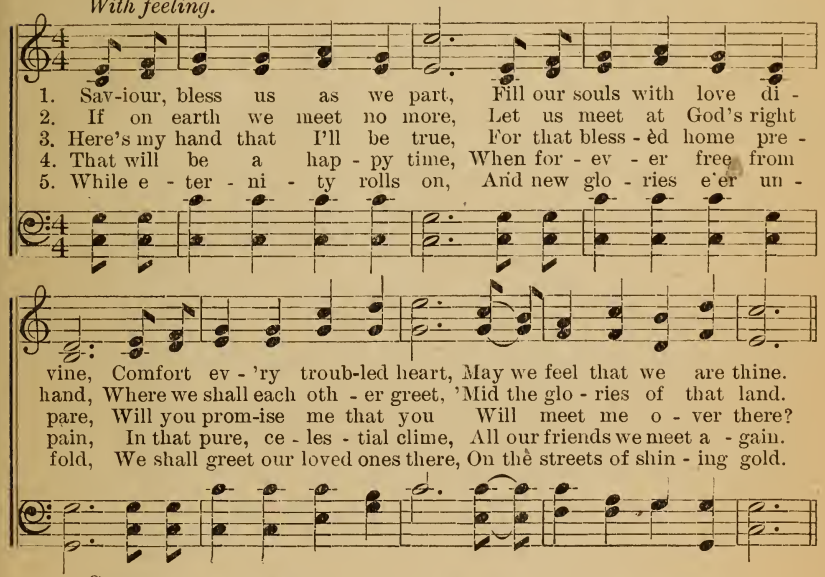
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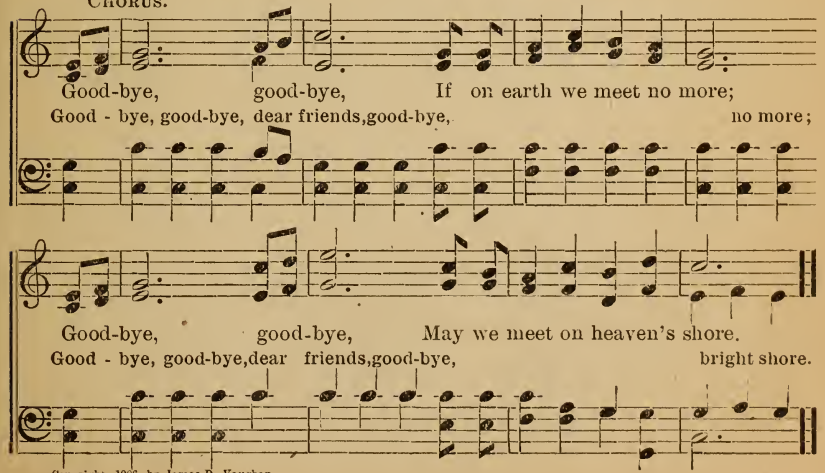
No. 103. Good-bye.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.


1. Sav-iour, bless us as we part, Fill our souls with love di-
2. If on earth we meet no more, Let us meet at God's right
3. Here's my hand that I'll be true, For that bless-èd home pre-
4. That will be a hap-py time, When for-ev-er free from
5. While e-ter-ni-ty rolls on, And new glo-ries e'er un-
vine, Comfort ev-'ry troub-led heart, May we feel that we are thine.
hand, Where we shall each oth-er greet, 'Mid the glo-ries of that land.
pare, Will you prom-ise me that you Will meet me o-ver there?
pain, In that pure, ce-les-tial clime, All our friends we meet a-gain.
fold, We shall greet our loved ones there, On thè streets of shin-ing gold.

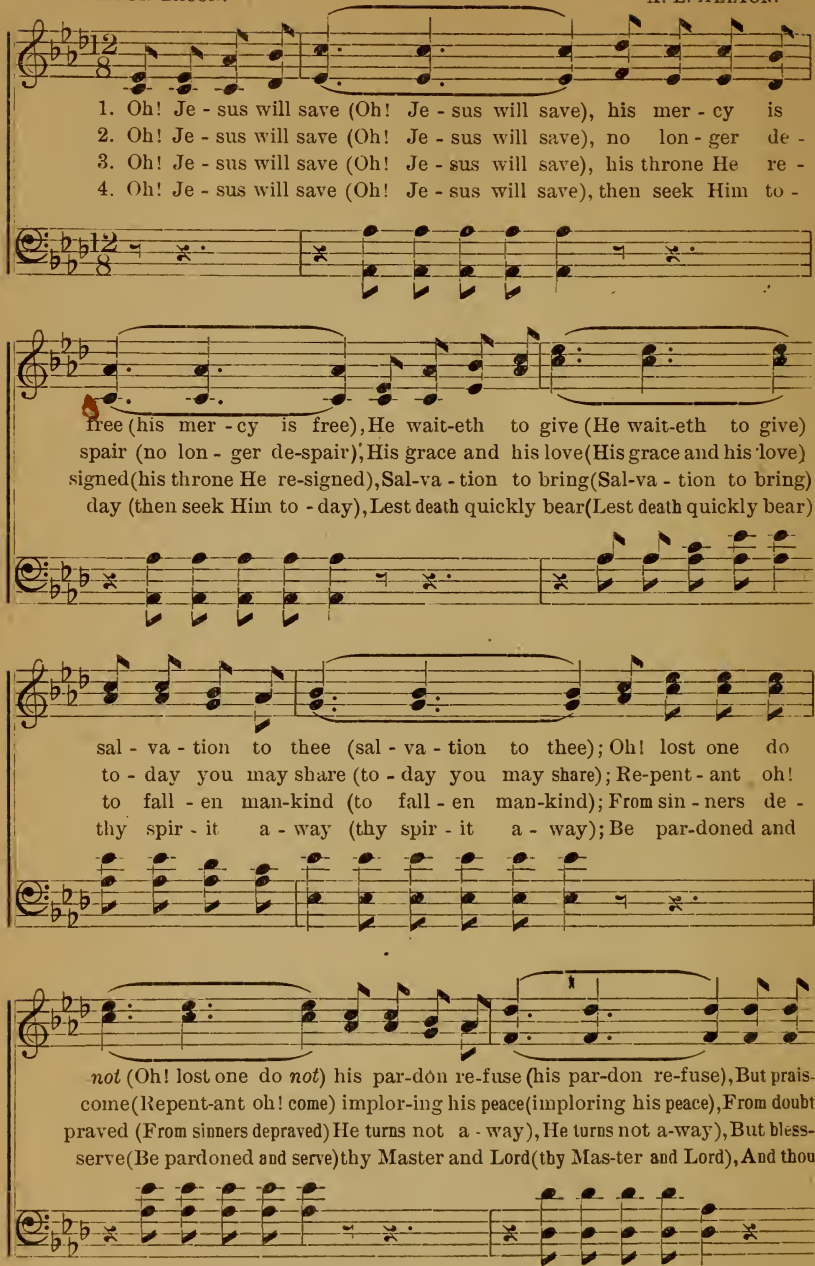
CHORUS.


Good-bye, good-bye, If on earth we meet no more;
Good-bye, good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, no more;
Good-bye, good-bye, May we meet on heaven's shore.
Good-bye, good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, bright shore.

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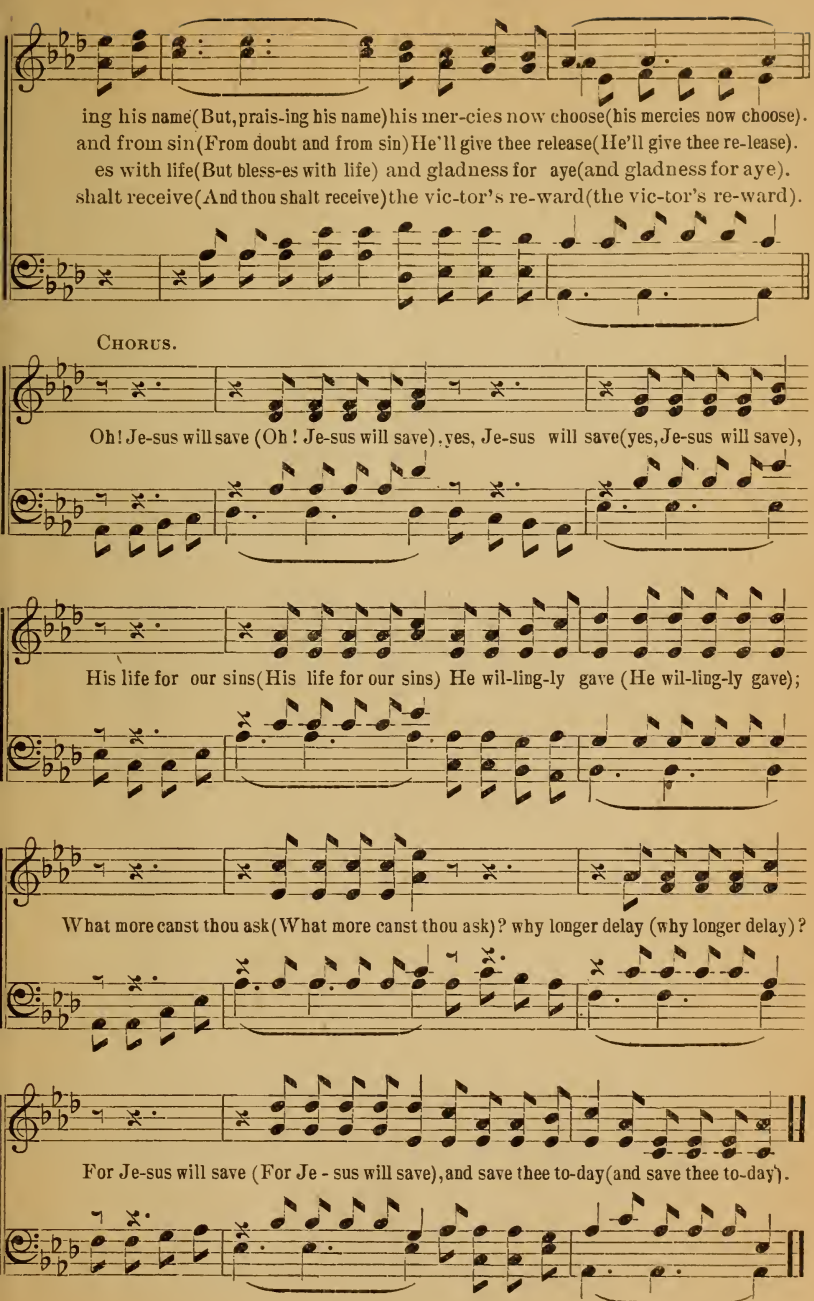
No. 104. Oh! Jesus Will Save!

KATHARYN BACON. A. E. HELTON.


1. Oh! Je - sus will save (Oh! Je - sus will save), his mer - cy is
2. Oh! Je - sus will save (Oh! Je - sus will save), no lon - ger de -
3. Oh! Je - sus will save (Oh! Je - sus will save), his throne He re -
4. Oh! Je - sus will save (Oh! Je - sus will save), then seek Him to -
free (his mer - cy is free), He wait-eth to give (He wait-eth to give)
spair (no lon - ger de-spair), His grace and his love (His grace and his love)
signed (his throne He re-signed), Sal-va - tion to bring (Sal-va - tion to bring)
day (then seek Him to - day), Lest death quickly bear (Lest death quickly bear)
sal - va - tion to thee (sal - va - tion to thee); Oh! lost one do
to - day you may share (to - day you may share); Re-pent - ant oh!
to fall - en man-kind (to fall - en man-kind); From sin - ners de -
thy spir - it a - way (thy spir - it a - way); Be par-doned and
not (Oh! lost one do *not*) his par-don re-fuse (his par-don re-fuse), But prais-
come (Repent-ant oh! come) implor-ing his peace (imploring his peace), From doubt
praved (From sinners depraved) He turns not a - way), He turns not a-way), But bless-
serve (Be pardoned and serve) thy Master and Lord (thy Mas-ter and Lord), And thou

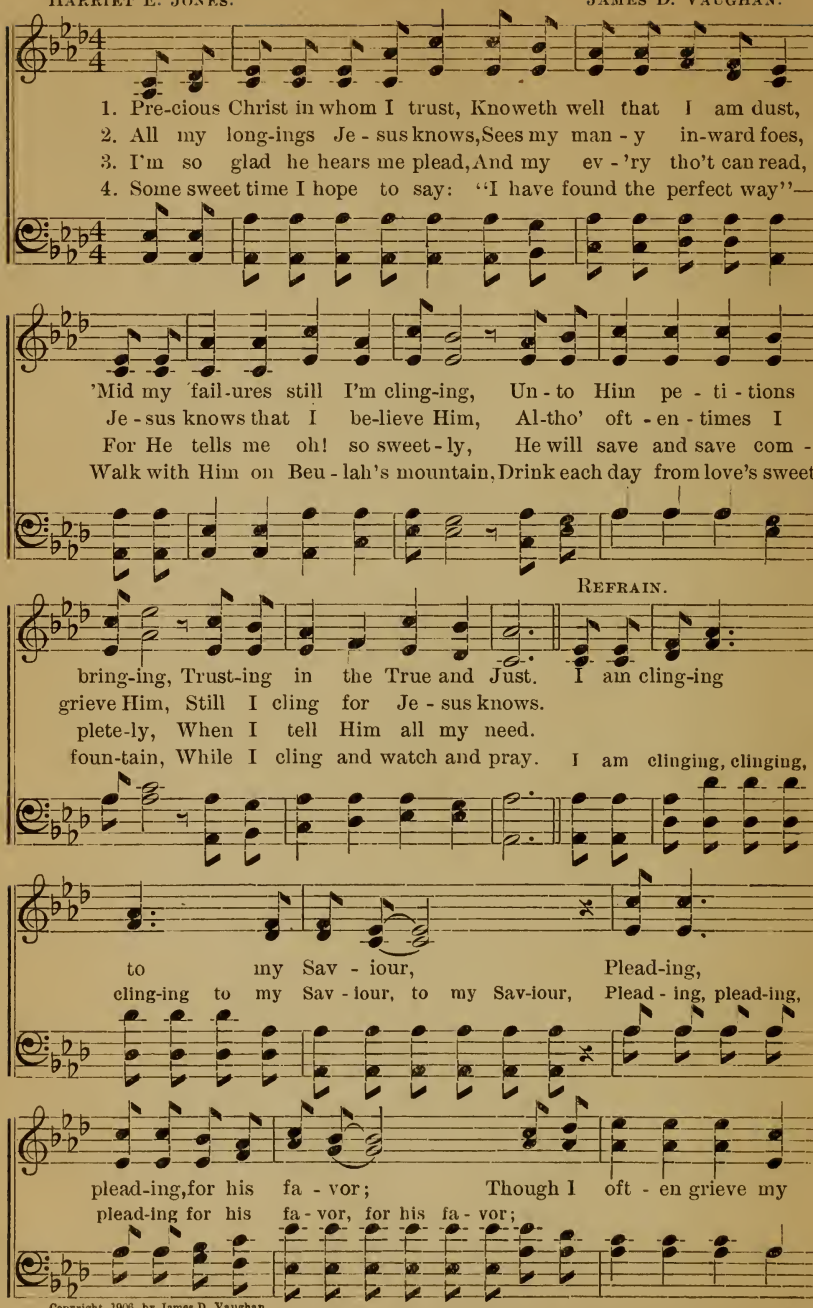
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Oh! Jesus Will Save!


ing his name(But, prais-ing his name)his mer-cies now choose(his mercies now choose).
and from sin(From doubt and from sin)He'll give thee release(He'll give thee re-lease).
es with life(But bless-es with life) and gladness for aye(and gladness for aye).
shalt receive(And thou shalt receive)the vic-tor's re-ward(the vic-tor's re-ward).
Chorus.
Oh! Je-sus will save (Oh! Je-sus will save), yes, Je-sus will save(yes, Je-sus will save),
His life for our sins(His life for our sins) He wil-ling-ly gave (He wil-ling-ly gave);
What more canst thou ask(What more canst thou ask)? why longer delay (why longer delay)?
For Je-sus will save (For Je - sus will save), and save thee to-day(and save thee to-day).

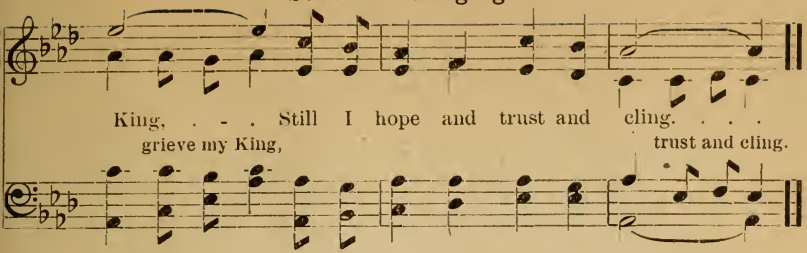
No. 105. Still I'm Clinging.

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Pre-cious Christ in whom I trust, Knoweth well that I am dust,
2. All my long-ings Je - sus knows, Sees my man - y in-ward foes,
3. I'm so glad he hears me plead, And my ev - 'ry tho't can read,
4. Some sweet time I hope to say: "I have found the perfect way"—
'Mid my fail-ures still I'm cling-ing, Un - to Him pe - ti - tions
Je - sus knows that I be-lieve Him, Al-tho' oft - en - times I
For He tells me oh! so sweet - ly, He will save and save com -
Walk with Him on Beu - lah's mountain, Drink each day from love's sweet
REFRAIN.
bring-ing, Trust-ing in the True and Just. I am cling-ing
grieve Him, Still I cling for Je - sus knows.
plete-ly, When I tell Him all my need.
foun-tain, While I cling and watch and pray. I am clinging, clinging,
to my Sav - iour, Plead-ing,
cling-ing to my Sav - iour, to my Sav-iour, Plead - ing, plead-ing,
plead-ing, for his fa - vor; Though I oft - en grieve my
plead-ing for his fa - vor, for his fa - vor;

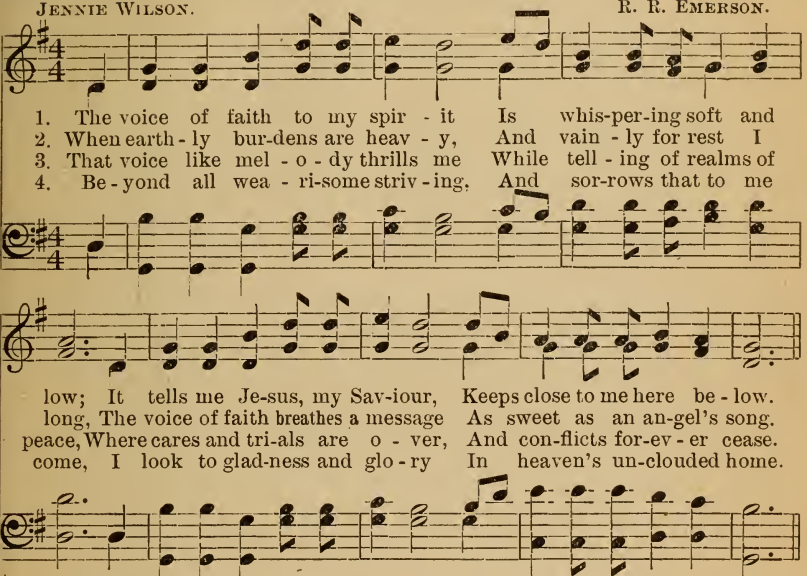
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Still I'm Clinging.

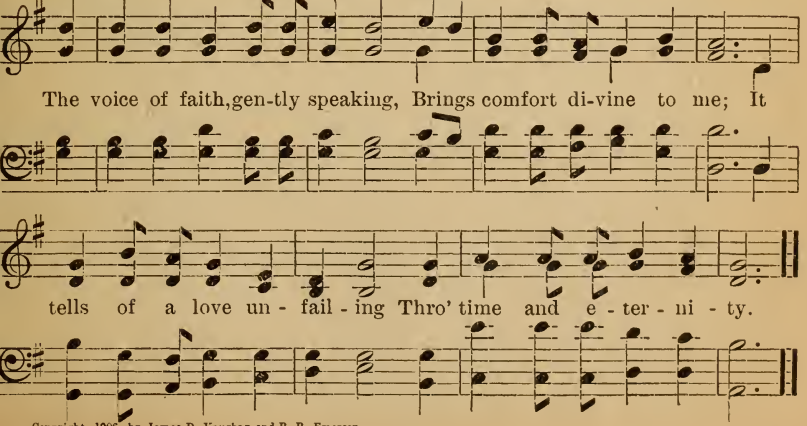


No. 106. The Voice of Faith.

JENNIE WILSON. R. R. EMERSON.


1. The voice of faith to my spir - it Is whis-per-ing soft and
2. When earth - ly bur-dens are heav - y, And vain - ly for rest I
3. That voice like mel - o - dy thrills me While tell - ing of realms of
4. Be - yond all wea - ri-some striv - ing, And sor-rows that to me
low; It tells me Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Keeps close to me here be - low.
long, The voice of faith breathes a message As sweet as an an-gel's song.
peace, Where cares and tri-als are o - ver, And con-flicts for-ev - er cease.
come, I look to glad-ness and glo - ry In heaven's un-clouded home.

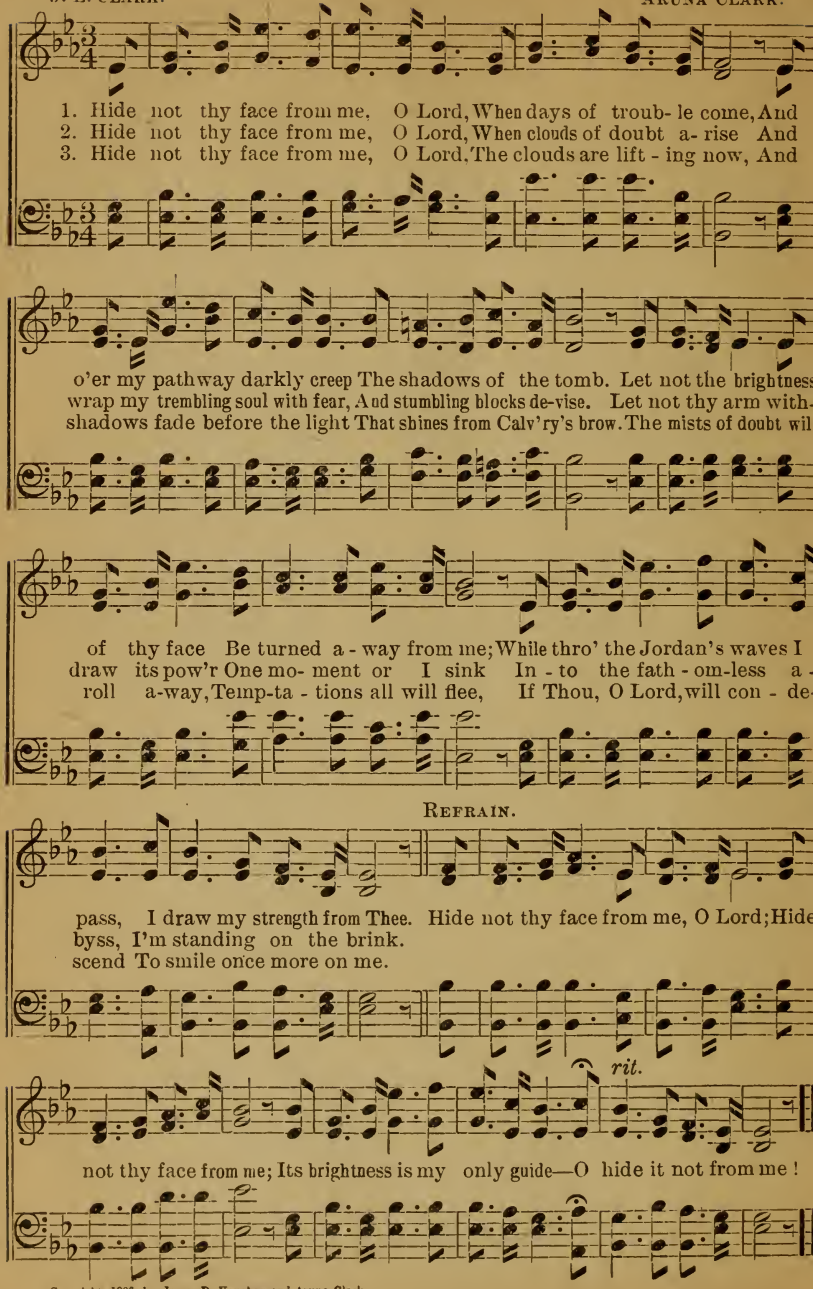
CHORUS.



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No. 107. Hide Not Thy Face From Me, O Lord.

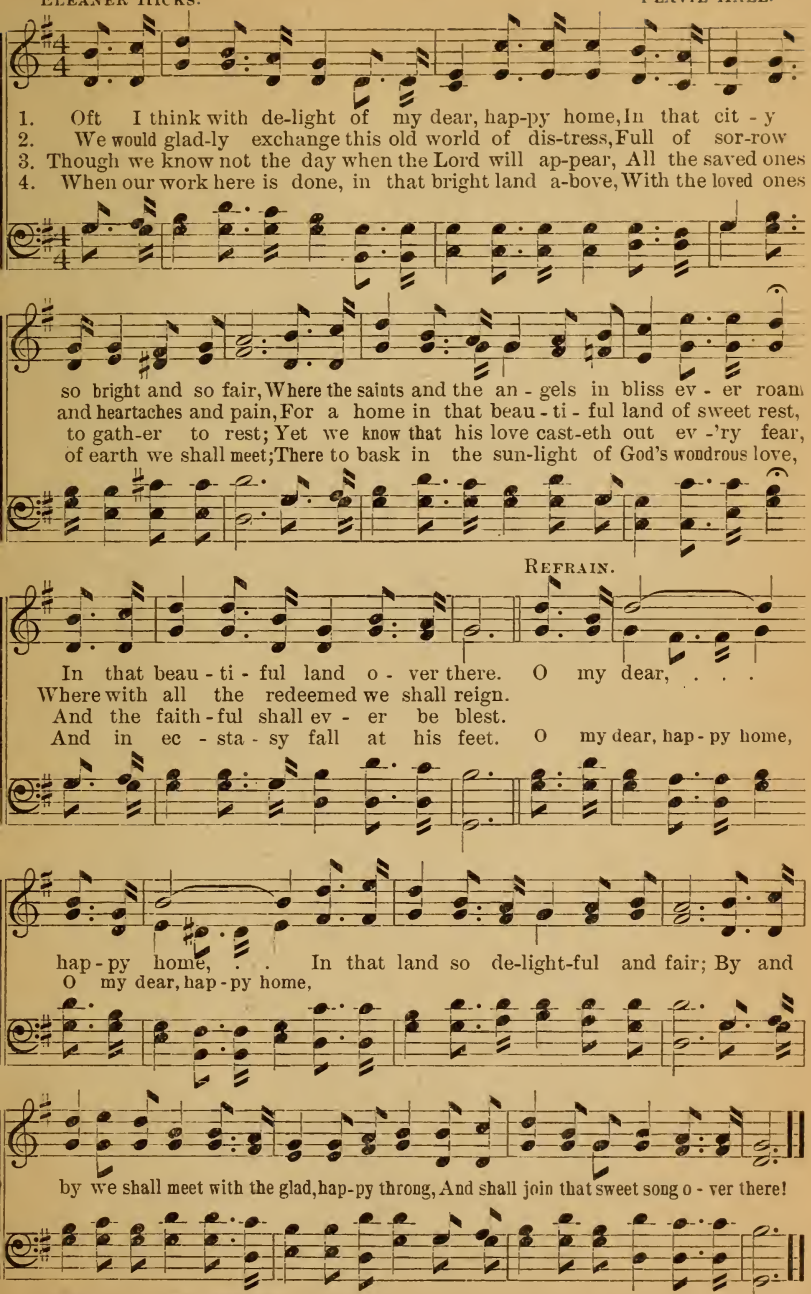
J. E. CLARK. ARUNA CLARK.


1. Hide not thy face from me, O Lord, When days of troub- le come, And
2. Hide not thy face from me, O Lord, When clouds of doubt a- rise And
3. Hide not thy face from me, O Lord, The clouds are lift - ing now, And
o'er my pathway darkly creep The shadows of the tomb. Let not the brightness
wrap my trembling soul with fear, And stumbling blocks de-vise. Let not thy arm with-
shadows fade before the light That shines from Calv'ry's brow. The mists of doubt wil
of thy face Be turned a - way from me; While thro' the Jordan's waves I
draw its pow'r One mo- ment or I sink In - to the fath - om-less a -
roll a-way, Temp-ta - tions all will flee, If Thou, O Lord, will con - de-
REFRAIN.
pass, I draw my strength from Thee. Hide not thy face from me, O Lord; Hide
byss, I'm standing on the brink.
scend To smile once more on me.
rit.
not thy face from me; Its brightness is my only guide—O hide it not from me!

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No. 108. My Dear, Happy Home.

ELEANER HICKS. FLAVIL HALL.

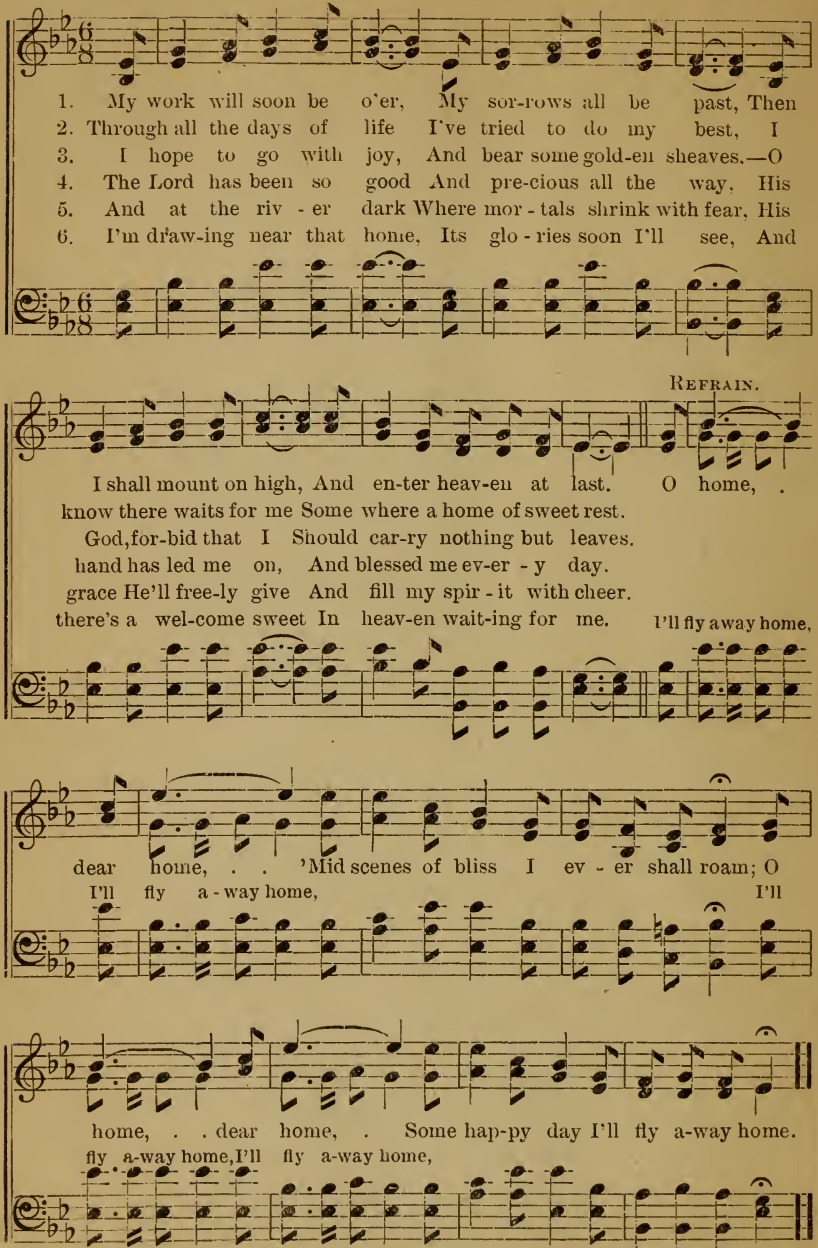

1. Oft I think with de-light of my dear, hap-py home, In that cit - y
2. We would glad-ly exchange this old world of dis-tress, Full of sor-row
3. Though we know not the day when the Lord will ap-pear, All the saved ones
4. When our work here is done, in that bright land a-bove, With the loved ones
so bright and so fair, Where the saints and the an - gels in bliss ev - er roam
and heartaches and pain, For a home in that beau - ti - ful land of sweet rest,
to gath-er to rest; Yet we know that his love cast-eth out ev -'ry fear,
of earth we shall meet; There to bask in the sun-light of God's wondrous love,
REFRAIN.
In that beau - ti - ful land o - ver there. O my dear, . . .
Where with all the redeemed we shall reign.
And the faith - ful shall ev - er be blest.
And in ec - sta - sy fall at his feet. O my dear, hap - py home,
hap - py home, . . In that land so de-light-ful and fair; By and
O my dear, hap - py home,
by we shall meet with the glad, hap-py throng, And shall join that sweet song o - ver there!

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No. 109. I'll Fly Away Home.

"For then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. 56: 6.
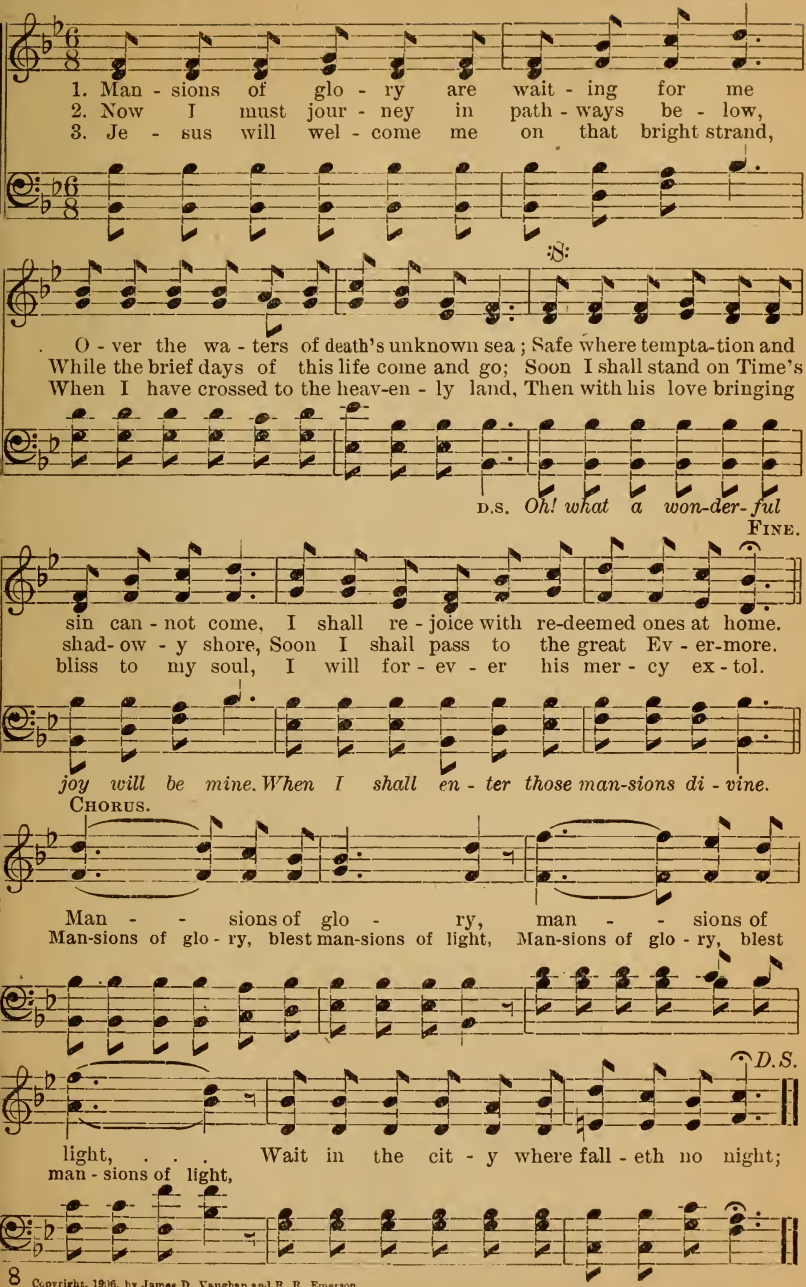
J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. My work will soon be o'er, My sor-rows all be past, Then
2. Through all the days of life I've tried to do my best, I
3. I hope to go with joy, And bear some gold-en sheaves.—O
4. The Lord has been so good And pre-cious all the way, His
5. And at the riv - er dark Where mor - tals shrink with fear, His
6. I'm draw-ing near that home, Its glo - ries soon I'll see, And
REFRAIN.
I shall mount on high, And en-ter heav-en at last. O home, .
know there waits for me Some where a home of sweet rest.
God, for-bid that I Should car-ry nothing but leaves.
hand has led me on, And blessed me ev-er - y day.
grace He'll free-ly give And fill my spir - it with cheer.
there's a wel-come sweet In heav-en wait-ing for me.
I'll fly away home,
dear home, . . 'Mid scenes of bliss I ev - er shall roam; O
I'll fly a - way home, I'll
home, . . dear home, . Some hap-py day I'll fly a-way home.
fly a-way home, I'll fly a-way home,

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No. 110. Mansions of Glory.
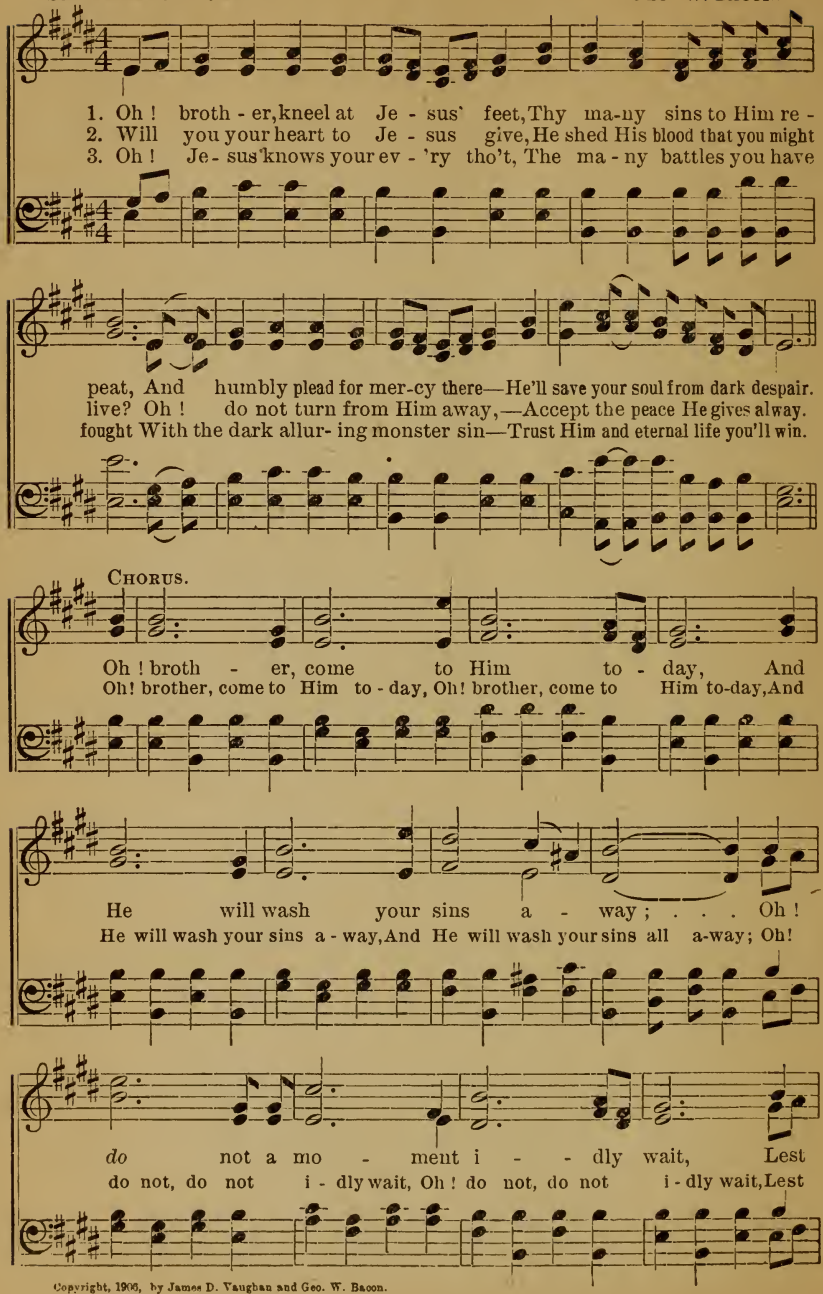
JENNIE WILSON. R. R. EMERSON.


1. Man - sions of glo - ry are wait - ing for me
2. Now I must jour - ney in path - ways be - low,
3. Je - sus will wel - come me on that bright strand,
O - ver the wa - ters of death's unknown sea; Safe where tempta-tion and
While the brief days of this life come and go; Soon I shall stand on Time's
When I have crossed to the heav-en - ly land, Then with his love bringing
D.S. Oh! what a won-der-ful
FINE.
sin can - not come, I shall re - joice with re-deemed ones at home.
shad- ow - y shore, Soon I shall pass to the great Ev - er-more.
bliss to my soul, I will for - ev - er his mer - cy ex - tol.
joy will be mine. When I shall en - ter those man-sions di - vine.
CHORUS.
Man - - sions of glo - ry, man - - sions of
Man-sions of glo - ry, blest man-sions of light, Man-sions of glo - ry, blest
D.S.
light, . . . Wait in the cit - y where fall - eth no night;
man - sions of light,

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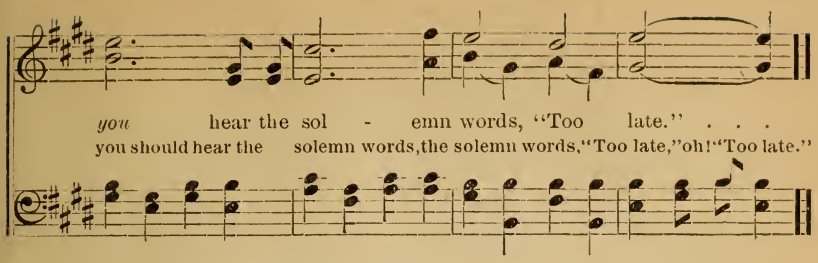
No. 111. Come to Him To-day.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Oh ! broth - er, kneel at Je - sus' feet, Thy ma-ny sins to Him re -
2. Will you your heart to Je - sus give, He shed His blood that you might
3. Oh ! Je - sus knows your ev - 'ry tho't, The ma - ny battles you have
peat, And humbly plead for mer-cy there—He'll save your soul from dark despair.
live? Oh ! do not turn from Him away,—Accept the peace He gives alway.
fought With the dark allur- ing monster sin—Trust Him and eternal life you'll win.
CHORUS.
Oh ! broth - er, come to Him to - day, And
Oh! brother, come to Him to - day, Oh! brother, come to Him to-day, And
He will wash your sins a - way; . . . Oh !
He will wash your sins a - way, And He will wash your sins all a-way; Oh!
do not a mo - ment i - - dly wait, Lest
do not, do not i - dly wait, Oh ! do not, do not i - dly wait, Lest

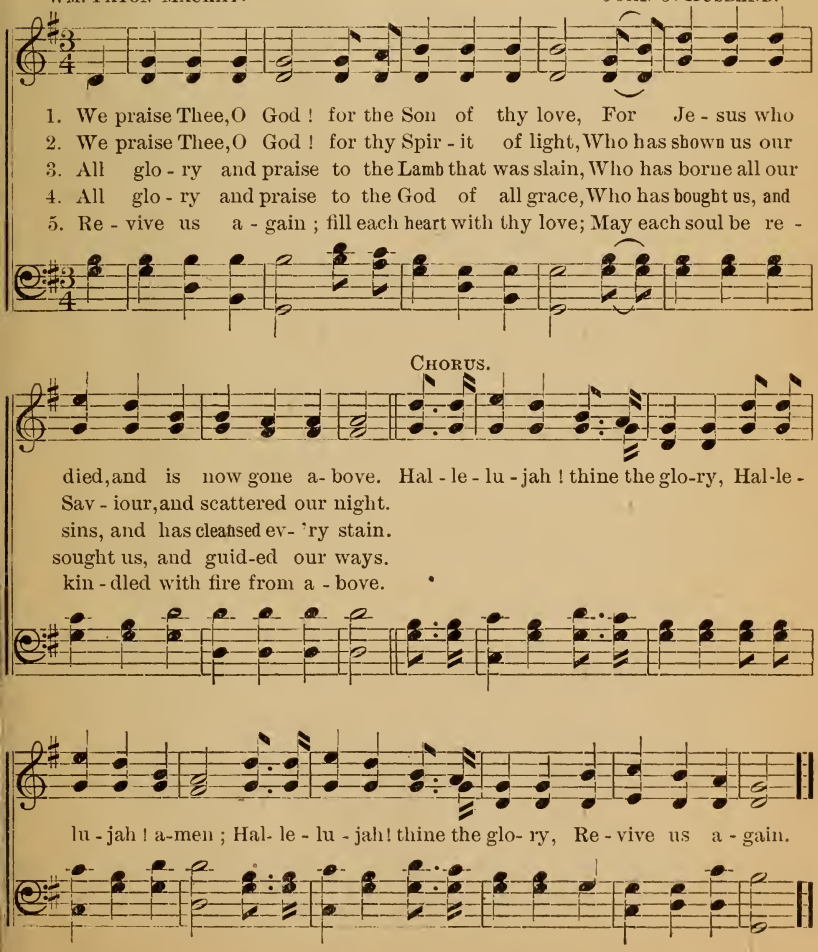
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Come to Him Today.
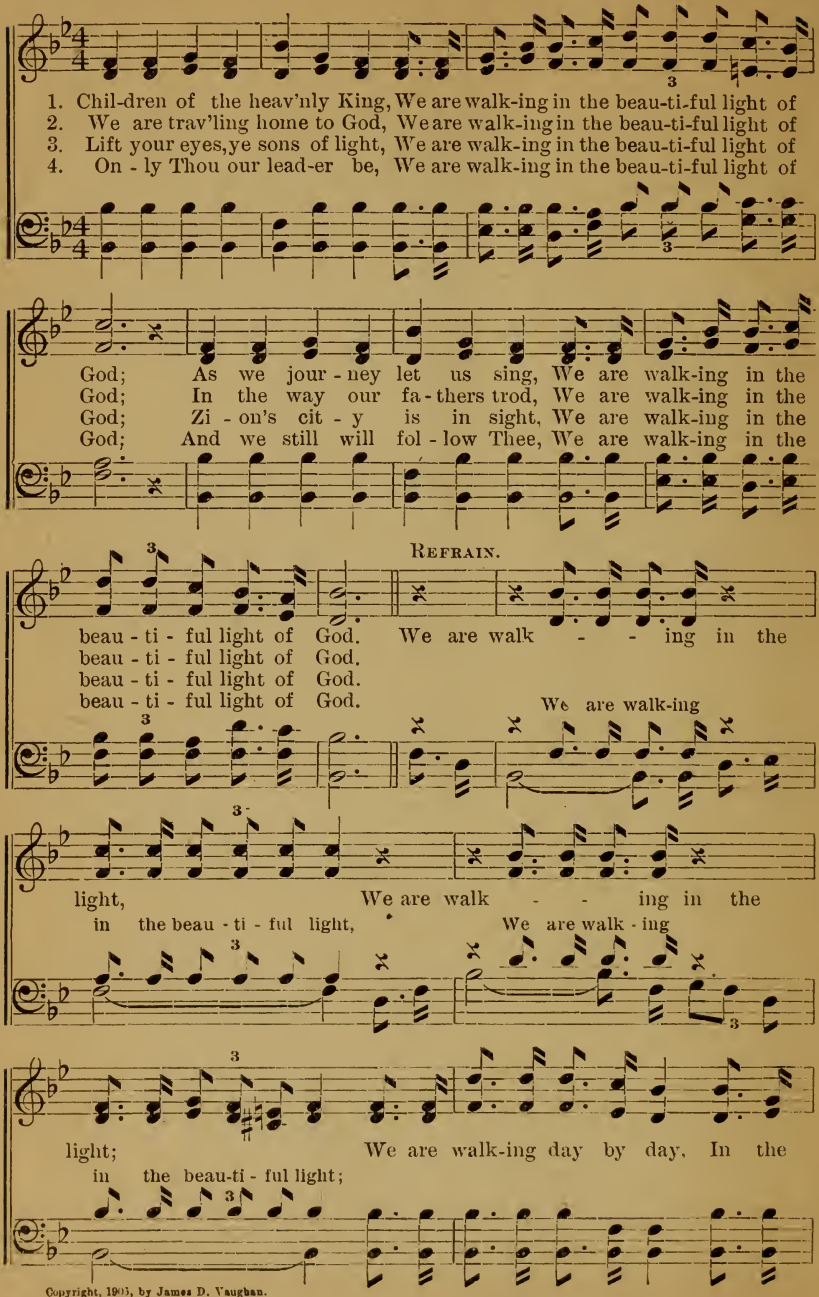


No. 112. Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

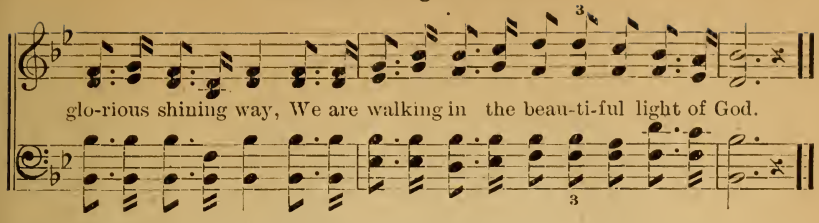

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev- 'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! a-men; Hal- le - lu - jah! thine the glo- ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 113. Beautiful Light of God.

JOHN CENNICK. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of
2. We are trav'ling home to God, We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of
3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of
4. On - ly Thou our lead-er be, We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of
God; As we jour - ney let us sing, We are walk-ing in the
God; In the way our fa-thers trod, We are walk-ing in the
God; Zi - on's cit - y is in sight, We are walk-ing in the
God; And we still will fol - low Thee, We are walk-ing in the
REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the
beau - ti - ful light of God.
beau - ti - ful light of God.
beau - ti - ful light of God.
We are walk-ing
light, We are walk - - ing in the
in the beau - ti - ful light, We are walk - ing
light; We are walk-ing day by day. In the
in the beau-ti - ful light;

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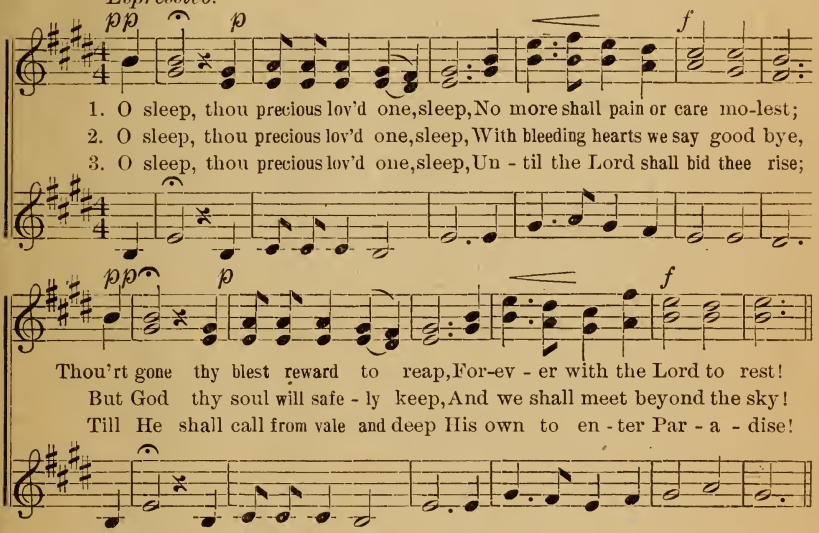


No. 114. Sleep In Peace.

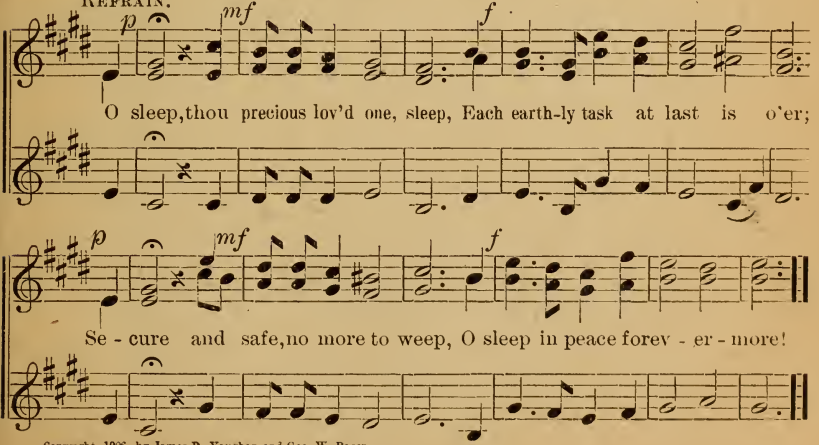
(FEMALE VOICES)

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.


1. O sleep, thou precious lov'd one, sleep, No more shall pain or care mo-lest;
2. O sleep, thou precious lov'd one, sleep, With bleeding hearts we say good bye,
3. O sleep, thou precious lov'd one, sleep, Un - til the Lord shall bid thee rise;
Thou'rt gone thy blest reward to reap, For-ev - er with the Lord to rest!
But God thy soul will safe - ly keep, And we shall meet beyond the sky!
Till He shall call from vale and deep His own to en - ter Par - a - dise!
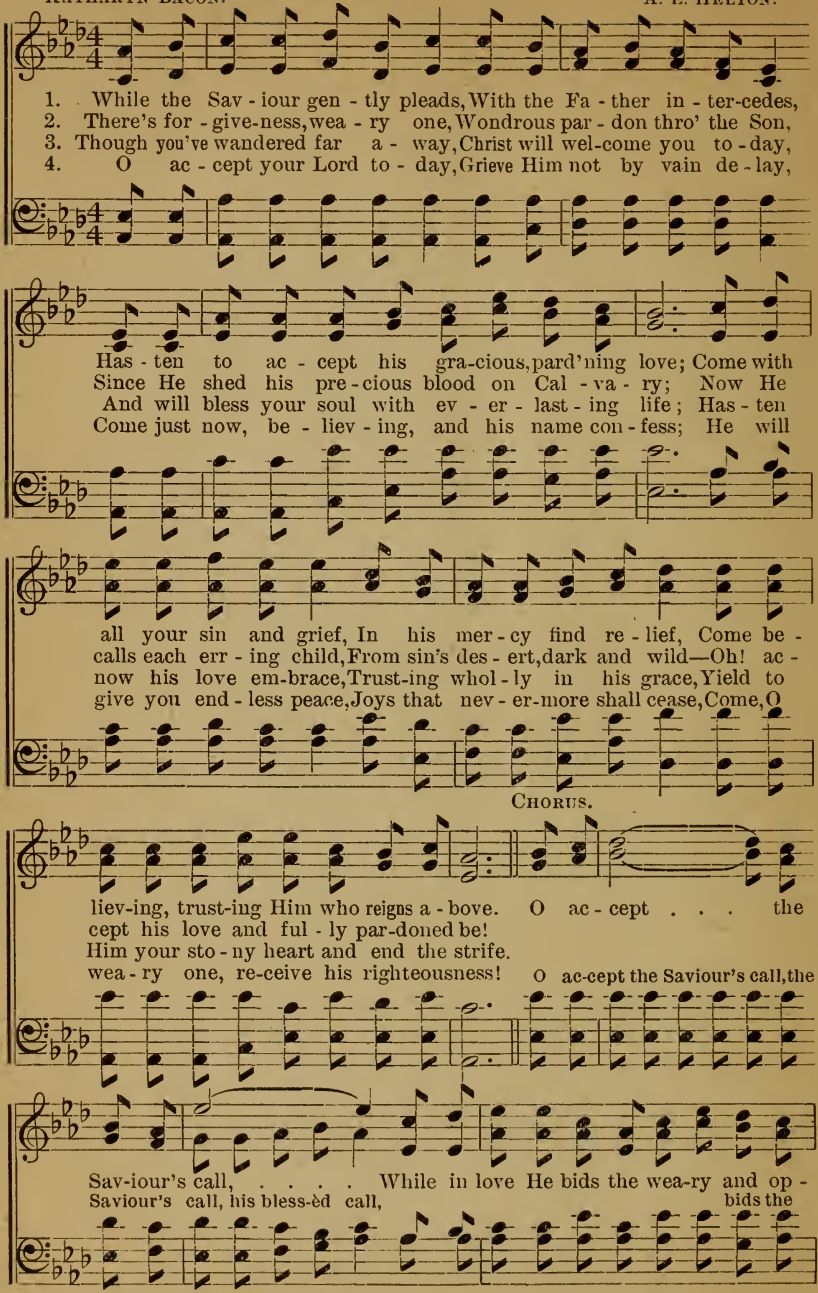
REFRAIN.


O sleep, thou precious lov'd one, sleep, Each earth-ly task at last is o'er;
Se - cure and safe, no more to weep, O sleep in peace forev - er - more!
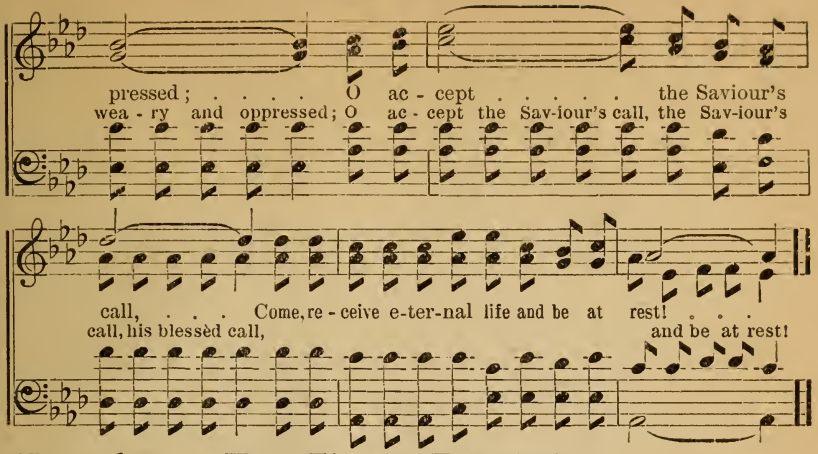
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No. 115. Accept His Call.

KATHARYN BACON. A. E. HELTON.

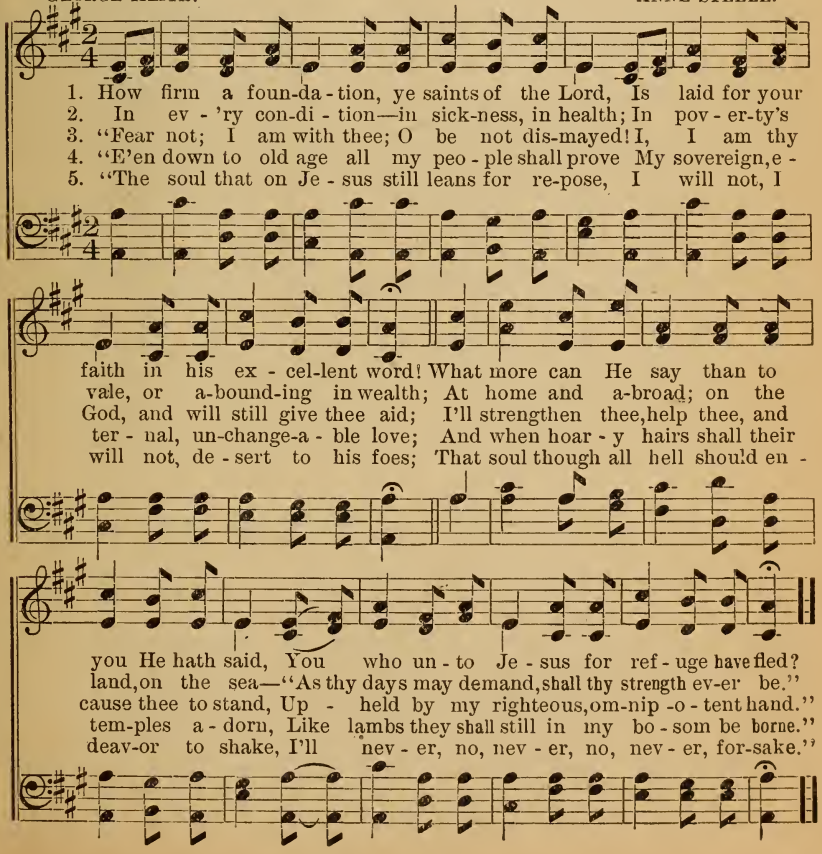

1. While the Sav - iour gen - tly pleads, With the Fa - ther in - ter-cedes,
2. There's for - give-ness, wea - ry one, Wondrous par - don thro' the Son,
3. Though you've wandered far a - way, Christ will wel-come you to - day,
4. O ac - cept your Lord to - day, Grieve Him not by vain de - lay,
Has - ten to ac - cept his gra-cious, pard'ning love; Come with
Since He shed his pre - cious blood on Cal - va - ry; Now He
And will bless your soul with ev - er - last - ing life; Has - ten
Come just now, be - liev - ing, and his name con - fess; He will
all your sin and grief, In his mer - cy find re - lief, Come be -
calls each err - ing child, From sin's des - ert, dark and wild—Oh! ac -
now his love em-brace, Trust-ing whol - ly in his grace, Yield to
give you end - less peace, Joys that nev - er-more shall cease, Come, O
CHORUS.
liev-ing, trust-ing Him who reigns a - bove. O ac - cept . . . the
cept his love and ful - ly par-doned be!
Him your sto - ny heart and end the strife.
wea - ry one, re-ceive his righteousness! O ac-cept the Saviour's call, the
Sav-iour's call, ... While in love He bids the wea-ry and op -
Saviour's call, his bless-èd call, bids the

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pressed; . . . . O ac - cept . . . . . the Saviour's
wea - ry and oppressed; O ac - cept the Sav-iour's call, the Sav-iour's
call, . . . Come, re - ceive e-ter-nal life and be at rest! . . .
call, his blessèd call, and be at rest!

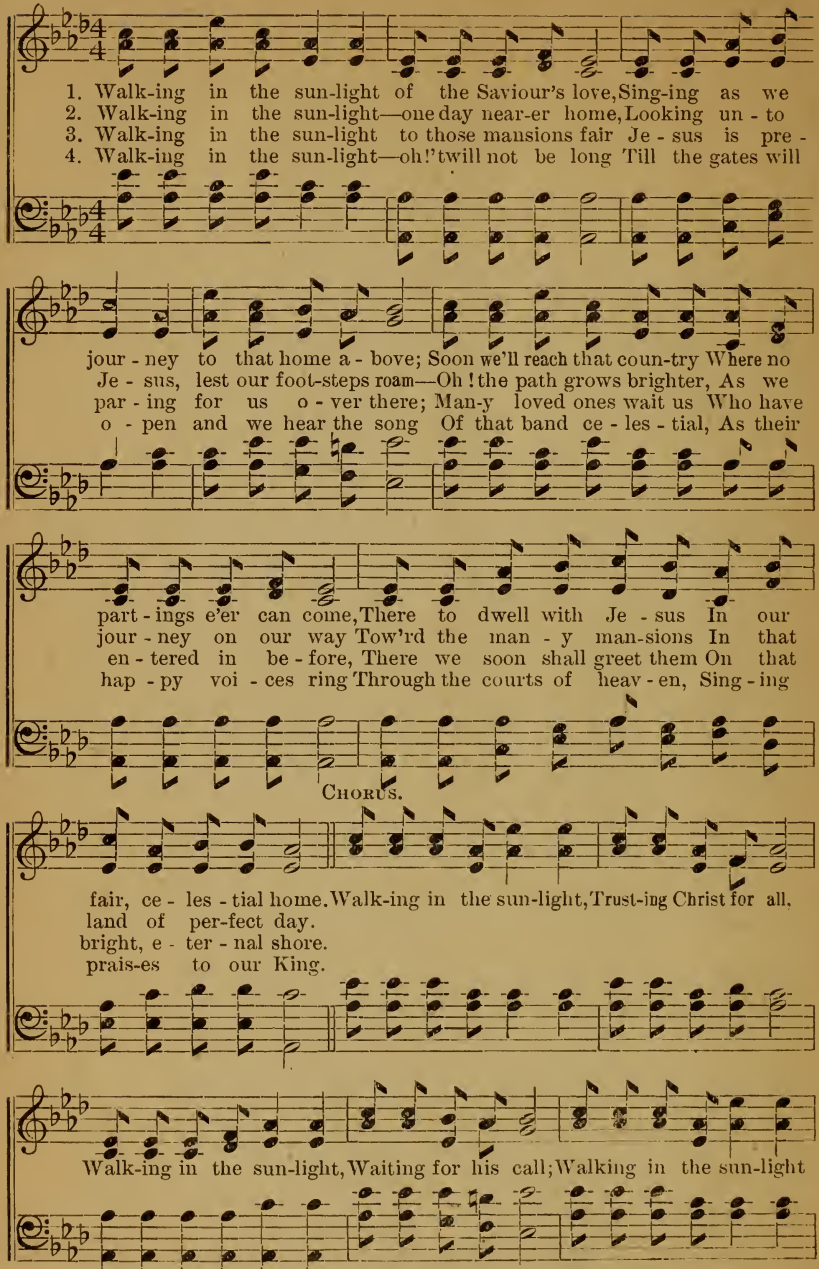
No. 116. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNE STEELE.

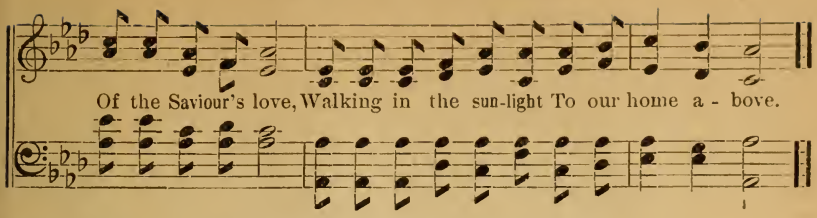

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion—in sick-ness, in health; In pov - er-ty's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sovereign, e -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I
faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not, de - sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en -
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be."
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip -o - tent hand."
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne."
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er, for-sake."

No. 117. Walking in the Sunlight.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.

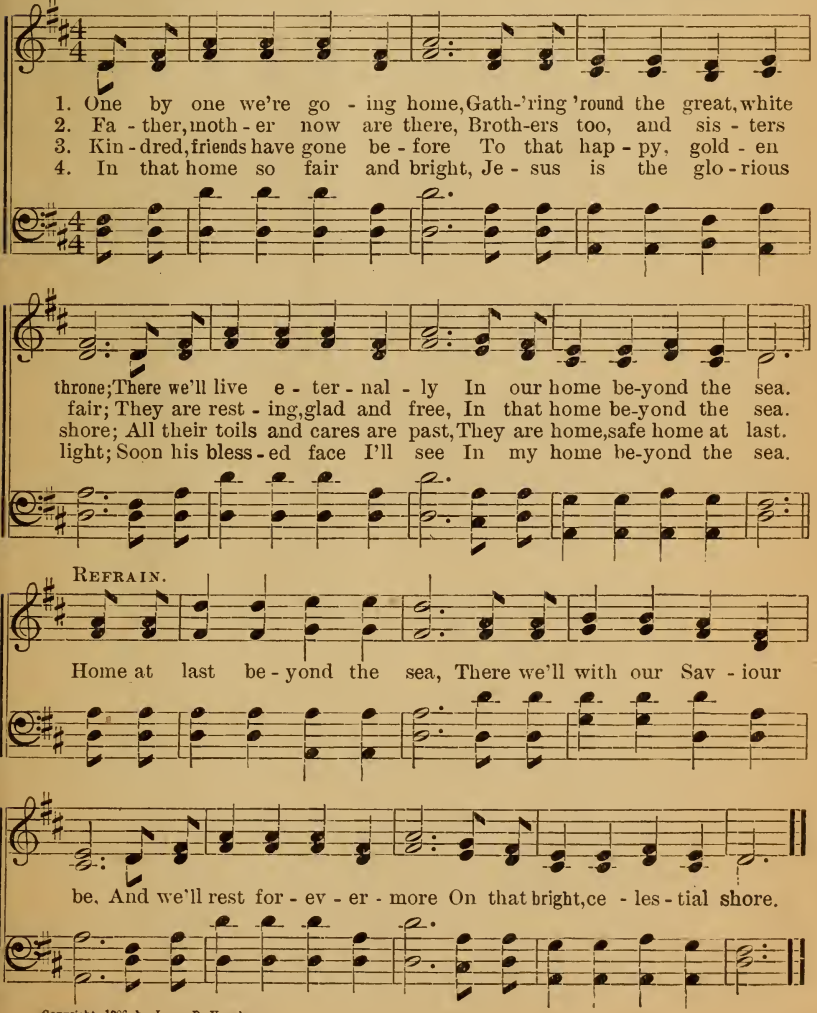

1. Walk-ing in the sun-light of the Saviour's love, Sing-ing as we
2. Walk-ing in the sun-light—one day near-er home, Looking un - to
3. Walk-ing in the sun-light to those mansions fair Je - sus is pre -
4. Walk-ing in the sun-light—oh! 'twill not be long Till the gates will
jour - ney to that home a - bove; Soon we'll reach that coun-try Where no
Je - sus, lest our foot-steps roam—Oh! the path grows brighter, As we
par - ing for us o - ver there; Man-y loved ones wait us Who have
o - pen and we hear the song Of that band ce - les - tial, As their
part - ings e'er can come, There to dwell with Je - sus In our
jour - ney on our way Tow'rd the man - y man-sions In that
en - tered in be - fore, There we soon shall greet them On that
hap - py voi - ces ring Through the courts of heav - en, Sing - ing
CHORUS.
fair, ce - les - tial home. Walk-ing in the sun-light, Trust-ing Christ for all,
land of per-fect day.
bright, e - ter - nal shore.
prais-es to our King.
Walk-ing in the sun-light, Waiting for his call; Walking in the sun-light

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No. 118. At Home Beyond the Sea.

Rev. W. N. Cook. JAMES D. Vaughan.
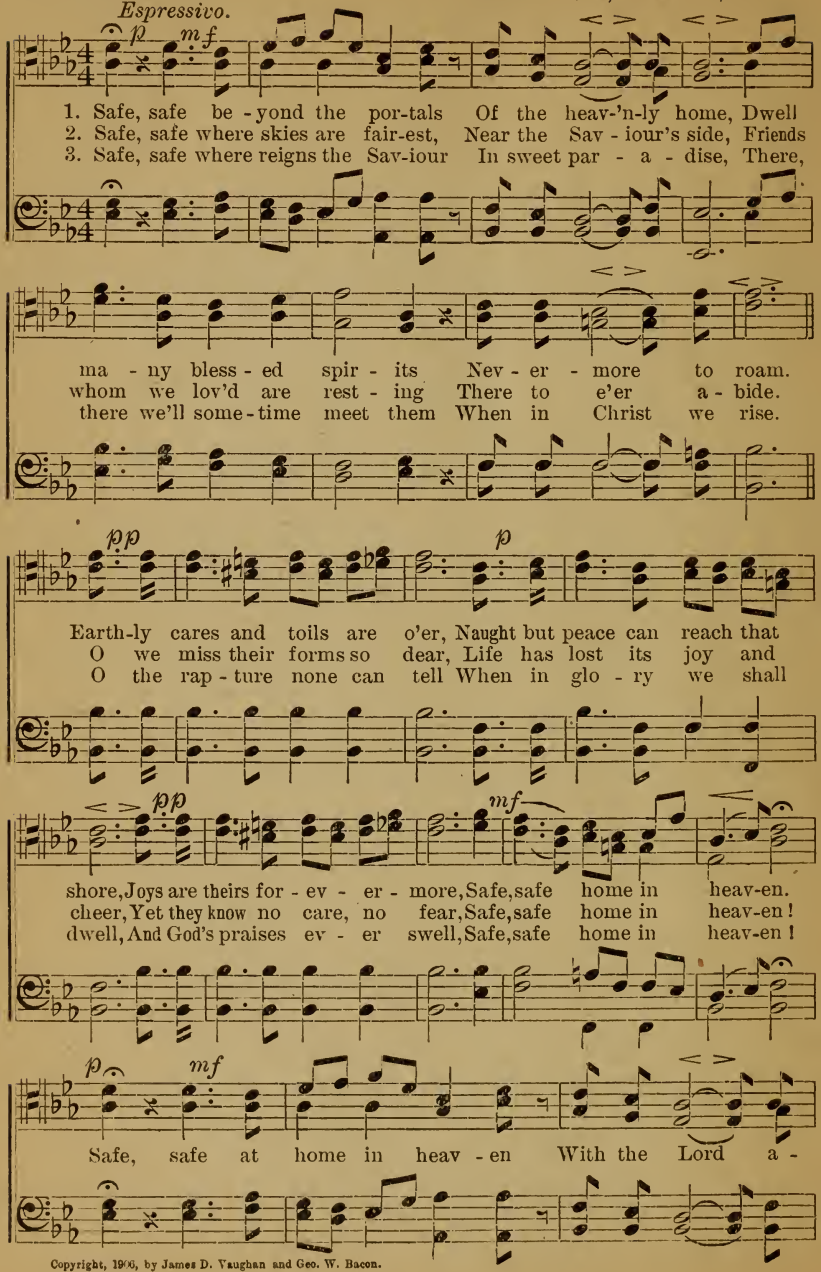

1. One by one we're go - ing home, Gath-'ring 'round the great, white throne; There we'll live e - ter - nal - ly In our home be-yond the sea.
2. Fa - ther, moth - er now are there, Broth-ers too, and sis - ters fair; They are rest - ing, glad and free, In that home be-yond the sea.
3. Kin - dred, friends have gone be - fore To that hap - py, gold - en shore; All their toils and cares are past, They are home, safe home at last.
4. In that home so fair and bright, Je - sus is the glo - rious light; Soon his bless - ed face I'll see In my home be-yond the sea.
Refrain.
Home at last be - yond the sea, There we'll with our Sav - iour be, And we'll rest for - ev - er - more On that bright, ce - les - tial shore.

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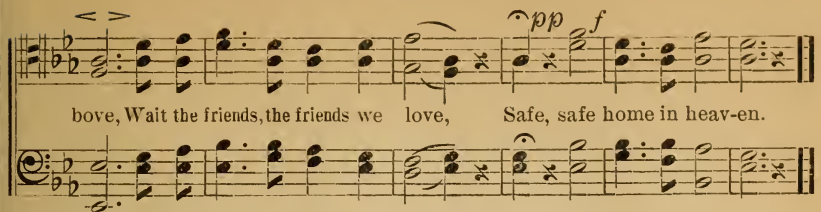
No. 119. Safe Home in Heaven.

(MALE VOICES.)

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON, White Pine, Tenn.


Espressivo.
p
mf
1. Safe, safe be - yond the por-tals Of the heav-'n-ly home, Dwell
2. Safe, safe where skies are fair-est, Near the Sav - iour's side, Friends
3. Safe, safe where reigns the Sav-iour In sweet par - a - dise, There,
ma - ny bless - ed spir - its Nev - er - more to roam.
whom we lov'd are rest - ing There to e'er a - bide.
there we'll some-time meet them When in Christ we rise.
pp
p
Earth-ly cares and toils are o'er, Naught but peace can reach that
O we miss their forms so dear, Life has lost its joy and
O the rap - ture none can tell When in glo - ry we shall
pp
mf
shore, Joys are theirs for - ev - er - more, Safe, safe home in heav-en.
cheer, Yet they know no care, no fear, Safe, safe home in heav-en!
dwell, And God's praises ev - er swell, Safe, safe home in heav-en!
p
mf
Safe, safe at home in heav - en With the Lord a -

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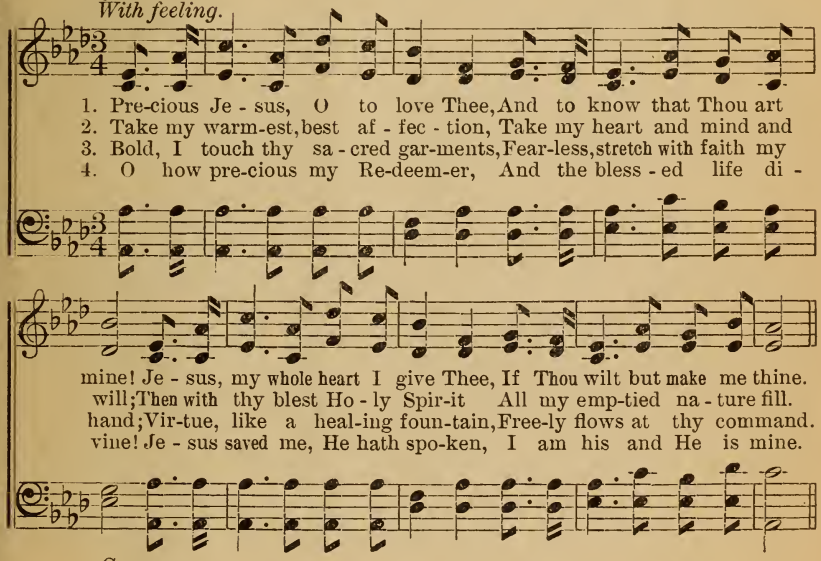


No. 120. Precious Jesus.

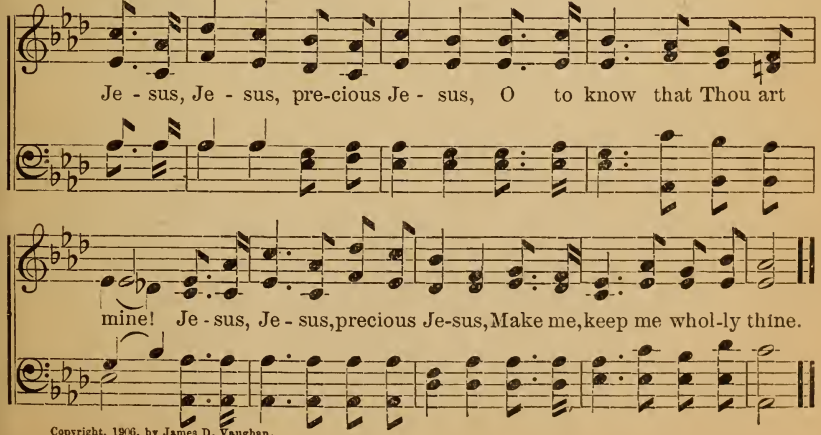
"He is precious."—1 Pet. 2: 7.

Arr. by C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.


1. Pre-cious Je - sus, O to love Thee, And to know that Thou art
2. Take my warm-est, best af - fec - tion, Take my heart and mind and
3. Bold, I touch thy sa - cred gar-ments, Fear-less, stretch with faith my
4. O how pre-cious my Re-deem-er, And the bless - ed life di -
mine! Je - sus, my whole heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make me thine.
will; Then with thy blest Ho - ly Spir-it All my emp-tied na - ture fill.
hand; Vir-tue, like a heal-ing foun-tain, Free-ly flows at thy command.
vine! Je - sus saved me, He hath spo-ken, I am his and He is mine.
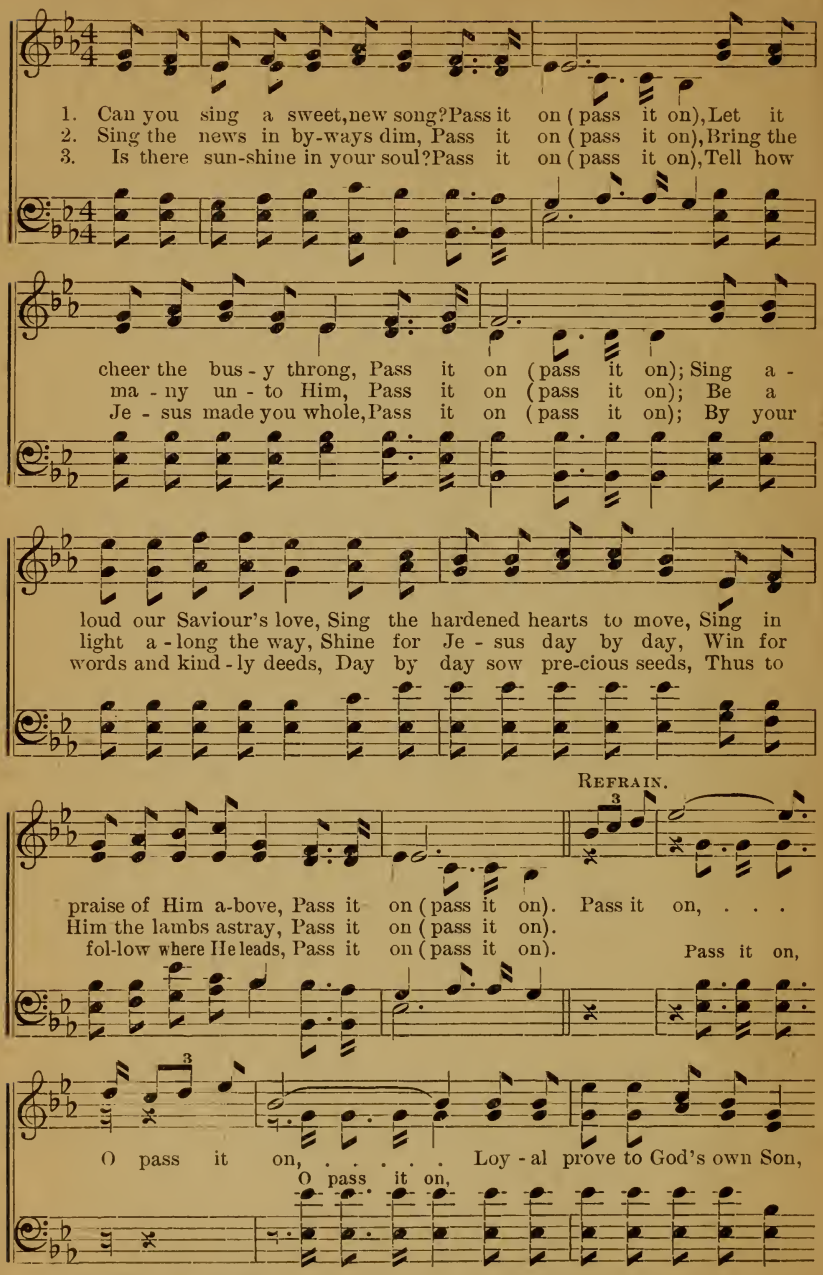
CHORUS.



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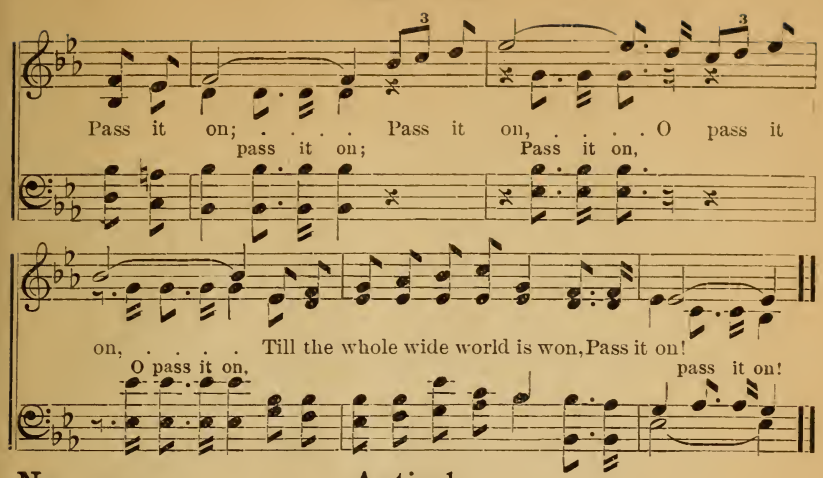
No. 121. Pass It On.

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

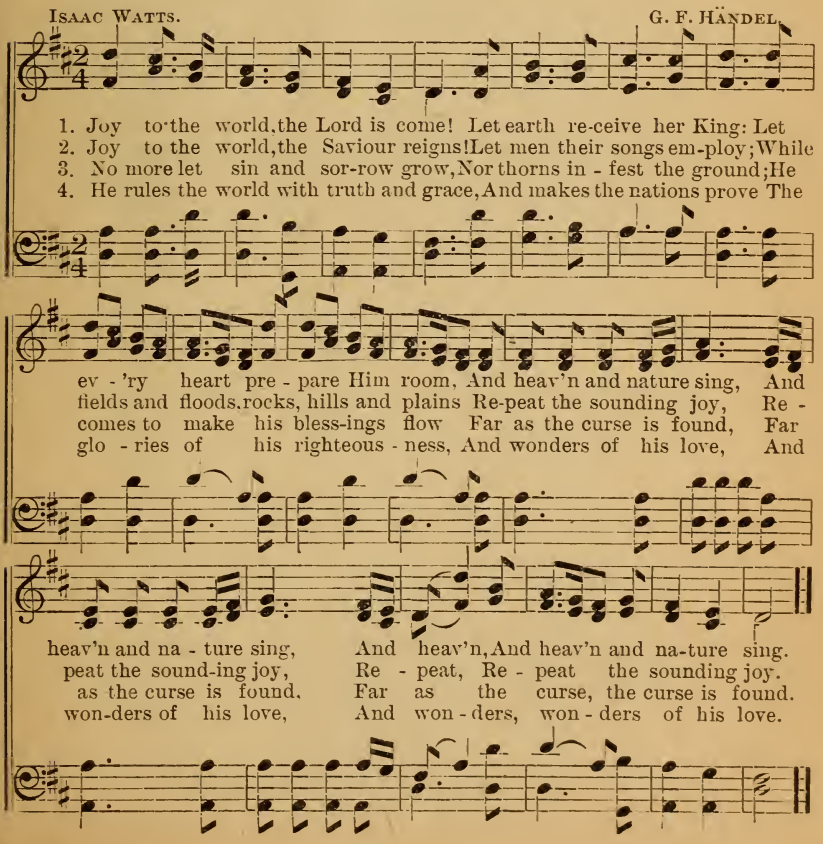

1. Can you sing a sweet, new song? Pass it on (pass it on), Let it
2. Sing the news in by-ways dim, Pass it on (pass it on), Bring the
3. Is there sun-shine in your soul? Pass it on (pass it on), Tell how
cheer the bus - y throng, Pass it on (pass it on); Sing a -
ma - ny un - to Him, Pass it on (pass it on); Be a
Je - sus made you whole, Pass it on (pass it on); By your
loud our Saviour's love, Sing the hardened hearts to move, Sing in
light a - long the way, Shine for Je - sus day by day, Win for
words and kind - ly deeds, Day by day sow pre-cious seeds, Thus to
REFRAIN.
praise of Him a-bove, Pass it on (pass it on). Pass it on, . . .
Him the lambs astray, Pass it on (pass it on).
fol-low where He leads, Pass it on (pass it on). Pass it on,
O pass it on, ... Loy - al prove to God's own Son,
O pass it on,

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Pass It On.
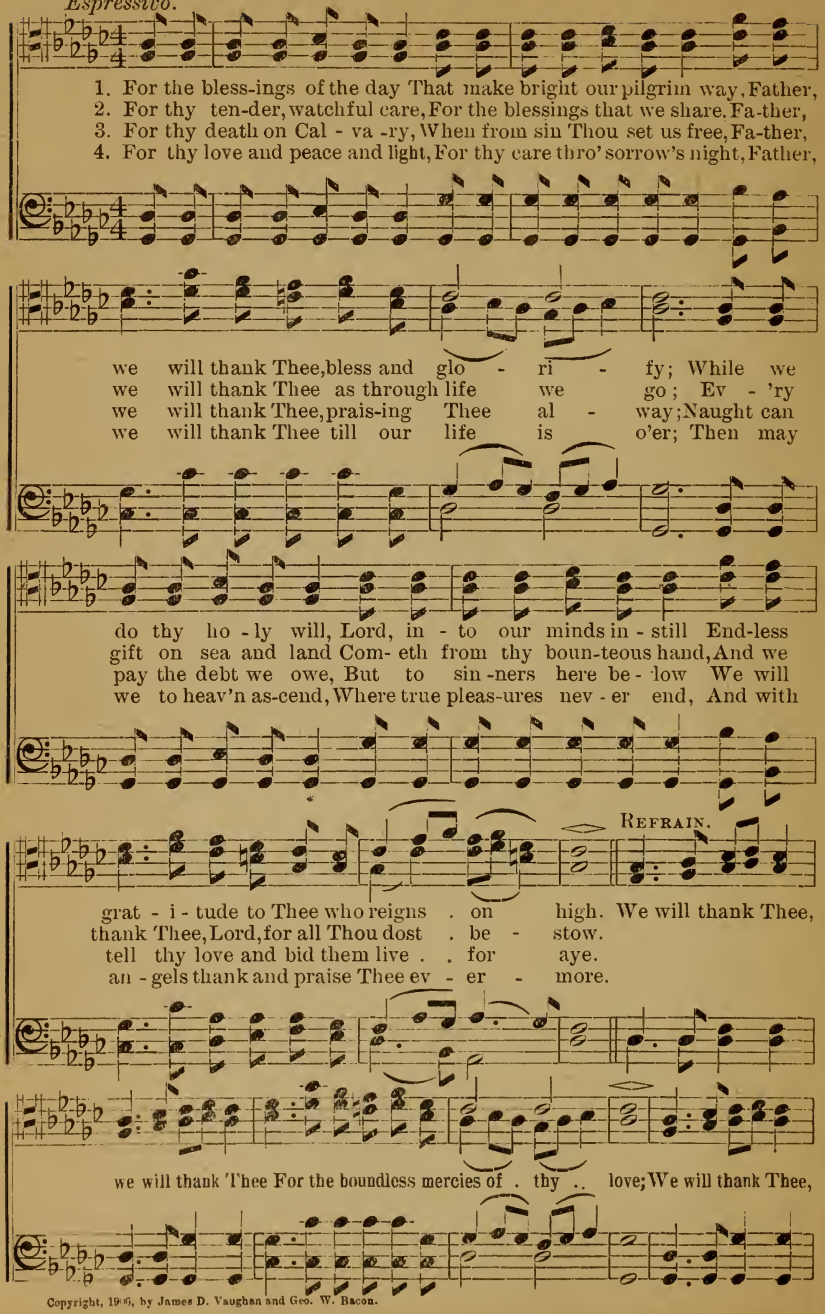


No. 122. Antioch.


ISAAC WATTS.
G. F. HÄNDEL
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King: Let
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of his righteous - ness, And wonders of his love, And
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
won-ders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.

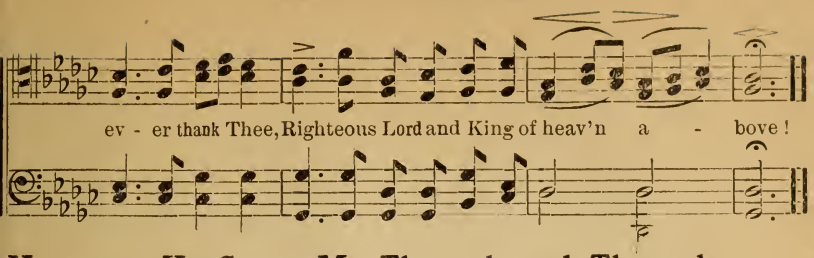
No. 123. We Will Thank Thee.

KATHARYN BACON. (MALE VOICES.) GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.


1. For the bless-ings of the day That make bright our pilgrim way, Father,
2. For thy ten-der, watchful care, For the blessings that we share. Fa-ther,
3. For thy death on Cal - va -ry, When from sin Thou set us free, Fa-ther,
4. For thy love and peace and light, For thy care thro' sorrow's night, Father,
we will thank Thee, bless and glo - ri - fy; While we
we will thank Thee as through life we go; Ev - 'ry
we will thank Thee, prais-ing Thee al - way; Naught can
we will thank Thee till our life is o'er; Then may
do thy ho - ly will, Lord, in - to our minds in - still End-less
gift on sea and land Com- eth from thy boun-teous hand, And we
pay the debt we owe, But to sin -ners here be - low We will
we to heav'n as-cend, Where true pleas-ures nev - er end, And with
REFRAIN.
grat - i - tude to Thee who reigns . on high. We will thank Thee,
thank Thee, Lord, for all Thou dost . be - stow.
tell thy love and bid them live . . for aye.
an - gels thank and praise Thee ev - er - more.
we will thank Thee For the boundless mercies of . thy .. love; We will thank Thee,

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No. 124. He Saves Me Through and Through.

"Mighty to save."—Isaiah 63:1.

Anon., Arr. Chorus and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

1. The blood which Je-sus shed for me, · When groaning, dy-ing, on the tree, From all transgressions cleanseth me, And saves me thro' and thro'.
2. In per- fect trust I now re - sign My all to Him whose will is mine; He fills my soul with love di - vine, And saves me thro' and thro'.
3. No an- gel tongue such praise can bring, Nor learn the song that now I sing To Him, my Proph-et, Priest and King, Who saves me thro' and thro'.
4. I know not what my joy will be, . When face to face my Lord I see, But this I know, He cleans-eth me, And saves me thro' and thro'.

CHORUS.
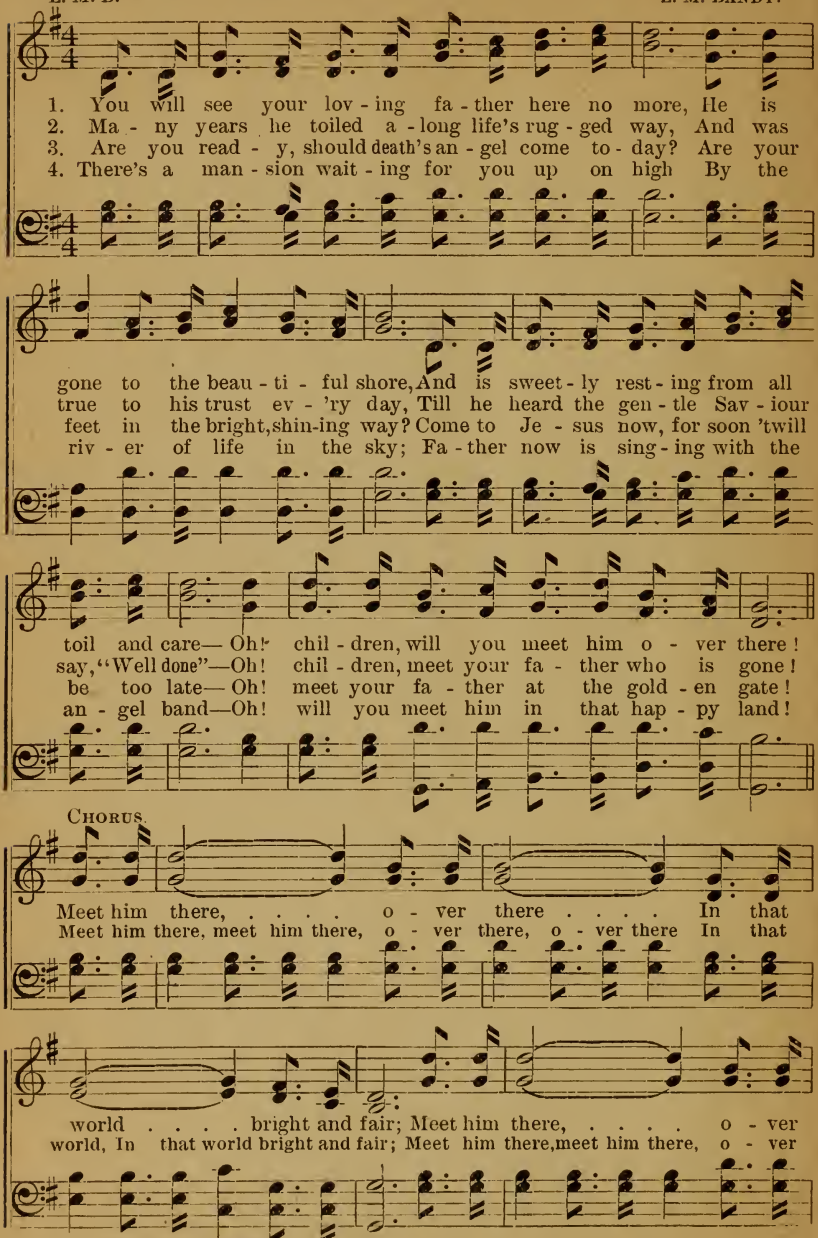
He saves me through and through, He saves me through and through, By his most precious cleansing blood, He saves me thro' and thro'.
He saves, He saves me through and through, He saves, He saves me through, thro' and thro',

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No. 125. Meet Father in Heaven.

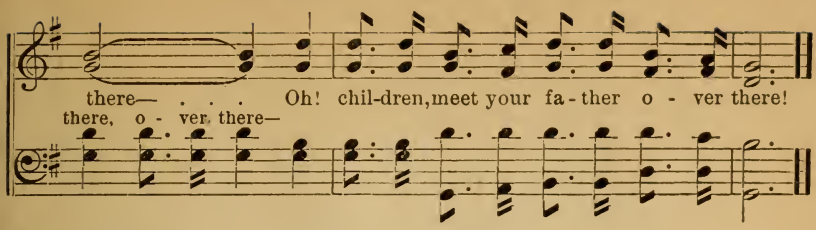
Before my dear cousin, D. L. Bandy, Baptist minister and engineer of Knoxville, Tenn., passed away, he called his children around his bedside and said: "Meet me in heaven. I will soon be in a better world."—L. M. B.

L. M. B. L. M. Bandy.


1. You will see your lov - ing fa - ther here no more, He is
2. Ma - ny years he toiled a - long life's rug - ged way, And was
3. Are you read - y, should death's an - gel come to - day? Are your
4. There's a man - sion wait - ing for you up on high By the
gone to the beau - ti - ful shore, And is sweet - ly rest - ing from all
true to his trust ev - 'ry day, Till he heard the gen - tle Sav - iour
feet in the bright, shin-ing way? Come to Je - sus now, for soon 'twill
riv - er of life in the sky; Fa - ther now is sing - ing with the
toil and care— Oh! chil - dren, will you meet him o - ver there!
say, "Well done"—Oh! chil - dren, meet your fa - ther who is gone!
be too late— Oh! meet your fa - ther at the gold - en gate!
an - gel band—Oh! will you meet him in that hap - py land!
Chorus.
Meet him there, ... o - ver there . . . . In that
Meet him there, meet him there, o - ver there, o - ver there In that
world . . . . bright and fair; Meet him there, ... o - ver
world, In that world bright and fair; Meet him there, meet him there, o - ver

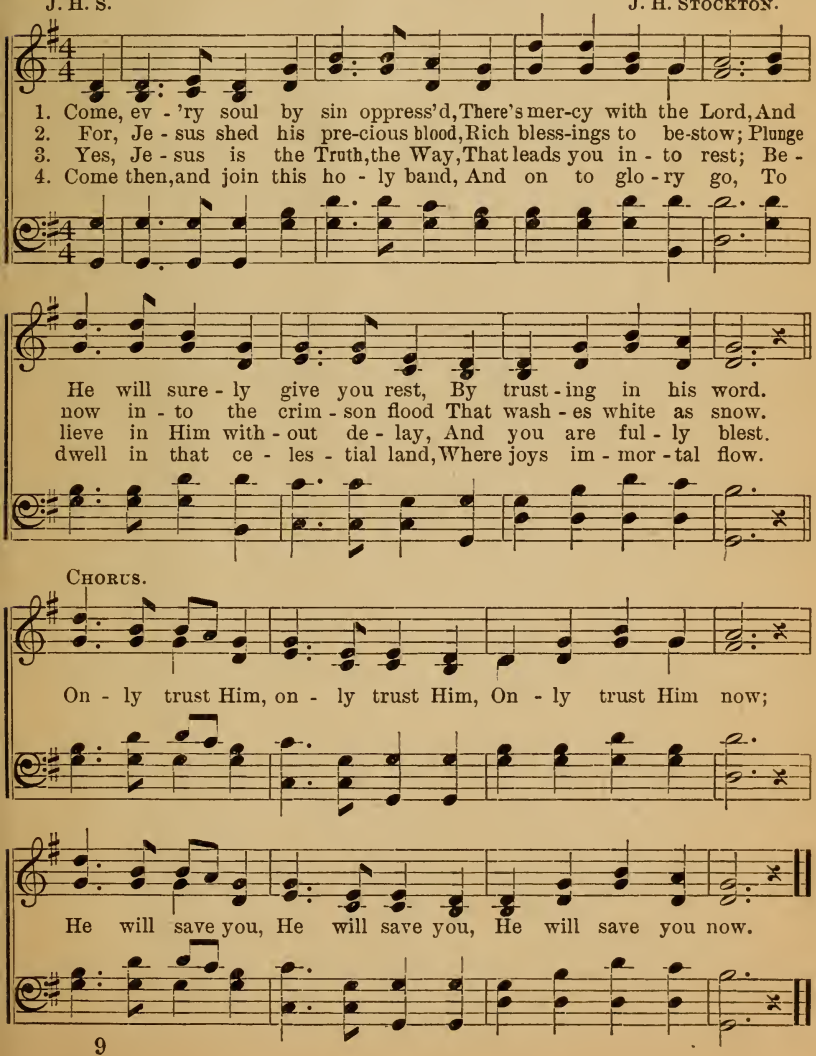
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Meet Father in Heaven.



No. 126. Only Trust Him.

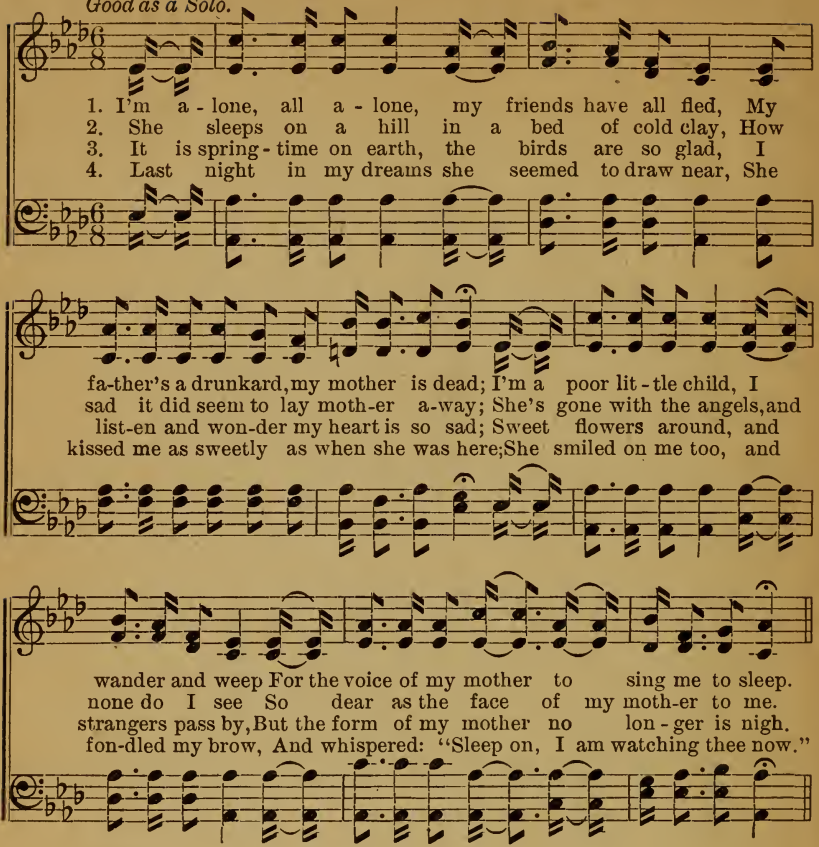
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord, And
2. For, Je - sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow; Plunge
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be -
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To
He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

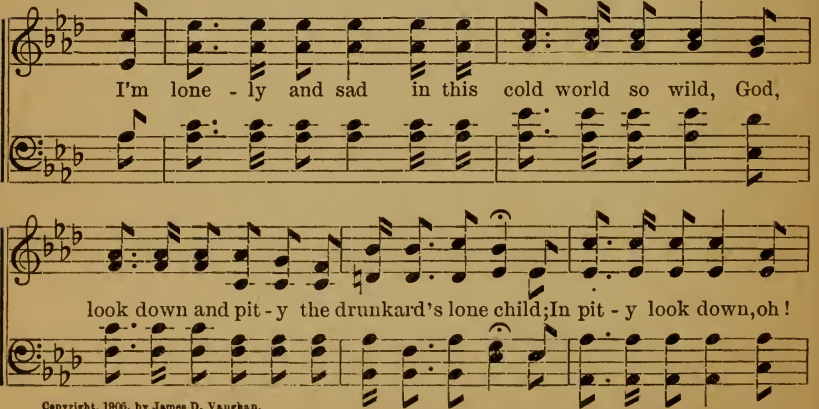
No. 127. The Drunkard's Lone Child.

Anon. Arr. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Good as a Solo.

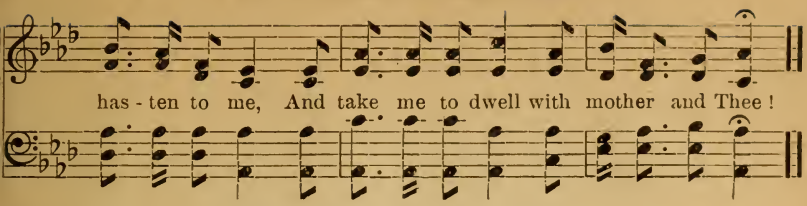

1. I'm a - lone, all a - lone, my friends have all fled, My fa-ther's a drunkard, my mother is dead; I'm a poor lit - tle child, I wander and weep For the voice of my mother to sing me to sleep.
2. She sleeps on a hill in a bed of cold clay, How sad it did seem to lay moth-er a-way; She's gone with the angels, and none do I see So dear as the face of my moth-er to me.
3. It is spring - time on earth, the birds are so glad, I list-en and won-der my heart is so sad; Sweet flowers around, and strangers pass by, But the form of my mother no lon - ger is nigh.
4. Last night in my dreams she seemed to draw near, She kissed me as sweetly as when she was here; She smiled on me too, and fon-dled my brow, And whispered: "Sleep on, I am watching thee now."

CHORUS.



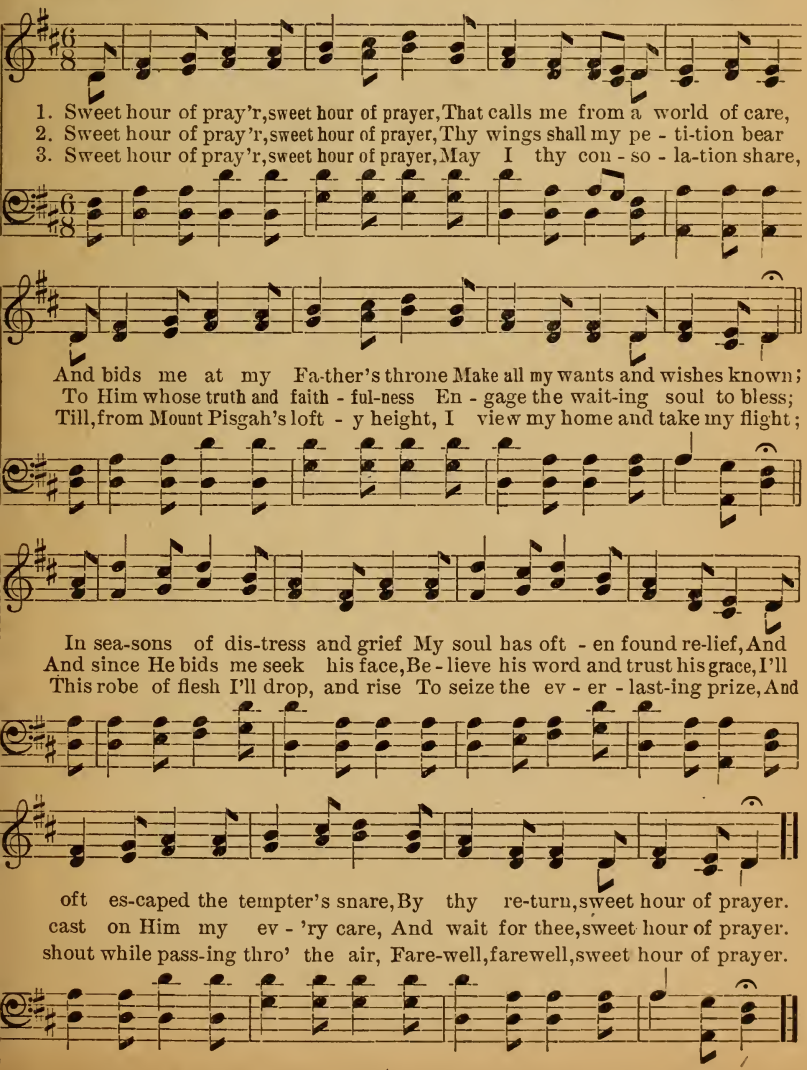
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The Drunkard's Lone Child.
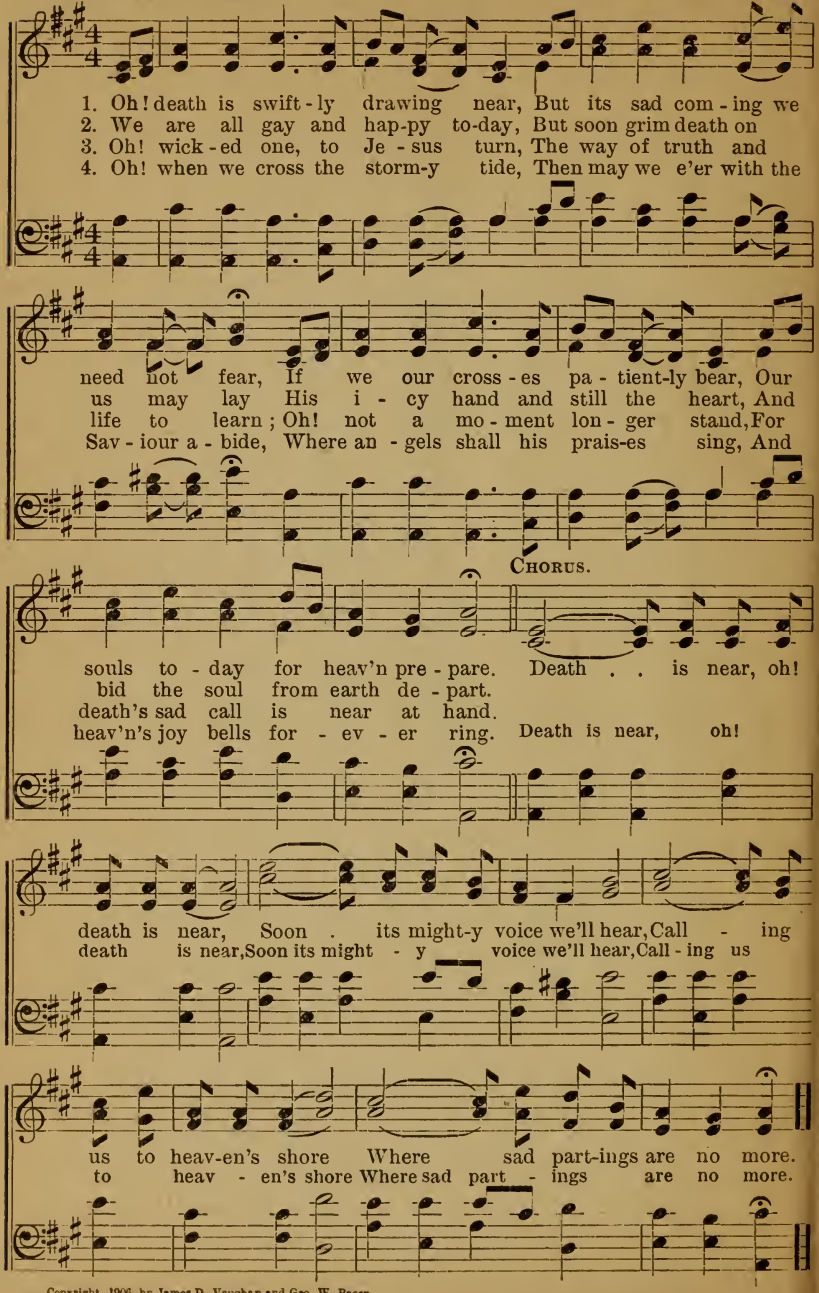


No. 128. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief, And
And since He bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace, I'll
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize, And
oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
shout while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 129. Death Is Near.

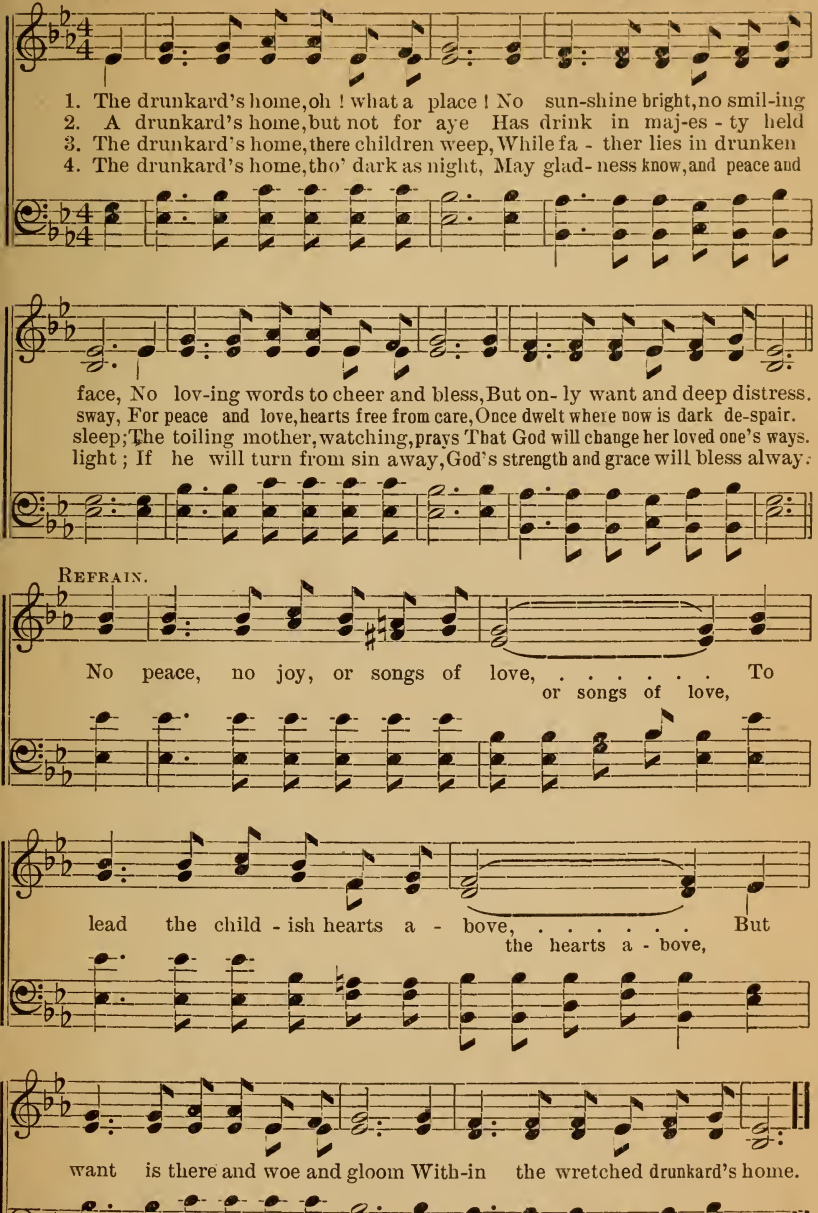
STELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.


1. Oh! death is swift-ly drawing near, But its sad com-ing we
2. We are all gay and hap-py to-day, But soon grim death on
3. Oh! wick-ed one, to Je-sus turn, The way of truth and
4. Oh! when we cross the storm-y tide, Then may we e'er with the
need not fear, If we our cross-es pa-tient-ly bear, Our
us may lay His i-cy hand and still the heart, And
life to learn; Oh! not a mo-ment lon-ger stand, For
Sav-iour a-bide, Where an-gels shall his prais-es sing, And
CHORUS.
souls to-day for heav'n pre-pare. Death . . is near, oh!
bid the soul from earth de-part.
death's sad call is near at hand.
heav'n's joy bells for-ev-er ring. Death is near, oh!
death is near, Soon . its might-y voice we'll hear, Call-ing
death is near, Soon its might-y voice we'll hear, Call-ing us
us to heav-en's shore Where sad part-ings are no more.
to heav-en's shore Where sad part-ings are no more.

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No. 130. The Drunkard's Home.

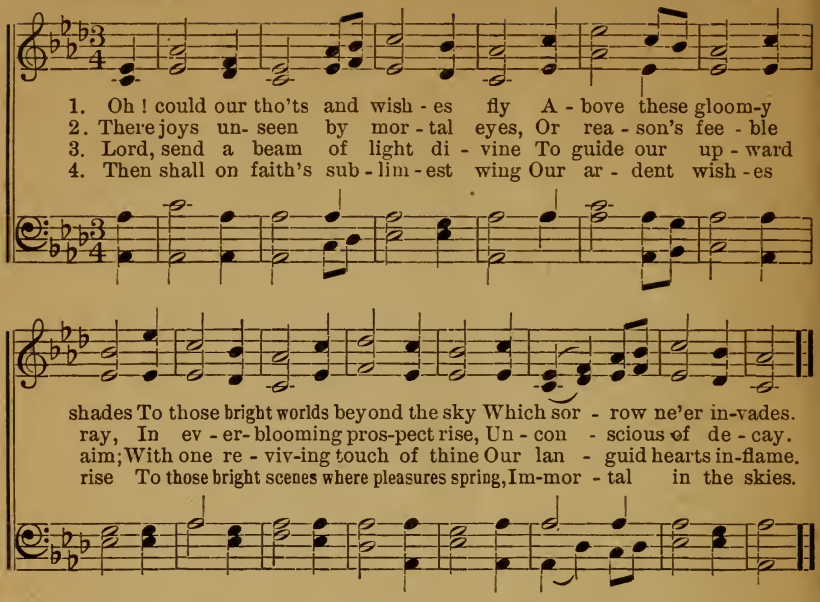
KATHARYN BACON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


1. The drunkard's home, oh! what a place! No sun-shine bright, no smil-ing face, No lov-ing words to cheer and bless, But on- ly want and deep distress.
2. A drunkard's home, but not for aye Has drink in maj-es - ty held sway, For peace and love, hearts free from care, Once dwelt where now is dark de-spair.
3. The drunkard's home, there children weep, While fa - ther lies in drunken sleep; The toiling mother, watching, prays That God will change her loved one's ways.
4. The drunkard's home, tho' dark as night, May glad- ness know, and peace and light; If he will turn from sin away, God's strength and grace will bless alway.
REFRAIN.
No peace, no joy, or songs of love, ... To
or songs of love,
lead the child - ish hearts a - bove, ... But
the hearts a - bove,
want is there and woe and gloom With-in the wretched drunkard's home.

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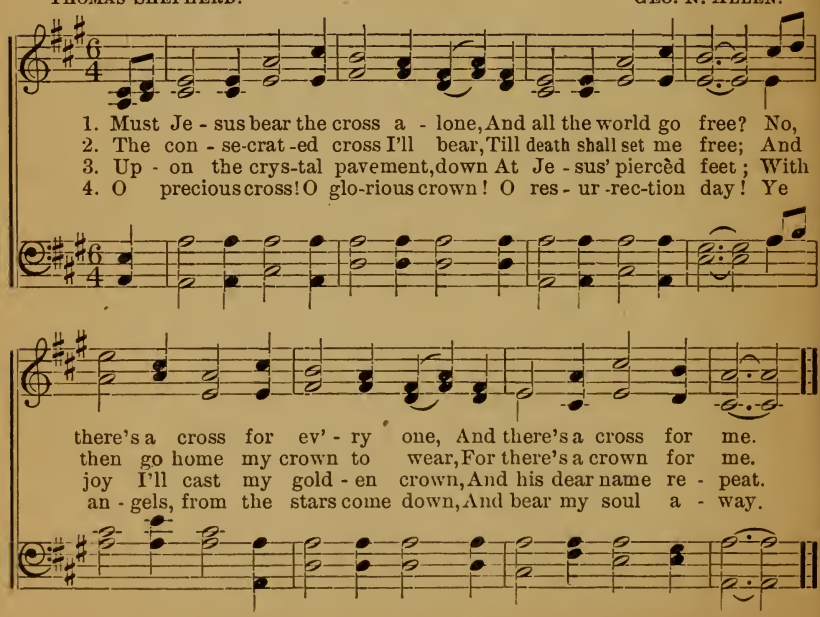
No. 131. Avon.

ANNE STEELE. HUGH WILSON.


1. Oh! could our tho'ts and wish - es fly A - bove these gloom-y
2. There joys un- seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine To guide our up - ward
4. Then shall on faith's sub - lim - est wing Our ar - dent wish - es
shades To those bright worlds beyond the sky Which sor - row ne'er in-vades.
ray, In ev - er- blooming pros-pect rise, Un - con - scious of de - cay.
aim; With one re - viv-ing touch of thine Our lan - guid hearts in-flame.
rise To those bright scenes where pleasures spring, Im-mor - tal in the skies.

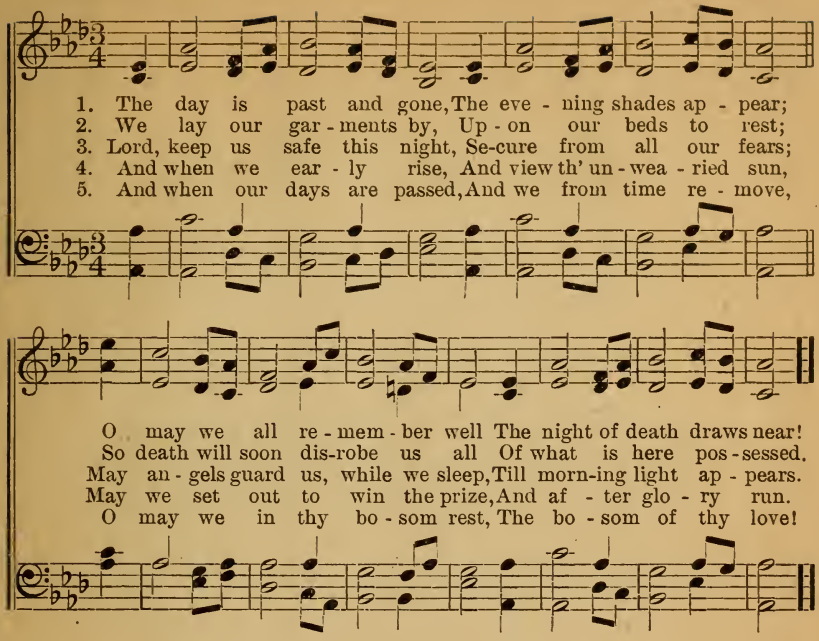
No. 132. Maitland

THOMAS SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No,
2. The con - se-crat -ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free; And
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet; With
4. O precious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur -rec-tion day! Ye
there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

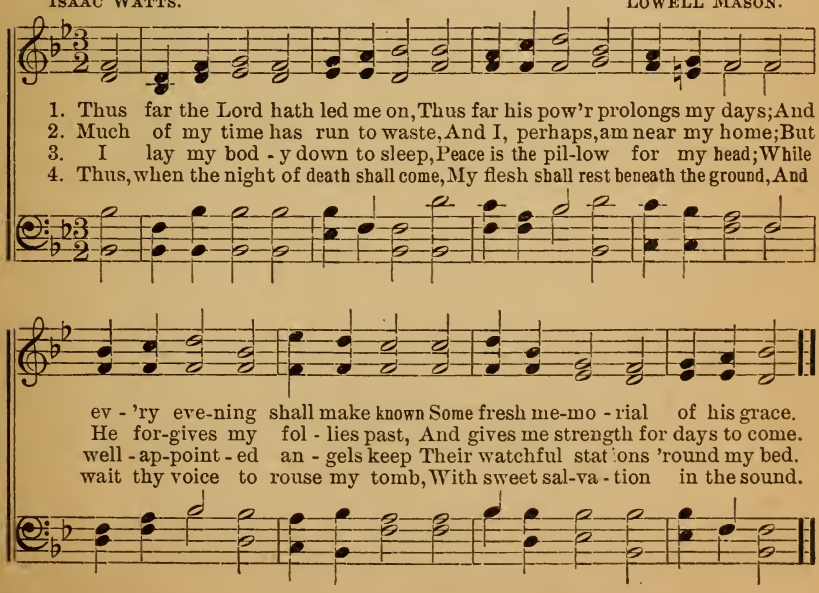
No. 133. Kentucky.

JOHN LELAND. AARON CHAPIN.


1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;
2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest;
3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears;
4. And when we ear - ly rise, And view th' un - wea - ried sun,
5. And when our days are passed, And we from time re - move,
O may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near!
So death will soon dis-robe us all Of what is here pos - sessed.
May an - gels guard us, while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pears.
May we set out to win the prize, And af - ter glo - ry run.
O may we in thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love!

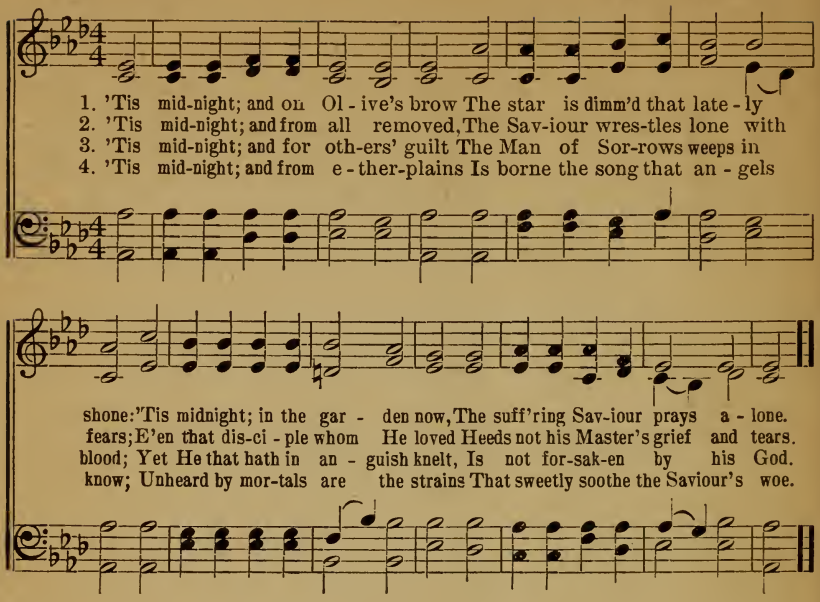
No. 134. Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil-low for my head; While
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And
ev - 'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.
He for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
well - ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful stat ions 'round my bed.
wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va - tion in the sound.

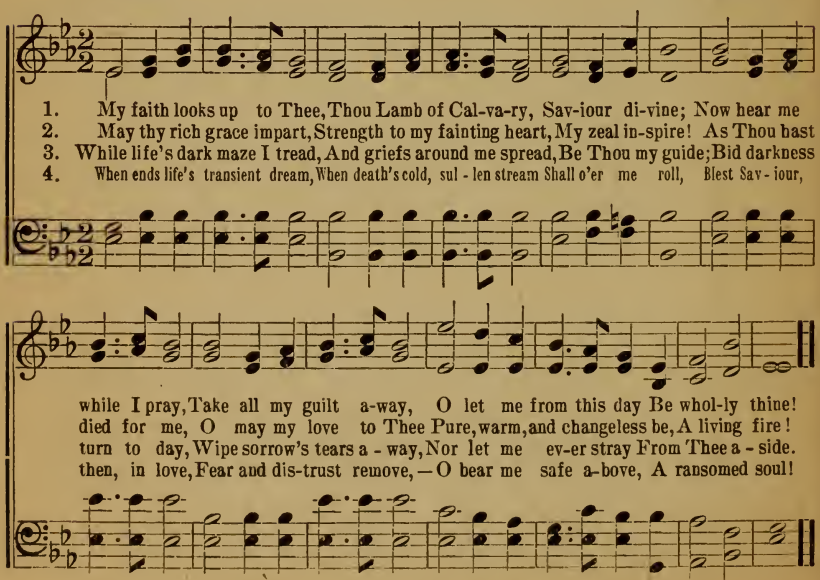
No. 135. Olive's Brow.

WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all removed, The Sav-iour wres-tles lone with
3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in
4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels
shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
blood; Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
know; Unheard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

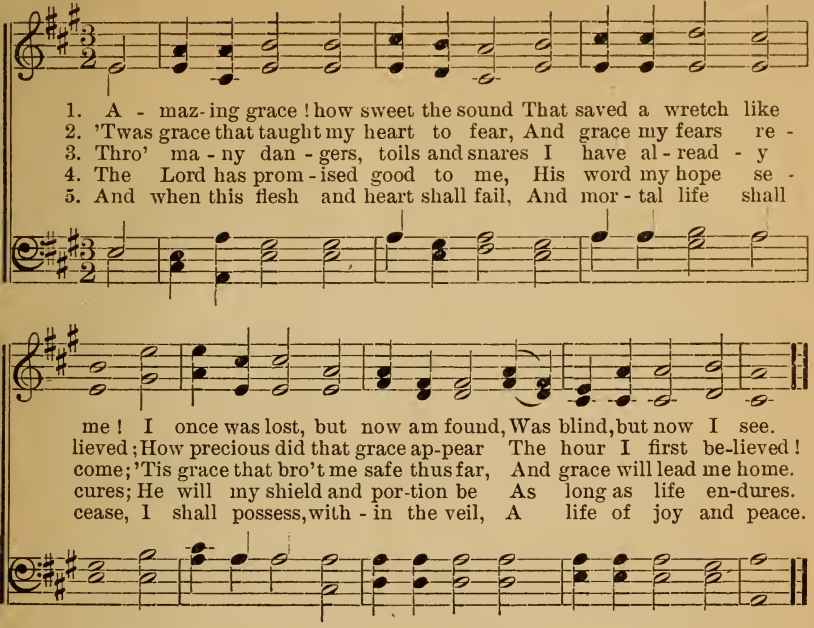
No. 136. Olivet.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour,
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust remove, — O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul!

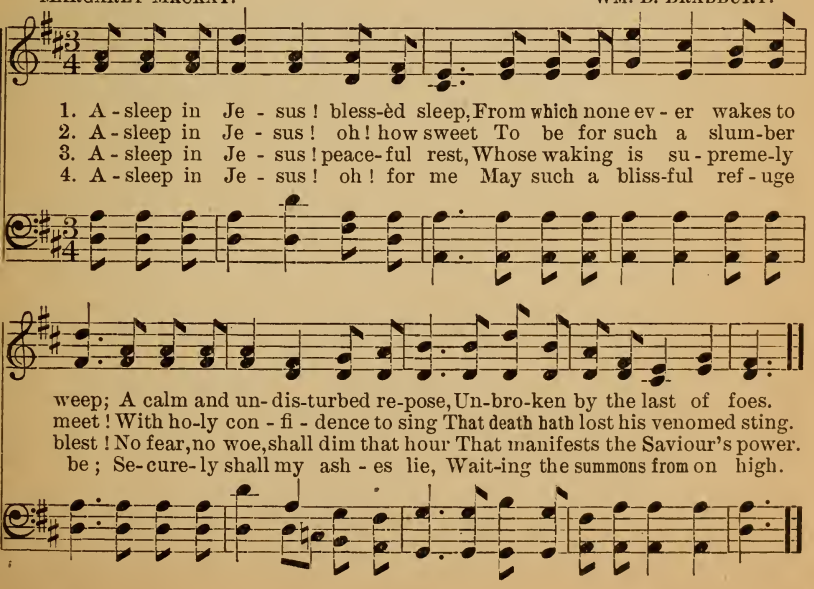
No. 137. Azmon.

JOHN NEWTON. C. G. GLASER.


1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re -
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares I have al - read - y
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se -
5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall
me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
lieved; How precious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved!
come; 'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
cures; He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.
cease, I shall possess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

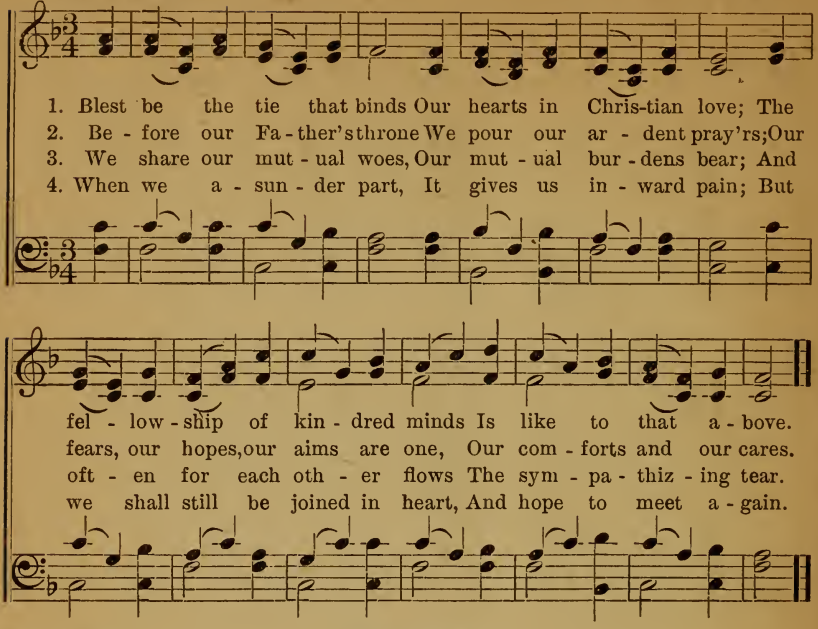
No. 138. Rest.

MARGARET MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-èd sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a slum-ber
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh! for me May such a bliss-ful ref - uge
weep; A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
meet! With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his venomed sting.
blest! No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
be; Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

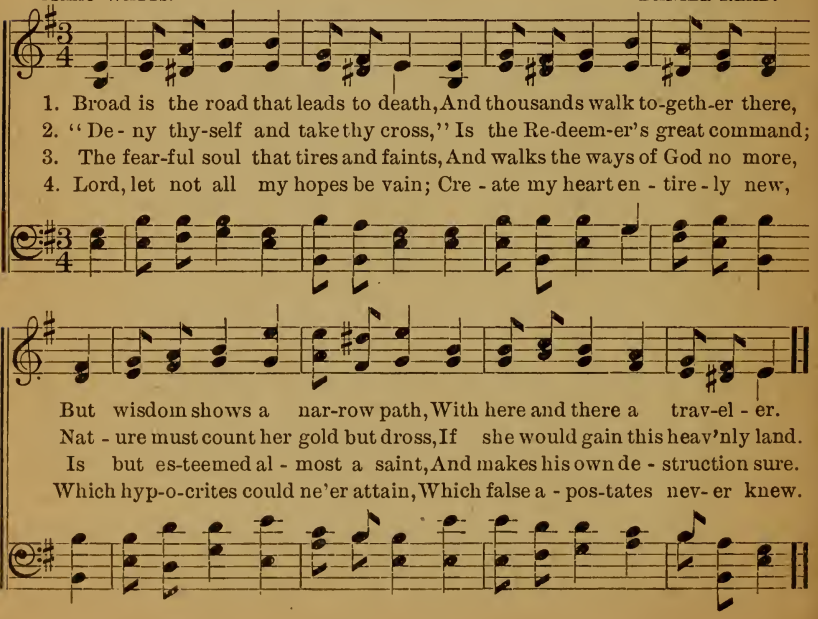
No. 139. Dennis.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mut - ual woes, Our mut - ual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

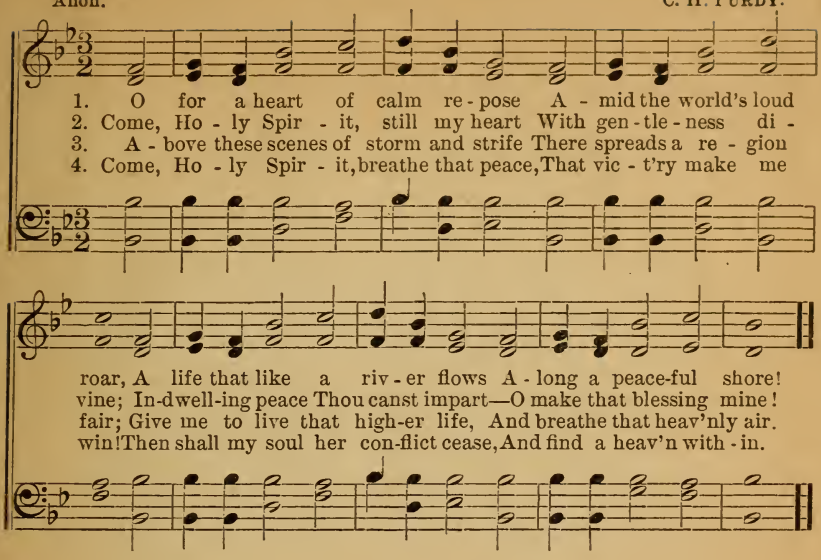
No. 140. Windham.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there,
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,
But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Nat - ure must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struction sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a - pos-tates nev-er knew.

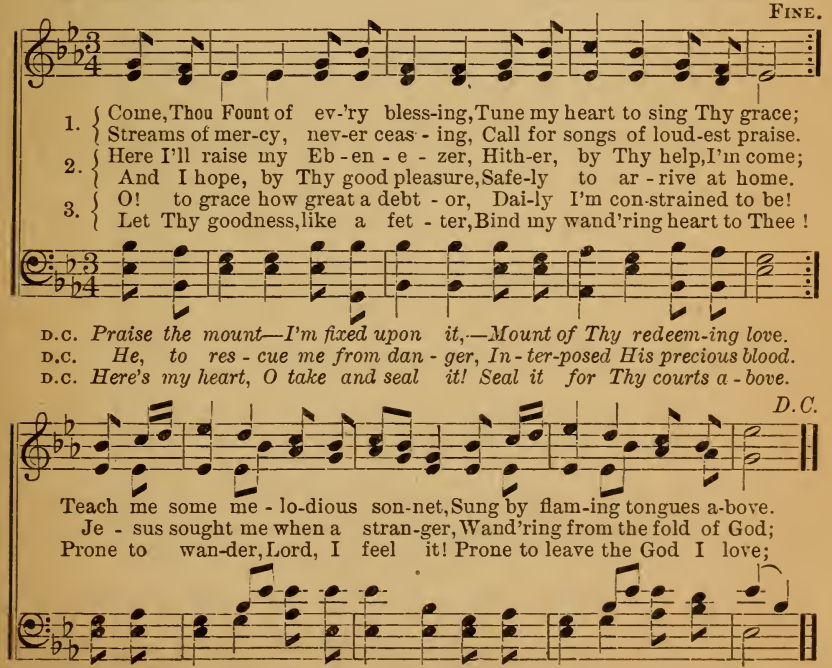
No. 141. Notting Hill.

Anon. C. H. Purdy.


1. O for a heart of calm re - pose A - mid the world's loud
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, still my heart With gen - tle - ness di -
3. A - bove these scenes of storm and strife There spreads a re - gion
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, breathe that peace, That vic - t'ry make me
roar, A life that like a riv - er flows A - long a peace-ful shore!
vine; In-dwell-ing peace Thou canst impart—O make that blessing mine!
fair; Give me to live that high-er life, And breathe that heav'nly air.
win! Then shall my soul her con-flict cease, And find a heav'n with - in.
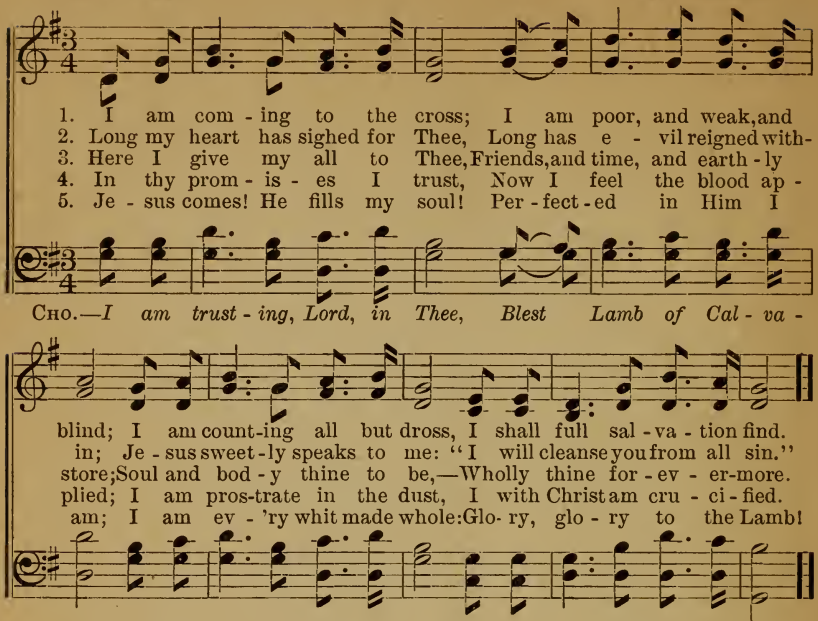
No. 142. Nettleton.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.


Fine.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
3. O! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,—Mount of Thy redeem-ing love.
D.C. He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
D.C. Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
D.C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love;

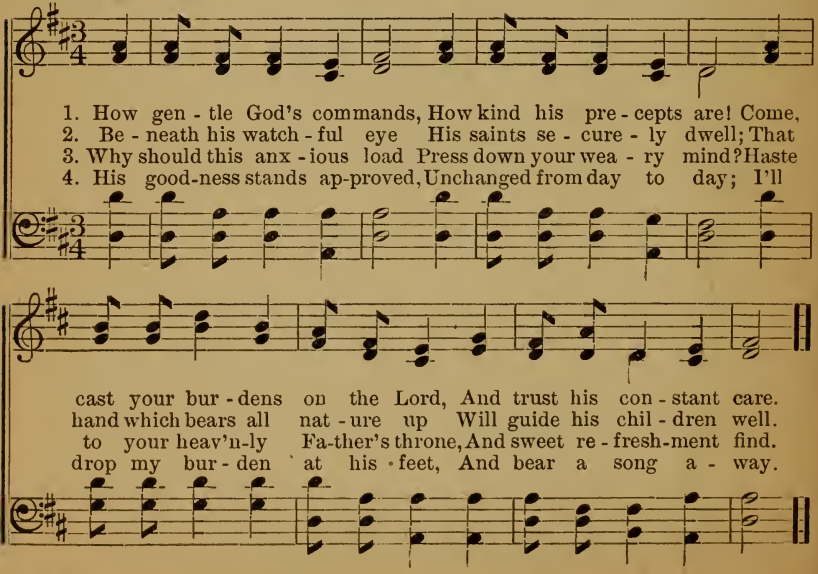
No. 143. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly
4. In thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap -
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va -
blind; I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
in; Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me: "I will cleanse you from all sin."
store; Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Wholly thine for - ev - er-more.
plied; I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
am; I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

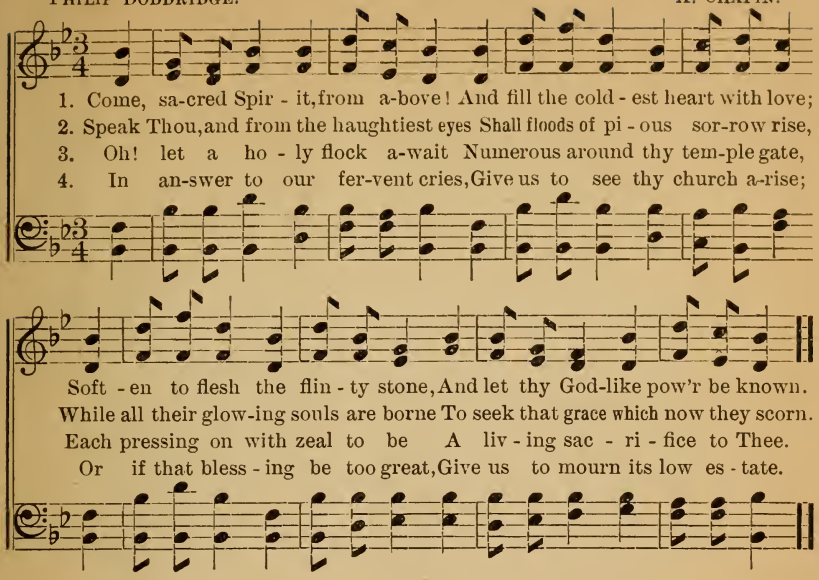
No. 144. Lottie.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. How gen - tle God's commands, How kind his pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
4. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
hand which bears all nat - ure up Will guide his chil - dren well.
to your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh-ment find.
drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.
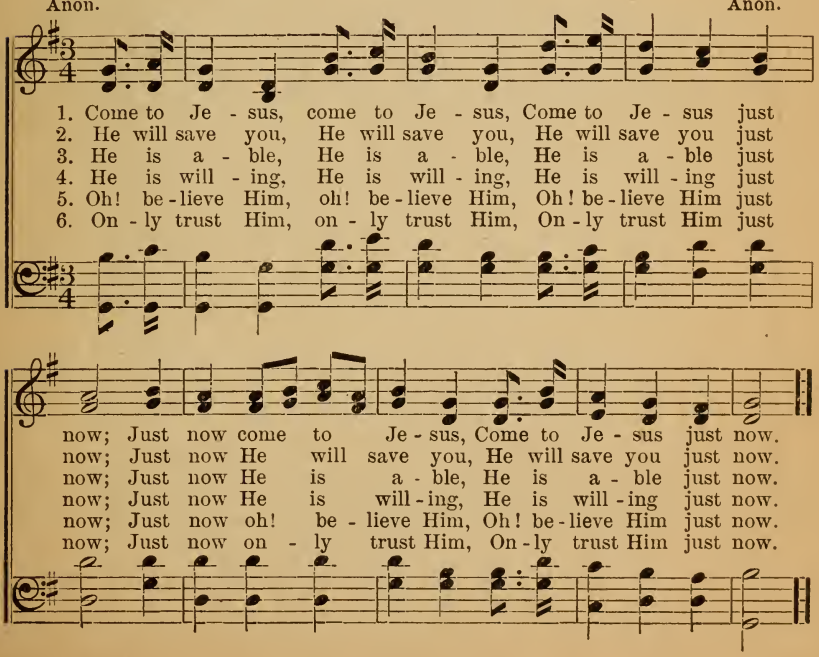
No. 145. Forest.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. A. CHAPIN.


1. Come, sa-cred Spir - it, from a-bove! And fill the cold - est heart with love;
2. Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes Shall floods of pi - ous sor-row rise,
3. Oh! let a ho - ly flock a-wait Numerous around thy tem-ple gate,
4. In an-swer to our fer-vent cries, Give us to see thy church a-rise;
Soft - en to flesh the flin - ty stone, And let thy God-like pow'r be known.
While all their glow-ing souls are borne To seek that grace which now they scorn.
Each pressing on with zeal to be A liv - ing sac - ri - fice to Thee.
Or if that bless - ing be too great, Give us to mourn its low es - tate.

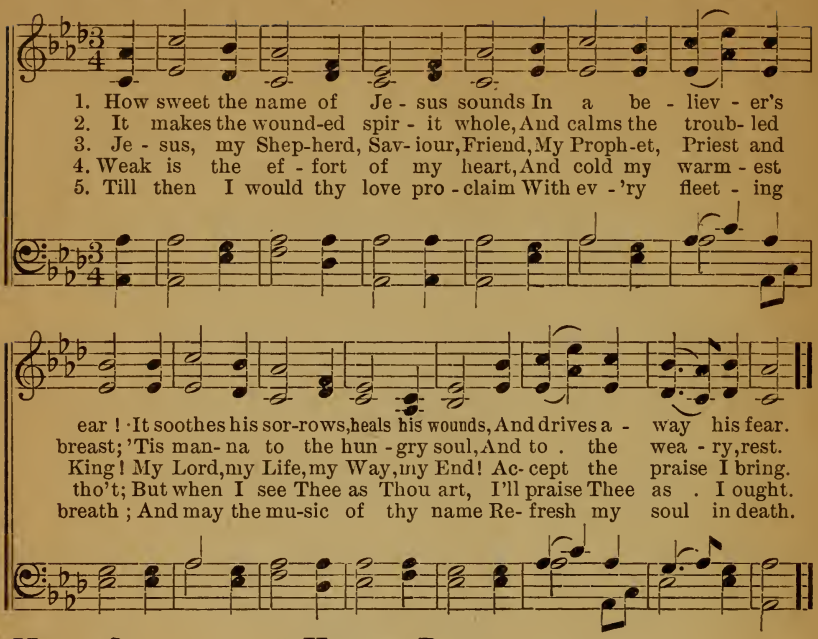
No. 146. Come to Jesus Just Now.

Anon. Anon.


1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
3. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble just now; Just now He is a - ble, He is a - ble just now.
4. He is will - ing, He is will - ing, He is will - ing just now; Just now He is will - ing, He is will - ing just now.
5. Oh! be - lieve Him, oh! be - lieve Him, Oh! be - lieve Him just now; Just now oh! be - lieve Him, Oh! be - lieve Him just now.
6. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him just now; Just now on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him just now.

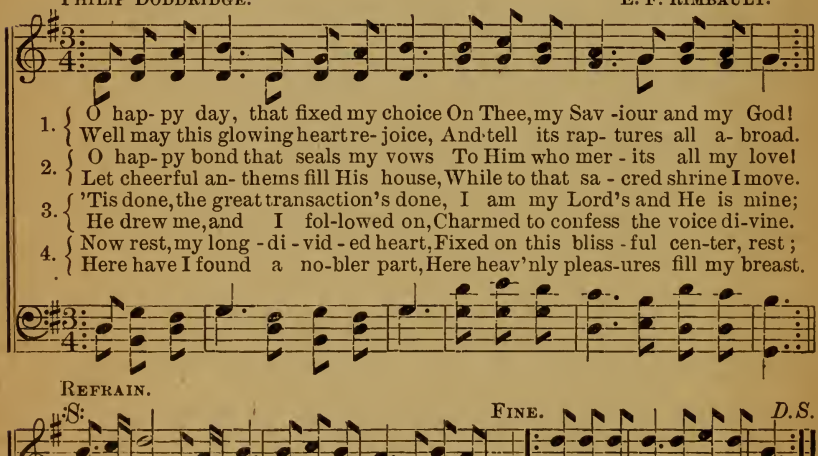
No. 147. Balerma.

JOHN NEWTON. R. SIMPSON.

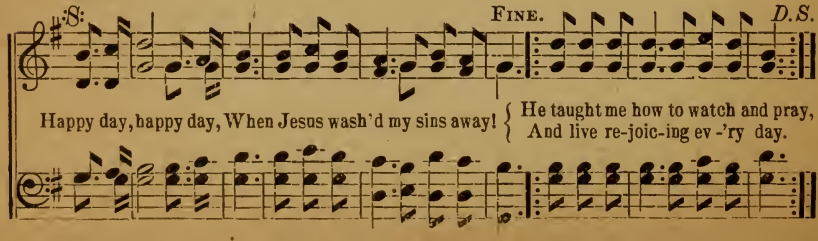

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub- led
3. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Sav- iour, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est
5. Till then I would thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing
ear! It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
breast; 'Tis man- na to the hun - gry soul, And to . the wea - ry, rest.
King! My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End! Ac- cept the praise I bring.
tho't; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as . I ought.
breath; And may the mu-sic of thy name Re- fresh my soul in death.

No. 148. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

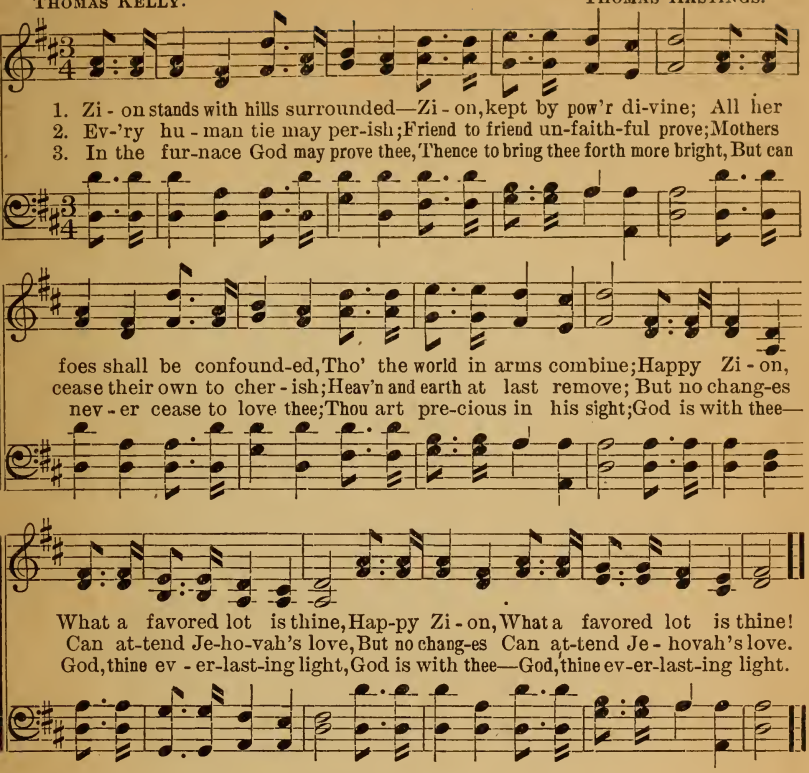

1. O hap- py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav -iour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re- joice, And tell its rap- tures all a- broad.
2. O hap- py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an- thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen-ter, rest;
Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heav'nly pleas-ures fill my breast.

REFRAIN.



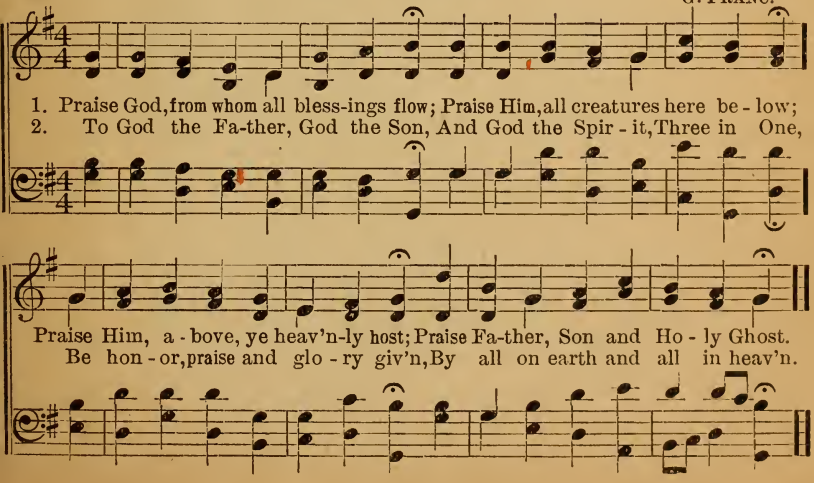
No. 149. Zion.

THOMAS KELLY. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Zi - on stands with hills surrounded—Zi - on, kept by pow'r di-vine; All her
2. Ev-'ry hu - man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove; Mothers
3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can
foes shall be confound-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine; Happy Zi - on,
cease their own to cher - ish; Heav'n and earth at last remove; But no chang-es
nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in his sight; God is with thee—
What a favored lot is thine, Hap-py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine!
Can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love, But no chang-es Can at-tend Je - hovah's love.
God, thine ev - er-last-ing light, God is with thee—God, thine ev-er-last-ing light.

No. 150. Old Hundred.

G. FRANC.


1. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
2. To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One,
Praise Him, a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
Be hon - or, praise and glo - ry giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n.

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